ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN OCTOBER 60 cents

PLAYBOY

THE GIRLS
OF HOLLYWOOD
A PORTFOLIO
OF CARL SANDBURG
ELEVEN PAGE FALL
AND WINTER
FASHION FORECAST
YOUR 1961
JAZZ POLL BALLOT
HUNTING FOR
THE URBAN MALE
NEW KEN PURDY
LARRY SIEGEL
LEONARD LYONS
JULES FEIFFER
SHEL SILVERSTEIN
E. SIMMS CAMPBELL
ALBERTO VARGAS
JOHN DEMPSEY
GAHAN WILSON

THE HEART OF THIS SAGNER NORTHWEAVE® SUIT

You're in luck. You can get a suit as upper-bracket as fine worsted—with a "built-in valet" that keeps the press even in a downpour. The name's Northweave, Milliken's blend with Corval, the Courtaulds fiber that accounts for the rich appearance, fine touch and magnificent color of the fabric: 65% Dacron polyester—35% Corval cross-linked rayon in comfortable new midweight that goes from season to season. Machine washable. For store nearest you, write manufacturers listed below.

Sagner Northweave suit pictured, a continental model in tasteful olive. Many others in all popular styles, patterns, colors. Two-trouser suits, $65.00—one-trouser suits, $49.95. Northweave men's suits by Sagner, Inc., 200 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Boys' suits by Picariello and Singer Inc., East Boston 28, Massachusetts. Slacks for men and boys by Thomson Company, Empire State Bldg., New York City.

*Du Pont T.M.

COURTAULDS CORVAL

TRIUMPH TR-3, the car that changed America's mind about sports cars!

In competition, the TR-3 has probably won more awards than any other car you can buy today.

The TR-3 also brings a new kind of enjoyment to everyday driving. Today, more than 50,000 Americans own TR-3's. You will see even more of them on city streets, on freeways and in supermarket parking lots than you will see in rallies.

How come?

The TR-3 was developed over a period of years to do certain things extremely well:

1. To be fast — and it goes up to 110 miles per hour.

2. To handle well — and it has quick-action steering, racing-type disc brakes, a synchromesh gearbox, and a rigid X-type frame for stability.

3. To stand up under hard driving — and it has taken first in class in practically every major European rally during the past 5 years.

4. To be comfortable — and it has contoured, leather-upholstered seats and lots of stretch-out leg room.

5. To be practical — and it costs $500 less than other cars in its class, less even than "low-price-three" convertibles. It gives up to 35 m.p.g. of gas. It has an optional rear seat and a full-sized luggage trunk that locks.

In short, the qualities which make the TR-3 great for "sports-car drivers" make it great for any kind of driver. See for yourself at your TRIUMPH dealer's. (He's in the Yellow Pages.) There are over 650 dealers from coast to coast. Each is staffed with factory-trained mechanics.

An extra value: When you buy a TR-3 you buy not only a car with a future, but also a car of the future. As long as people are interested in the sheer enjoyment of driving, it will never go out of style.

TRIUMPH

$2675 at POE, plus state and/or local taxes—slightly higher in West. Overseas delivery available. Standard-Triumph Motor Co., Inc., Dept. H100, 1745 B'way, N.Y. 19.

BROWSE HERE...

You may often have considered joining the **BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB.** Now is a particularly advantageous time to do so with a short trial membership. The only obligation is to buy three other Club Selections or Alternates within the next year from at least 200 that will be made available. For these books you will pay on the average 20% below the regular retail prices...

You will surely find here some current books you have been eager not to miss, other good books you have long promised yourself to read, valuable sets that should be in every library, and practical books needed in your home or office.

198. THE LEOPARD *by* GIUSEPPE DI LAMPEDUSA (Retail price $4.50)

186. HAWAII *by* JAMES A. MICHENER. (Retail price $6.95)

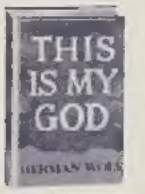
104. ADVISE AND CONSENT *by* ALLEN DRURY (Retail price $5.75)

413. THE GOOD YEARS *by* WALTER LORD. Illustrated. (Retail price $4.95)

108. ACT ONE *by* MOSS HART (Retail price $5)

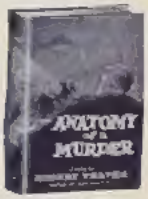
107. JOHN PAUL JONES *by* SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON. Illustrated. (Retail price $6.50)

105. THE UGLY AMERICAN *by* WILLIAM J. LEDERER *and* EUGENE BURDICK. (Retail price $3.95)

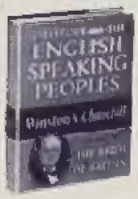


400. THIS IS MY GOD *by* HERMAN WOUK. (Retail price $3.95)

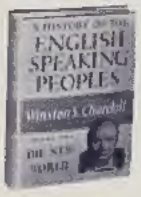
101. EXODUS *by* LEON URIS. (Retail price $4.50)



113. ANATOMY OF A MURDER *by* ROBERT TRAVER. (Retail price $4.50)



119. THE BIRTH OF BRITAIN *by* WINSTON S. CHURCHILL. Vol. I of *A History of the English-Speaking Peoples.* (Retail price $6)



120. THE NEW WORLD *by* WINSTON S. CHURCHILL. Vol. II. (Retail price $6)

121. THE AGE OF REVOLUTION *by* WINSTON S. CHURCHILL. Vol. III. (Retail price $6)

122. THE GREAT DEMOCRACIES *by* WINSTON S. CHURCHILL. Vol. IV. (Retail price $6)

123. A TREASURY OF SCIENCE *Edited by* HARLOW SHAPLEY. (Retail price $6.95)

189. THE NEW OXFORD BOOK OF ENGLISH VERSE (Retail price $6)

190. THE OXFORD BOOK OF AMERICAN VERSE (Retail price $7)

133. A STILLNESS AT APPOMATTOX *by* BRUCE CATTON (Retail price $5)

134. COMPLETE SHORT STORIES OF MAUGHAM 2 vols. (Retail price $12.50) **Each vol. $1**

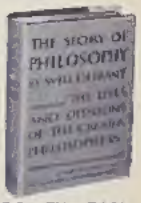
135. COMPLETE WORKS OF O. HENRY 2 vols. (Retail price $10) **Each vol. $1**

150. STUDIES IN THE PSYCHOLOGY OF SEX *by* HAVELOCK ELLIS 2 vols. (Retail price $15) **Each vol. $1**

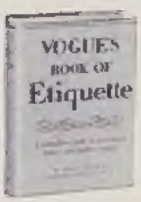
151. IDEAL MARRIAGE: Its Physiology and Technique *by* TH. H. VAN DE VELDE, M.D. Illustrated (Retail price $7.50)

152. BARTLETT'S FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS. 13th edition. (Retail price $10)

147. THE WAR OF THE REVOLUTION *by* CHRISTOPHER WARD. 2 vols. (Retail price $15) **Each vol. $1**



149. THE STORY OF PHILOSOPHY *by* WILL DURANT (Retail price $5)



159. VOGUE'S BOOK OF ETIQUETTE *by* MILLICENT FENWICK (Retail price $5.50)

160. SINGER SEWING BOOK *by* MARY BROOKS PICKEN. (Retail price $3.95)

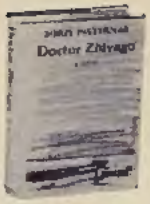
161. THE NEW JOY OF COOKING *by* IRMA S. ROMBAUER *and* MARION R. BECKER. Illustrated (Retail price $4.95)

182. THE ALL NEW FANNIE FARMER COOKBOOK. 10th Edition. (Retail price $4.95)

179. HOW TO CLEAN EVERYTHING *by* ALMA CHESNUT MOORE (Retail price $3.95)

PLAYBOY, OCTOBER, 1960, VOL. 7, NO. 10. PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY HMH PUBLISHING CO., INC., PLAYBOY BUILDING, 232 E. OHIO ST., CHICAGO 11, ILL. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT CHICAGO, ILLINOIS. SUBSCRIPTIONS IN THE U.S., $6 FOR ONE YEAR.

199. THE CONSTANT IMAGE *by* MARCIA DAVENPORT. (Retail price $3.95)



102. DOCTOR ZHIVAGO *by* BORIS PASTERNAK (Retail price $5)

191. GRANT MOVES SOUTH *by* BRUCE CATTON (Retail price $6.50)

409. THE AFFAIR *by* C. P. SNOW. (Retail price $4.50)

405. DOCTOR SCHWEITZER OF LAMBARENE *by* NORMAN COUSINS. Illustrated (Retail price $3.95)

114. WHAT WE MUST KNOW ABOUT COMMUNISM *by* HARRY *and* BONARO OVERSTREET (Retail price $3.95)

193. TRUSTEE FROM THE TOOLROOM *by* NEVIL SHUTE. (Retail price $3.95)

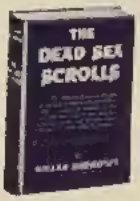
187. THE DARKNESS AND THE DAWN *by* THOMAS B. COSTAIN. (Retail price $3.95)

110. THE HARMLESS PEOPLE *by* ELIZABETH MARSHALL THOMAS Illustrated. (Retail price $4.75)

406. INTRIGUE: THE GREAT SPY NOVELS OF ERIC AMBLER (Retail price $3.95)

126. THE AFFLUENT SOCIETY *by* JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH. (Retail price $5)

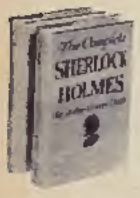
118. PETER FREUCHEN'S BOOK OF THE SEVEN SEAS Illustrated. (Retail price $8.95)



129. THE DEAD SEA SCROLLS *by* MILLAR BURROWS Illustrated. (Retail price $6.50)

185. THE NATURAL HISTORY OF LOVE *by* MORTON M. HUNT. (Retail price $5.95)

132. A STUDY OF HISTORY, a 2-vol. abridgment of the Toynbee work (Retail price $11) **Each vol. $1**



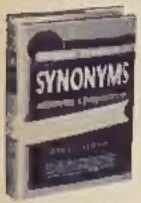
136. COMPLETE SHERLOCK HOLMES *by* CONAN DOYLE. 2 vols. (Ret. price $7.50) **Each vol. $1**

137. THE BOUNTY TRILOGY *by* NORDHOFF *and* HALL. (Retail price $6.50)

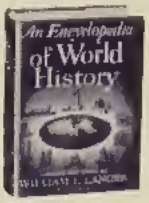
138. REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST *by* PROUST. 2 vols. (Retail price $15) **Each vol. $1**

139. ULYSSES *by* JAMES JOYCE. Unabridged. (Retail price $4.75)

411. FATHER BROWN OMNIBUS *by* G. K. CHESTERTON (Retail price $4.95)



153. STANDARD HANDBOOK OF SYNONYMS & ANTONYMS *by* JAMES C. FERNALD (Retail price $3.50)



154. AN ENCYCLOPEDIA OF WORLD HISTORY *Edited by* WILLIAM L. LANGER. (Retail price $8.50)

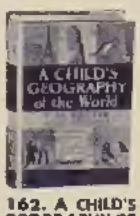
156. ENCYCLOPEDIA OF THE OPERA *by* DAVID EWEN. (Retail price $7.50)

158. GOREN'S NEW CONTRACT BRIDGE COMPLETE *by* CHARLES H. GOREN. (Retail price $4.95)

408. DOG OBEDIENCE TRAINING *by* MILO PEARSALL *and* CHARLES G. LERDHAM. Illustrated (Retail price $4.95)

169. THE COMPLETE BOOK OF FURNITURE REPAIR AND REFINISHING *by* RALPH KINNEY (Ret. price $3.95)

172. A TREASURY OF SHORT STORIES *Edited by* BERNARDINE KIELTY. (Retail price $6)



162. A CHILD'S GEOGRAPHY OF THE WORLD *by* V. M. HILLYER. *Revised by* E. G. HUEY

163. WINNIE THE POOH and THE HOUSE AT POOH CORNER *by* A. A. MILNE **Both vols. for $1**

164. WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG and NOW WE ARE SIX *by* A. A. MILNE **Both vols. for $1**

ANY THREE FOR $1 EACH*

IN A SHORT TRIAL MEMBERSHIP IN THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

GOOD SENSE FOR EVERY READING FAMILY

The purpose of this suggested trial membership (see conditions at the left) is to demonstrate two things *by your own experience*: first, that you can really keep yourself from missing, through oversight or overbusyness, books you fully intend to read; second, the advantages of the Club's Book-Dividend system, through which members regularly receive valuable library volumes—either completely without charge or at a small fraction of their price—simply by buying books they would buy anyway. The offer described here really represents "advance" Book-Dividends earned by the purchase of the three books you engage to buy later.

* **The three books you choose** will be sent to you immediately, and you will be billed one dollar for each volume (plus a small charge for postage).

* **If you continue after this trial membership,** with every second Club choice you buy you will receive, without charge, a valuable Book-Dividend averaging around $6.50 in retail value. Since the inauguration of this profit-sharing plan, $235,000,000 worth of books (retail value) has been received by members as Book-Dividends.

* In the case of multi-volume sets, each volume is to be counted as a separate purchase at $1.00, unless otherwise noted

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc. A7610
345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club® and send the three library volumes whose numbers I have indicated in the boxes below, billing me $3.00 (plus postage). I agree to purchase at least three additional monthly Selections—or Alternates—during the first year I am a member. I have the right to cancel my membership any time after buying three Club choices (in addition to those included in this introductory offer). The price will never be more than the publisher's price, and frequently less. After my third purchase, if I continue, I am to receive a Book-Dividend® with every second Selection—or Alternate—I buy. (A small charge is added to cover postage and mailing expenses.) PLEASE NOTE: A Double Selection—or a set of books offered to members at a special combined price—is counted as a *single* book in reckoning Book-Dividend credit, and in fulfilling the membership obligation to buy three Club choices.

INDICATE BY NUMBER IN BOXES BELOW THE THREE BOOKS YOU WANT

☐ ☐ ☐

MR.
MRS.
MISS } .....
(Please print plainly)

Address .....

City ..... Zone ..... State .....

Selections and Alternates for Canadian members are usually priced slightly higher, are shipped from Toronto duty free, and may be paid for in either U.S. or Canadian currency.

®Trademark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. and in Canada

BOOTH'S *high & dry* GIN

It is good to know that when you buy Booth's High & Dry Gin in the United States you are getting gin made according to the same formula as the Booth's High & Dry purveyed in Britain. It is the only gin distilled in U. S. A. under the supervision of famous Booth's Distilleries, Ltd., London, England. Give Booth's a try.

BOOTH'S GIN

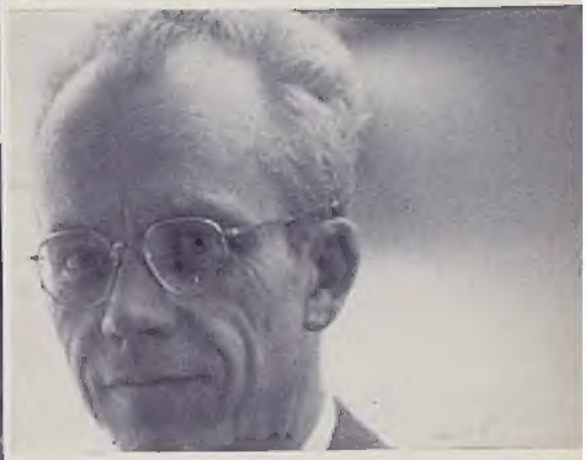
DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN. 90 PROOF. 100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. ★ W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y. SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U. S. A.

PLAYBILL

SANDBURG

GREEN

PURDY



PLAYBOY CONTRIBUTING EDITOR Ken Purdy has been contributing postcards to the Chicago office on the average of one and a half per day. They are usually cryptic, often personal, occasionally randy, and always work-stopping. It is unnerving, for example, in the middle of a frantic deadline morning, to have one's secretary (her pretty brow furrowed by puzzlement) bring in a Kencard that says no more than: "ACHTUNG! Antony, Count Fugger, lived from 1493 to 1560. The one-gulden undated coin of his reign, and the one-ducat, 1622, are worth $125 on the gold coin market." Ken's minuscule missives are sometimes decorated with small collages of colored paper and Scotch tape; one bore a pasted-down newspaper clipping followed by an original poem. The clipping, headlined EAGLE ATTACKS COPTER, DIES, read: "A large golden eagle attacked a helicopter in the Alpine foothills south of Grenoble, France, yesterday. The mutilated body of the bird, whose wingspread measured seven feet, was found by children." The appended Purdy poesy went like so: "*Ah, Noble Bird, thus to dare, and, daring, die/ Ignominiously ground to eagleburger, high in Alpine Sky/With what thoughts didst scream the clarion challenge call,/ And didst remember, rotor-smitten, You Can't Fight City Hall?*" Such blazing bursts of creativity would drain a lesser man, but Purdy tosses them into the air like bread crumbs to blue jays and still has plenty of energy left to write articles and fiction for PLAYBOY. Turn, for instance, to this issue's lead story, *The Book of Tony*. No postcard trifle, this is a big yarn and a good one, done in the bright, hard, contemporaneous, deliciously mean, quintessentially Purdean style.

Attire has always been a topic of interest to aware chaps, and when PLAYBOY decided to expand its coverage in this vital area, Robert L. Green was chosen to head things up as Fashion Director. An impeccably well-dressed fellow with a headful of fashion knowledge and intuition, Robert L. brings to his work the varied tastes of a Renaissance man: educated at Groton, Harvard, the Sorbonne, London School of Social Sciences, with an M.A. and Ph.D. from the University of Michigan, he has a lively interest in all forms of theatre (once played a suitor of the late "Helen Trent" on radio, has written TV plays), is widely known in the PR field, has been men's fashion consultant to a long list of distinguished manufacturers, and has held apparel-editorship positions on such publications as *Town and Country*, *The Diplomat* and the London-originating international men's fashion journal, *Sir*. Robert L., with offices in New York, Chicago, Washington and London, has directed our Fashion Department for close to two years, and with this issue initiates a big new fashion supplement which will appear semi-annually from now on. Its purpose — to inform PLAYBOY readers of important and exciting apparel trends from hats to shoes — is achieved with this first comprehensive, eleven-page *Playboy's Fall and Winter Fashion Forecast*.

We've all heard the m.c. who says So-and-So needs no introduction and then adds "but" and proceeds to introduce So-and-So at some length. We won't tumble into that pitfall with American poetry's elder statesman, Carl Sandburg. This gentleman is beyond our poor power to add or detract, and if you need an intro to his work, you're beyond hope. It's enough to point out that Mr. Sandburg has composed a special portfolio of parable and poetry for PLAYBOY, and that you'll find it in this issue.

A unique community's uniquely lovely ladies, *The Girls of Hollywood*, await you in the form of zesty text and dazzling photographs. It is the first in a new series of *The Girls of* (the places to be filled in, delightfully, in the months ahead).

If the word "hunting" connotes, to you, images of sloshing through swamps, shivering in pup tents and eating Boston Burnt Beans around a lung-clogging fire of green wood, you'll rejoice to learn that we hate all that as much as you do. That's why we asked Charles O. Puffer, international hunter, "outdoor" writer and author of this month's *Hunting for the Urban Man*, to approach the elegant sport in the PLAYBOY manner, which means for fun, with all harsh irritants removed.

There is humor to be had in Larry Siegel's *How Not to Write a Bestseller* and in our takeout on the nationally acclaimed cabaret theatre, *The Second City*. Top columnist Leonard Lyons reveals the hazards of monicker duplication in his *What's in a Name?* Fiction, in addition to the Purdy lead, is in the hands of two talented PLAYBOY newcomers — Bruce Jay Friedman and William M. Clark — from whom we expect many more fine things.

This being October, you'll also find in this issue your own personal Jazz Poll ballot awaiting your discerning views on the sounds you've been digging for lo these last full dozen months via hi-fi, jazz joint, festival, etc. Pick up a pen and start picking your favorites, new found and old, for the 1961 Playboy Jazz All-Stars. Do it now, if you've a mind to, or if you can't wait to taste the other editorial viands on hand in this issue, please do check your choices soon and get your ballot in well before the October 31st deadline, for this is your chance to say "thank you" to the jazz stars who have pleased you the most, in a way that the jazzmen themselves really appreciate, for the sterling silver Playboy Jazz Medals have become, in the past four years, the most coveted prize in jazzdom.

vol. 7, no. 10 — october, 1960

PLAYBOY

Tony P. 40

Fashion Forecast P. 47

Sandburg P. 85

Hollywood Girls P. 94

CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

PLAYBILL		5
DEAR PLAYBOY		11
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS		17
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR		39
THE BOOK OF TONY—fiction	KEN PURDY	40
LET JOY BE CONFINED—satire	JAMES DUNNING	45
PLAYBOY'S FALL & WINTER FASHION FORECAST—attire	ROBERT L. GREEN	47
THE SUPERMEN—fiction	WILLIAM M. CLARK	59
WHAT'S IN A NAME?—article	LEONARD LYONS	60
HOW NOT TO WRITE A BESTSELLER—humor	LARRY SIEGEL	63
ENCOUNTER—satire	JULES FEIFFER	65
THE MOVIES' MISS DOUGLAS—playboy's playmate of the month		67
PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor		72
HUNTING FOR THE URBAN MAN—modern living	CHARLES O. PUFFER	74
A FOOT IN THE DOOR—fiction	BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN	79
A DOG'S EYE VIEW OF A PARTY—cartoons	JOHN DEMPSEY	80
THE PLEASURES OF PASTA—food	THOMAS MARIO	83
SIX NEW POEMS AND A PARABLE—portfolio	CARL SANDBURG	85
TAKE PEN IN HAND—nostalgia	GEORGE CLAYTON JOHNSON	91
THE CHARACTER ACTOR—humor	SHEL SILVERSTEIN	92
THE GIRLS OF HOLLYWOOD—pictorial essay		94
THE 1961 PLAYBOY JAZZ POLL—jazz		102
SEEING IS BELIEVING—ribald classic		107
THE SECOND CITY—entertainment		109
PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK—travel	PATRICK CHASE	140

HUGH M. HEFNER *editor and publisher*

A. C. SPECTORSKY *associate publisher and editorial director*

RAY RUSSELL *executive editor* — ARTHUR PAUL *art director*

JACK J. KESSIE *associate editor* — VINCENT T. TAJIRI *picture editor*

VICTOR LOWNES III *promotion director* — JOHN MASTRO *production manager*

ELDON SELLERS *special projects* — HOWARD W. LEDERER *advertising director*

ROBERT S. PREUSS *business manager and circulation director*

DON GOLD *assistant editor;* KEN PURDY *contributing editor;* ROBERT L. GREEN *fashion director;* BLAKE RUTHERFORD *fashion editor;* THOMAS MARIO *food & drink editor;* PATRICK CHASE *travel editor;* LEONARD FEATHER *jazz editor;* ARLENE BOURAS *copy editor;* REID AUSTIN *associate art director;* JOSEPH H. PACZEK *assistant art director;* ELLEN HERMANSON *art assistant;* BEV CHAMBERLAIN *assistant picture editor;* DON BRONSTEIN, POMPEO POSAR *staff photographers;* FERN A. HEARTEL *production assistant;* ANSON MOUNT *college bureau;* JANET PILGRIM *reader service;* WALTER J. HOWARTH *subscription fulfillment manager.*

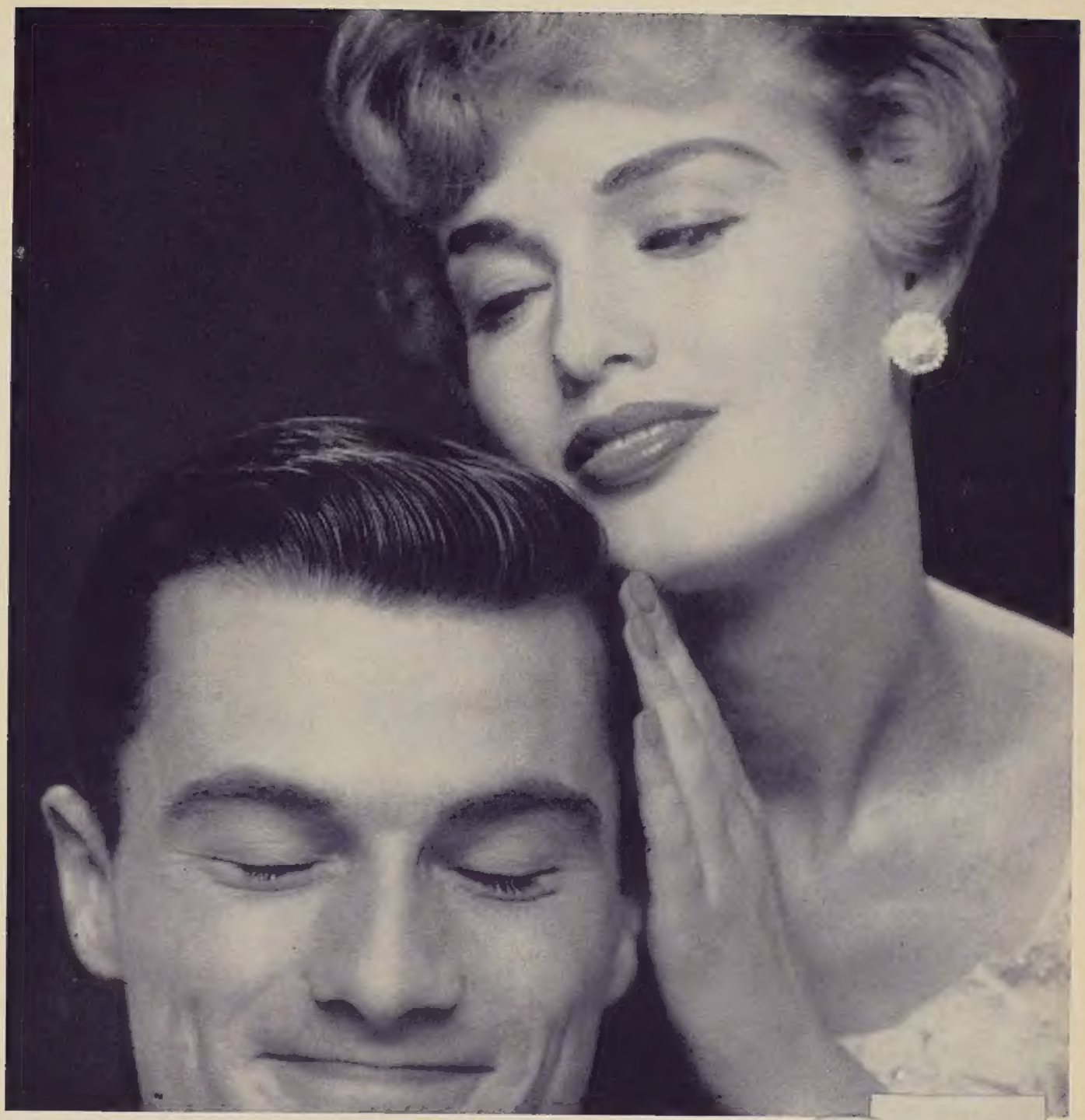
GENERAL OFFICES, PLAYBOY BUILDING, 232 E. OHIO STREET, CHICAGO 11, ILLINOIS. RETURN POSTAGE MUST ACCOMPANY ALL MANUSCRIPTS, DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS SUBMITTED IF THEY ARE TO BE RETURNED AND NO RESPONSIBILITY CAN BE ASSUMED FOR UNSOLICITED MATERIALS. CONTENTS COPYRIGHTED © 1960 BY HMH PUBLISHING CO., INC. NOTHING MAY BE REPRINTED IN WHOLE OR IN PART WITHOUT WRITTEN PERMISSION FROM THE PUBLISHER. ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN THE PEOPLE AND PLACES IN THE FICTION AND SEMI-FICTION IN THIS MAGAZINE AND ANY REAL PEOPLE AND PLACES IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL. CREDITS: COVER DESIGN BY ARTHUR PAUL. COLLAGE BY BEA PAUL, PHOTOGRAPHY BY VIC SKREBNESKI; P. 45 PHOTO BY PLAYBOY STUDIO; P. 55 PHOTO BY PLAYBOY STUDIO; P. 56, 57 PHOTOS BY DON BRONSTEIN; P. 74-75 PHOTOS BY DON BRONSTEIN; P. 76 PHOTO BY POMPEO POSAR; P. 83 PHOTO BY PLAYBOY STUDIO; P. 84 PHOTO BY PLAYBOY STUDIO; P. 94 PHOTOS BY RUSS MEYER, DON ORNITZ (2); P. 95 PHOTOS BY ORNITZ (3), MARIO CASILLI, BOB WILLOUGHBY, PAUL MORTON SMITH; P. 96 PHOTOS BY FRANK BEZ, WILLIAM CLAXTON, BURK JERGER, SMITH, CASILLI; P. 97 PHOTOS BY TOM KELLEY, SHERMAN WEISBURD, ORNITZ, LAWRENCE SCHILLER, WILLOUGHBY; P. 98 PHOTOS BY ORNITZ (5), RON VOGEL; P. 99 PHOTOS BY FRANK SCHALEWIG, ORNITZ, CASILLI; P. 100 PHOTOS BY ORNITZ (4), JOHN MECKLING, CASILLI (2), MEYER; P. 101 PHOTO BY PATRICK MORIN; P. 102 PHOTO BY SHERMAN WEISBURD; P. 103-113 PHOTOS BY DON BRONSTEIN, POMPEO POSAR, VINCENT TAJIRI, ARTHUR PAUL.

Start of a perfect day—Just set it in motion, throw out your cares, and fall in love with the road and all outdoors . . . because *you* drive the alert and responsive MGA '1600', it doesn't drive you. This is the fastest, safest pleasure machine ever to wear the Octagon, the most prideful in looks and actions. A big-hearted engine, sure-footed road-ability, obedient controls and fade-free disc brakes make driving an affair of the heart. A test drive will reveal why this is the best known symbol of what a sports car should be. Your BMC dealer can arrange a perfect day for it. Is it a date?

MG

BMC

A product of **The British Motor Corporation, Ltd.,** makers of Austin, Austin-Healey, MG, Magnette and Morris cars. Represented in the United States by Hambro Automotive Corp., Dept. H-2, 27 W. 57th St., New York 19, N. Y. Sold and serviced in North America by over 1,000 distributors and dealers.

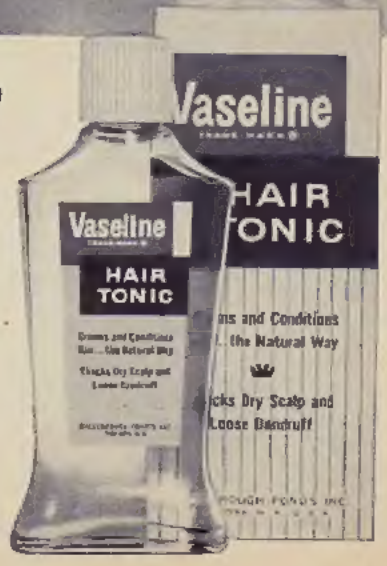


DO GIRLS GET IN YOUR HAIR?

This is the kind of problem you should have more often. And you *will* have it more often if you use 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. What it does to your hair does things to women.

Even if you use water with your hair tonic (almost everyone does), you're still in clover. Water evaporates, makes a dried-out mess of your hair. (Alcohol tonics and hair creams evaporate like water itself.) But clear, clean 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic won't *let* your hair dry out — it replaces oil that water removes. With 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic you can use all the water you want. So rub in a little 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic today, and keep the week end open.

In the bottle and on your hair, the difference is clearly there!



IT'S CLEAR ♪ ♫ IT'S CLEAN IT'S **VASELINE HAIR TONIC**

'VASELINE' IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF CHESEBROUGH-POND'S INC.

COLUMBIA RECORD CLUB

now offers new members

The Fabulous 5-Record Set that became a best-seller at $25.00 *

Ella Fitzgerald
sings the GERSHWIN SONG BOOK
[AVAILABLE IN REGULAR HIGH-FIDELITY OR STEREO]
YOURS FOR ONLY $3.98
*RETAIL VALUE: REGULAR, $25.00 STEREO, $30.00
If you join the Club now and agree to purchase as few as 6 selections from the more than 200 regular high-fidelity and stereo records to be offered during the coming 12 months

Here is what you will receive in this Deluxe Set ...created by VERVE Records

This special deluxe edition includes five long-playing 12" records (53 different songs) — PLUS an extra 7" high-fidelity record containing instrumental selections, arranged and conducted by Nelson Riddle. Included FREE is the handsomely illustrated hard-cover book, especially written for this release . . "The Gershwins", by L. D. Stewart. You also receive 5 full-color reproductions by Bernard Buffet, one of the most exciting and original painters in France today!

Yes . . . for only $3.98 you can receive this deluxe 5-record set of Ella Fitzgerald singing the warm and exciting songs of George and Ira Gershwin — in your choice of either regular high-fidelity or stereo-fidelity!

If you have a standard phonograph, you may join the Club and receive the regular high-fidelity version of this set for only $3.98 . . .

. . and you enroll in any one of the Club's four regular Divisions: Classical; Listening and Dancing; Broadway, Movies, Television and Musical Comedies; Jazz.

If you have a stereo phonograph, you may join the Club and receive the stereo-fidelity version of this set for only $3.98 . . .

. . and you enroll in either one of the Club's two stereo Divisions: Stereo Classical or Stereo Popular.

HOW THE CLUB OPERATES: Each month the Club's staff of music experts selects outstanding high-fidelity records — both regular and stereo — from every field of music. These selections are fully described in the Club's entertaining and informative music Magazine, which you receive free each month.

You may accept the monthly selection for your Division . . . take any of the wide variety of other records offered in all Divisions . . . or take NO record in any particular month.

Your only membership obligation is to purchase six selections from the more than 200 Columbia, Epic and Verve records to be offered in the coming 12 months. Thereafter, you have no further obligation to buy any additional records . . . and you may discontinue your membership at any time.

FREE BONUS RECORDS GIVEN REGULARLY: If you wish to continue as a member after purchasing six records, you will receive — FREE — your choice of a Columbia, Epic or Verve Bonus record (regular or stereo) for every two selections you buy — a 50% dividend.

The records you want are mailed and billed to you at the regular list price, generally $3.98 (Classical $4.98), plus a small mailing and handling charge. Stereo records are $1.00 more.

MAIL COUPON NOW! Since the number of Ella Fitzgerald Sings Gershwin sets available for this special offer is limited, we sincerely urge you to fill in and mail the coupon at once. This special offer may never be repeated.

MORE THAN 1,000,000 FAMILIES NOW ENJOY THE MUSIC PROGRAM OF

COLUMBIA RECORD CLUB Terre Haute, Indiana

SEND NO MONEY — Just Mail Coupon to Receive Your 5-RECORD ELLA FITZGERALD SET for only $3.98

COLUMBIA RECORD CLUB, Dept. 227-4
Terre Haute, Indiana

Please send me, at once, the 5-record Ella Fitzgerald Sings Gershwin set for only $3.98, plus a small mailing and handling charge. Enroll me in the following Division of the Club:

(check one box only)*

REGULAR DIVISIONS
- ☐ Classical
- ☐ Listening & Dancing
- ☐ Jazz
- ☐ Broadway, Movies Television and Musical Comedies

STEREO DIVISIONS
- ☐ Stereo Classical
- ☐ Stereo Popular

I agree to purchase six selections from the more than 200 regular high-fidelity and stereo records to be offered during the coming 12 months, at usual list price plus small mailing and handling charge. Thereafter, if I decide to continue my membership, I am to receive a Bonus record (regular or stereo) of my choice FREE for every two additional selections I accept.

Name.....
(Please Print)

Address.....

City..... ZONE State .....

If you wish this membership credited to an established Columbia or Epic record dealer, authorized to accept subscriptions, fill in

Dealer's Name and Address.....255

*If you enroll in a regular Division your set will be sent to you in regular high-fidelity. If you enroll in a stereo Division your set will be sent to you in stereo-fidelity.

® "Columbia," ⓗ, "Epic," ⓘ Marcas Reg. © Columbia Record Club, Inc., 1960

It's great to take chances but not on your bourbon

Walker's DeLuxe is aged in charred-oak casks for eight long years, twice as long as many other bourbons. Its extra years make it extra mellow.

8 years old

STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • 8 YEARS OLD • 86.8 PROOF • HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC., PEORIA, ILLINOIS

DEAR PLAYBOY

ADDRESS PLAYBOY MAGAZINE • 232 E. OHIO ST., CHICAGO 11, ILLINOIS

NOT A BUDDY

My most heartfelt thanks to William Iversen for his article, *I Only Want a Sweetheart, Not a Buddy*, in the July PLAYBOY. He focuses on a question that has puzzled me for some time: namely, what has become of the feminine female? I have nothing against intellectual women nor athletic women, but I share Mr. Iversen's yearning for the return of the all-girl girl.

Robert Preville
Hyattsville, Maryland

I didn't like the Iversen article one bit. I think it is strictly for the wolves. It is a typical bit of masculine pejorativeness.

Ashley Montagu
Princeton, New Jersey

Readers will remember Mr. Montagu as the author of a controversial book, "The Natural Superiority of Women."

ORNETTE

Considering its length, the brief profile of Ornette Coleman in your July *On the Scene* succeeds surprisingly in conveying the emotional core of what Ornette is trying to do. Best of all, the PLAYBOY piece is free of the confused querulousness of several other printed discussions of Coleman.

Nat Hentoff
New York, New York

I have never considered myself as part of the "opposition" to Ornette Coleman, as suggested in your July *On the Scene*. I may not appreciate a great deal of Coleman's work, but I am certainly not opposed to him — unless you go on the theory that anyone who's not for you is agin you.

John S. Wilson
Princeton, New Jersey

NEW YORK GIRLS

I used to hold the opinion that the only people who wrote letters to magazines were fanatics, but here I am writing to PLAYBOY in praise of the fine July story, *O You New York Girls* by John Wallace. The story really swings. If this be fanaticism, make the most of it!

Roger Grosse
Seattle, Washington

The July issue of PLAYBOY was terrific. Specifically terrific was *O You New York Girls* by John Wallace. Beautifully written, with a high humor score. Keep Wallace in there fighting.

Dale C. Baker
Port Hueneme, California

I read in your July *Playbill* that John Wallace's *O You New York Girls* was his fifth piece for PLAYBOY. What were the others, and in what issues did they appear?

Abraham Bailis
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

"Get Out of My Life" (September 1956), "Party Girl" (October 1957), "A Stretch in Siberia" (April 1958) and the Fiction Bonus winning "I Love You Miss Irvine" (March 1959). The last two are available in "The Permanent Playboy." Wallace is now busy working on a new PLAYBOY *novelette.*

I have always felt that John Wallace's stories were no good. The shock of his *I Love You, Miss Irvine* winning your Fiction Bonus threw some doubts on my personal verdict, but the recent *O You New York Girls* reaffirms my original opinion. Wallace's stories exist in a phony urbane vacuum in which the characters breathe no air, have no blood and no emotional conflicts worth reading about or believing in.

James N. Wise
Gainesville, Florida

You have done it again — published another story I wish I could afford to make into a movie (I'm a producer and director of low-budget documentaries, with delusions of grandeur that may someday be realized). The story I refer to is *O You New York Girls*. For some time now, I've kept a file of PLAYBOY stories which I was certain would appear on the screen, on the TV screen at the very least — *A Cry from the Penthouse, With All Due Respect, Snakes in the Grass, Alas*, and others — but none of these have been filmed or televised, to my knowledge.

Thomas French Norton
Easton, Maryland

Henry Slesar's "A Cry from the Penthouse" became a Ray Milland starrer on TV, and many other TV plays have

PLAYBOY SUBSCRIPTIONS IN THE [illegible] POSSESSIONS [illegible] PAN AMERICAN UNION AND CANADA $11 FOR THREE YEARS [illegible] YEAR $6 FOR [illegible] YEAR [illegible] SEWHERE ADD $3 PER YEAR [illegible] ALLOW [illegible] NEW [illegible] CHANGE OF ADDRESS SEND BOTH OLD AND NEW ADDRESSES AND ALLOW 30 DAYS FOR CHANGE. ADVERTISING HOW [illegible] ADVERTISING DIRECTOR 720 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK 19 NEW YORK CIS 5 2620 ADVERTISING PRODUCTION [illegible] BUILDING 232 EAST OHIO STREET CHICAGO 11 ILLINOIS MI 2 1000 LOS ANGELES REPRESENTATIVE BLANCHARD [illegible] ASSOCIATES 633 SOUTH WESTMORELAND AVENUE LOS ANGELES 5 CALIFORNIA DU 8-6134 SAN FRANCISCO REPRESENTATIVE BLANCHARD [illegible] HOLS ASSOCIATES PHILLIPS AND VAN ORDEN BUILDING 800 THIRD STREET SAN FRANCISCO [illegible] CALIFORNIA [illegible] SOUTHEASTERN REPRESENTATIVE SOUTHEAST ADVERTISING SALES, CHAMBER OF COMMERCE BUILDING MIAMI 32 FLORIDA FRY 2103

MY SIN

. . . a most provocative perfume!

LANVIN

the best Paris has to offer

YOUNG MAN to succeed
the horsey, huntsy, houndsy way

There are several ways to be the first V. P. under 30. (1.) Slugging it out (not for our man). (2.) The Gentleman Bit (ah, yes . . .) Equipment necessary. The English Suit. The coat a blatant steal of the riding coat, longer, flared, deeply vented. The trousers almost as narrow as riding trousers. The suiting: an English monteryarn hopsack, a country character, $69.95 . . . the English Jacket in a terrific sport-coating by Ballantyne of Peebles, Scotland, $45.

for stores; wire or write

CRICKETEER

200 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.

This is appeal #22 to The Young Man Who Wants To Make $10,000 A Year Before He's 30.

**The vest, with six buttons, flapped pockets and side vents.*

been fashioned from PLAYBOY *yarns by Slesar, Charles Beaumont, Robert Bloch, et al. George Langelaan's Bonus winner, "The Fly" was filmed in color by Twentieth Century-Fox, and starred Herbert Marshall and Vincent Price.*

COLE PORTER

One of your best articles in a long time was Bruce Griffin's *Words & Music by Cole Porter* in your June issue.

Sid Holcomb
Chanute Kansas

Bruce Griffin's Cole Porter article was enormously interesting to me because I am a great admirer of Cole's. The article was extremely well done.

Moss Hart
New York, New York

MOTHER

I write, as you see, from Vienna. Painfully enmeshed within a people and a culture, the sum of which can only be described as "Baroque Mickey Mouse," I wanted to let you know how incredible are the periods of respite granted me on receipt of PLAYBOY. Vienna cannot be described! There are hiatuses in the English language that do not permit of the description of such obsolescence. What appears from a distance as Late Gothic, becomes, on closer inspection, bad Disneyland. These observations are no grounds for emotional involvement or *ad hominem* indictment, however. The real gripe comes with the realization that the first ten things you can think of to say about Vienna, are the exact — *but the exact* — mathematical antitheses of the first ten listed in any but any — travel guide. Phony, pretentious, awkward, and almost inconceivably inelegant, the grotesquerie is further heightened by my inability to discern to what they are pretending. I write as one who made the New Guinea jungle, Leyte, Luzon, Okinawa, etc., scenes during the '43-'46 gig, but I say in all honesty, this kind of primitive I have *never* seen. After several weeks I began to lose all respect for Kafka's imagination, and by now I consider him to have been nothing more than an exceptionally canny naturalist. All this jazz by way of saying that PLAYBOY produces a kind of spiritual reassurance which, in a global sense, is in every way comparable to the kind of thing usually imputed to a "picture of mother." End of catharsis.

Tristram C. Colket III, M.D.
Vienna, Austria

THE SILENT MOVIE

I agree heartily with the commendation expressed (*Playboy After Hours*, May) for the theatre, The Silent Movie, in Hollywood. However, I think it should have been noted that this is not an impersonal commercial enterprise but the result of a lifelong dedication to the

art of the silent film by John and Dorothy Hampton. For over twenty-five years they have fought to preserve both the materials and the spirit of the silent films. Their constant search for items, the tedious editing to get one complete print from fragments, the careful selection of appropriate music from their vast collection to supplement the showing scene by scene has required courage and tenacity. The Silent Movie is more than a theatre—it is an institution and, as is usually the case, it represents extreme personal devotion.

Horace W Robinson
Eugene, Oregon

I would like your suggestions on how I might go about opening a silent film theatre here in Springfield.

William Racoosin
Springfield, Massachusetts

Suggestions are on the way from our Reader Service Department.

SINATRA'S SUMMIT MEETING

Frank Sinatra and his associates would have difficulty finding a better trailer for their *Ocean's 11* film than the Las Vegas feature in the June PLAYBOY.

Jerry Wald
Hollywood, California

To give PLAYBOY the benefit of the doubt, I should probably admit the possibility that the "comedy" act of Frank Sinatra and his friends may have seemed better in the flesh than on the page. The humor, as reported by your writer, was hardly new *or* hilarious, and I wish your attitude had been more sophisticated, treating the whole thing as "top-talents-indulging-in-childish-buffoonery," rather than with such obvious approval and endorsement. The whole article was just a little embarrassing.

Stu Watson
Miami, Florida

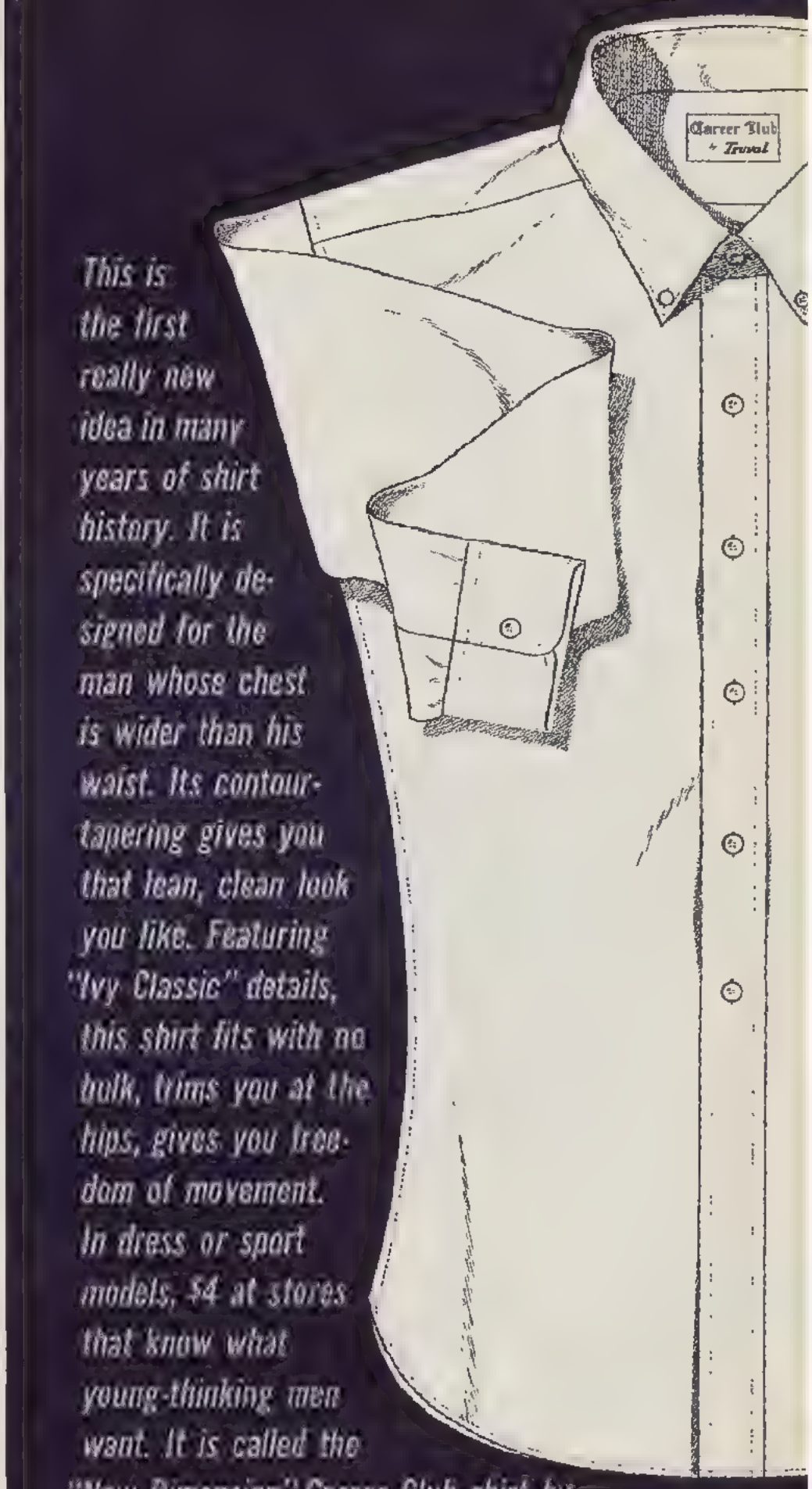
To speak of iconoclasm, wild or otherwise, in connection with Sinatra's Clan is quite inaccurate. And your reverential, admiring tone is outrageous. Why does PLAYBOY spend pages on this self-righteous, smug, phony little band of compulsive anti-thinks? They are simply the other side of the Billy Graham coin in our society.

Hoxley Runkel
Austin, Texas

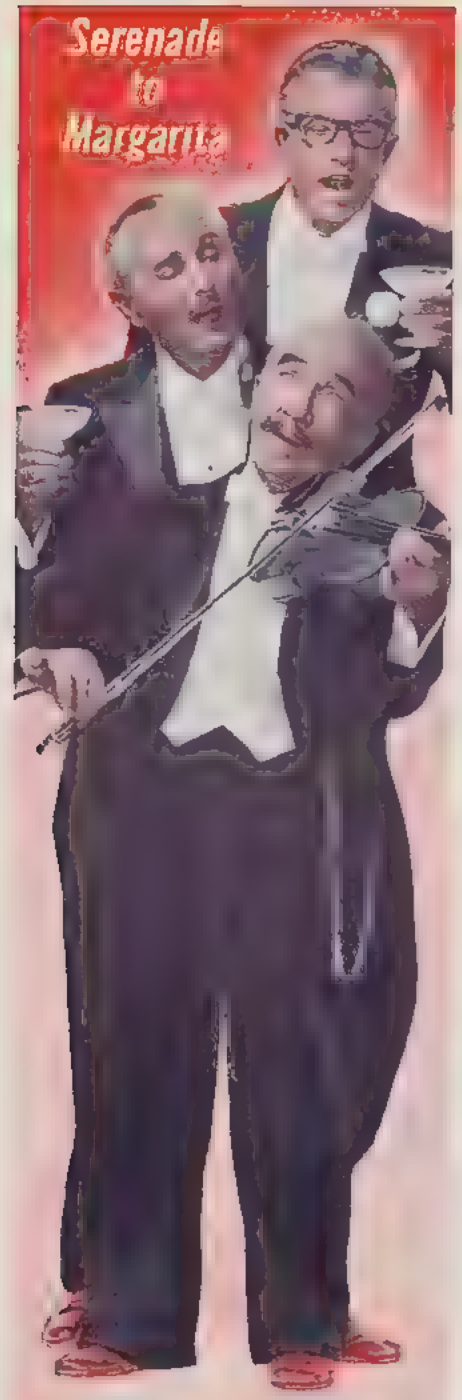
I seem to remember a magazine which recently asked: "Who needs Dean Martin drinking jokes?"

Ed Harrington
San Jose, California

In *Meeting at the Summit*, you described the Sinatra & Co. Vegas show as possessing "gasping brilliance." Then you quoted a string of ancient burlesque punch lines, race-and-religion cracks and high-school outhouse humor. *This*



This is the first really new idea in many years of shirt history. It is specifically designed for the man whose chest is wider than his waist. Its contour-tapering gives you that lean, clean look you like. Featuring "Ivy Classic" details, this shirt fits with no bulk, trims you at the hips, gives you freedom of movement. In dress or sport models, $4 at stores that know what young-thinking men want. It is called the "New Dimension" Career Club shirt by
Truval



Margarita de Cuervo Tequila

La Margarita* has all the warmth, all the excitement of Latin music . . . an exotic cocktail based on Cuervo Tequila—miraculous distillation of the juice of the mescal, which attains its finest flower on the magnificent Cuervo hacienda in Jalisco, Mexico. Incomparable!

*Tequila Margarita: 1 oz. Cuervo Tequila. ½ oz. Triple Sec. 1 oz. fresh lemon juice. Shake with ice. Serve in a salt-rimmed glass.

JOSE CUERVO TEQUILA

YOUNG'S MARKET CO., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

is gasping brilliance??? What were the ingredients of the show? It was an unprofessional hash of inept jokes about wives-seated-in-the-bathroom, the Mafia's good work, white Negroes, Jewish Negroes, Italian penguins, Chinese "broads," homosexuality (I counted at least three references), race riots, death, insanity, vomiting, girls shaving themselves . . . I can't go on. I'm sorry that you have made it possible for me to say, of this tasteless exhibition, that "I saw it in PLAYBOY."

H. B. Gentry
Los Angeles, California

Flanked by Dean (On-The-John) Martin on the West and Jack (W.C.) Paar on the East, I'm convinced that what this country needs is a breath of fresh air.

Billy C. McPherson
Evans City, Pennsylvania

Anyone can be funny when there are no rules. Let The Clan take a lesson from a *real* talent, like Jonathan Winters, who can top all five of The Big Five, solo, without resorting to dropping his pants.

Thomas M. Gregory
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

BOB NEWHART COPYRIGHTED

The material printed in your review of Bob Newhart's act in the July issue is copyrighted as *Abe Lincoln Versus Madison Avenue* and *The Khrushchev Landing Rehearsal* by the Bob Newhart Publishing Company and we would appreciate your printing this notice to that effect.

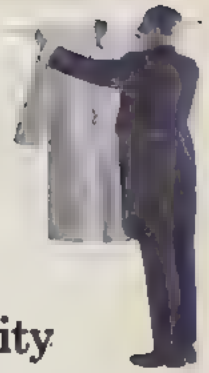
Richard M. Shelton
Chicago, Illinois

Glad to.

FAR OUT FILMS (CONT'D)

In his article, *The Far Out Films*, Arthur Knight reviewed Jack Kerouac's "beatnik" film, *Pull My Daisy*. I had a more than ordinary interest in reading this since I am one of the partners and raised most of the money. It was a thoughtful and sensitive review. But what I can't understand about thoughtful and sensitive reviewers is why they cannot enjoy their sensitivities. Art is not philosophy—in art one is not concerned with right things or wrong things but the existence. "The sickness of our times," as sickness, is something we wish we didn't have, and this has always been the wish, but as art it becomes beautiful and is not sick. This is because sickness is part of life. The philosopher wants to construct a life without sickness and one cannot argue logically against this—but a life without sickness might turn out to be death.

Walter K. Gutman
New York, New York

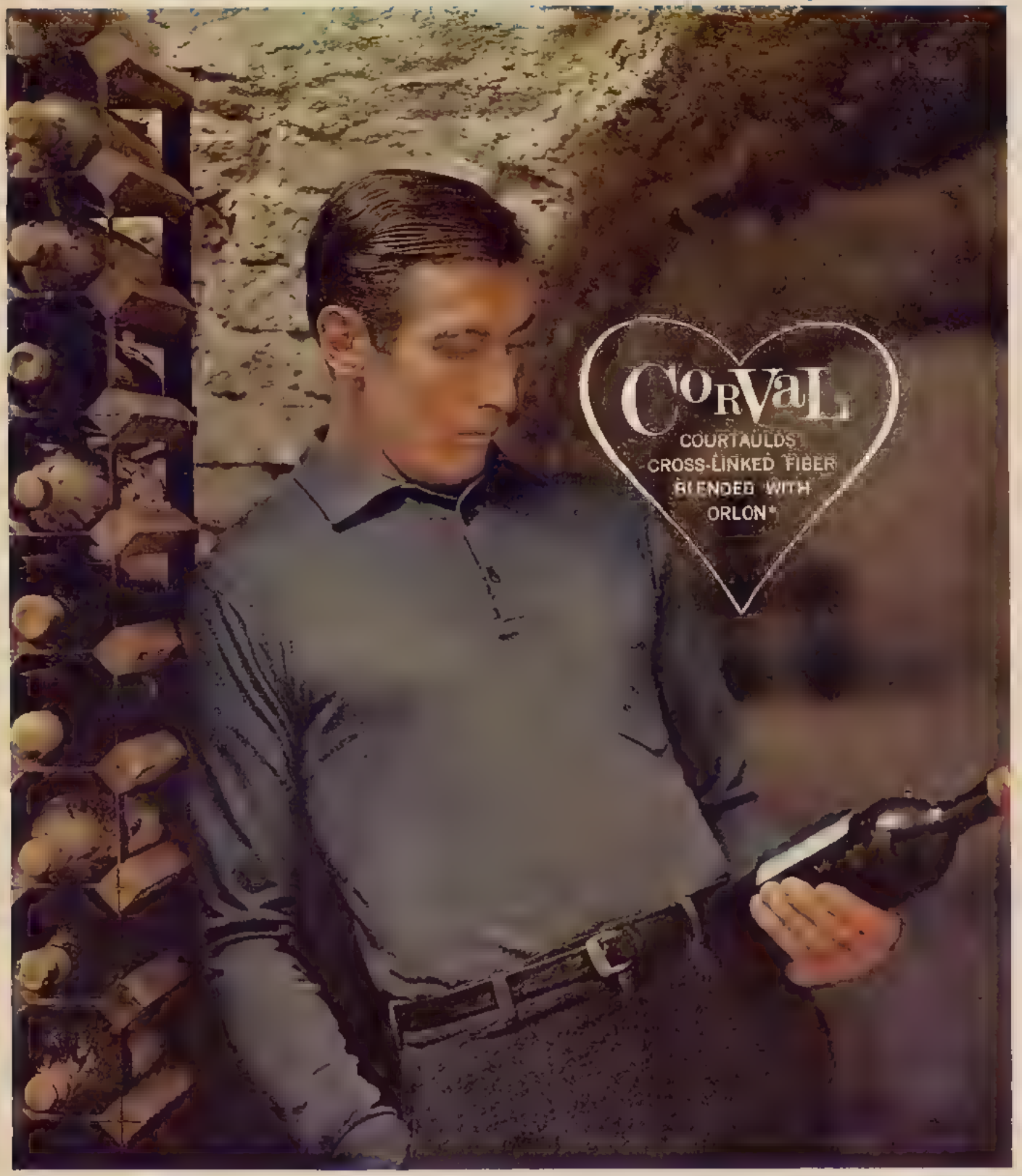


the virtue of washability

is added to the fortitude and British Tailoring of Baracuta. It drip-dries quickly after hand or machine washing . . . and its weather-resisting qualities will last through countless tubbings. The Baracuta Leader is single breasted tailored from a silken, all-cotton "breathing" poplin . . . lined with washable, weatherized Tattersal poplin. Slash through pockets. Shades: Natural, Olive, Black, Oyster White. $32.50 at better department and fine men's stores. Made in England. Companion coats for the Ladies available.

Baracuta, inc., 16 east 40th street, New York 16, N. Y.
There is only one Baracuta. Golf jackets from $18.95. Other Poplin and Gaberdine coats from $29.95. Prices slightly higher on West Coast.

THE HEART OF THIS *Brentwood* SHIRT



Want to enjoy life a little more? Try living in Brentwood's pure pleasure knit with the posh touch and splendour of color from the fiber Corval. A new evel of luxury in a quality wash and wear knit shirt of 50% Courtaulds Corval cross-linked rayon and 50% Orlon acrylic. Corval, a product of Courtaulds (Alabama) Inc. Impeccable classic style, long sleeved in 10 magnificent heather-tones, including russets and olives. About $6 at good stores everywhere or write Brentwood Sportswear, Arch Street at 22nd Street, Philadelphia 3, Pennsylvania. *DuPont TM

Arthur Knight has done a very thorough survey in this unusual field. The story itself is certainly stimulating and intriguing—in fact several friends of mine who read it asked, "Where can we see them?"

Edward L. Kingsley
Kingsley International Pictures
New York, New York

STATUS AND SPEED

Many thanks for the fine June article by Ken Purdy on the fabulous creations of Daimler-Benz. It is very gratifying to know that PLAYBOY does not share the view that status in motordom is *wholly* represented by the Thunderbird-Cadillac Continental horse race.

Lloyd LeBlanc, Jr
Costa Mesa, California

Mr. Ken Purdy is IN! Carry on PLAYBOY, as the Mercedes-Benz of magazines.

Don Gabriel
Amarillo, Texas

BIER BARONS

Al Morgan's June article, *The Bier Barons*, was excellent. He did a great job in bringing out the ridiculous and reprehensible aspects of a society gone funeral-crazy.

John Floors
Phoenix, Arizona

Timely, well written, and nauseatingly factual.

Susanne D. Hurde
Hermosa Beach, California

PLAYBOY and Al Morgan are to be commended for that splendid article on the vulgarization of the mortuary trade. As a student of mortuary science, I really appreciated your efforts.

Martin J. Davis
Carlstadt, New Jersey

The Bier Barons shows Al Morgan's usual ability to arrange facts into a powerful comment without becoming opinionated. I won't say I enjoyed it, since "enjoy" is a vapid word, but I got a blast out of it. I agreed with it, and I'm glad I read it.

Hugh Downs
New York, New York

If you printed *The Bier Barons* in order to get reader reaction *against* it, here is one reader who will comply. I thoroughly disagree with Al Morgan. He has made the beauty of the cemetery seem ugly and grotesque and has made the funeral services ghoulish and sinister. None of this is true.

Marilyn Palin
Montebello, California

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

We recently bemoaned the language inflation that turns a trusted bartender into a "beverage host" or a garbage collector into a "sanitation engineer." Our distaste for such lingo lunacy doesn't end with our stand on job titles. Another kind of euphemism that's beginning to bug us is the increasing tendency of cocktail lounges toward cloying cuteness in naming those two doors at the rear—the ones previously, and sanely, labeled MEN and WOMEN. Variations on the basic theme have gone beyond BOYS and GIRLS or LADIES and GENTLEMEN. At a club frequented by members of the acting profession, you find ROMEO and JULIET. At a jazz-filled den, there are rooms for CATS and KITTENS. Or, depending on the decor of the place, such labels as MARES and STALLIONS, LORDS and LADIES, SQUAWS and BRAVES. A gent under the influence, his brain befogged, might conceivably be led through the wrong portal by this coy practice. On the other hand, and in the nick of time, we can find no fault with the sensible legends on the washroom doors of our own Club: PLAYBOYS and PLAYMATES.

•

Our AP wiretapper tells us of a San Francisco police search for a chastity belt thief. Seems he swiped it—a heavy, forged-iron contraption made in Germany in 1424—from, of all places, a bowling alley, "where it had been on display for years." Best comment on the odd theft, we think, was uttered by a local curio dealer whom the cops asked to evaluate the belt. "Hard to tell," he said. "There's not much call for that sort of thing nowadays."

•

Speaking of Shelley Winters in its coverage of the last Academy Awards, the *Wyoming Eagle* said: "Miss Winters, nominated twice previously, was honored for her role as Mrs. Vandan in *The Diary of Anne Frank*, in which she portrayed a rumpy Dutch housewife."

•

When summer's warmth gives way to the bitter bite of frost, the Sun Valley Gardens Nature Park, a nudist camp in Ontario, Canada, hangs a sign on its gate, reading: "Clothed for the Winter"

•

This tidbit was passed on to us by a friend who is an executive in a large corporation. On a business trip, he wired his office to make sure of the number of salesmen he had on his staff. The answering wire informed him that the staff had been "reduced by two salesmen whoretired."

•

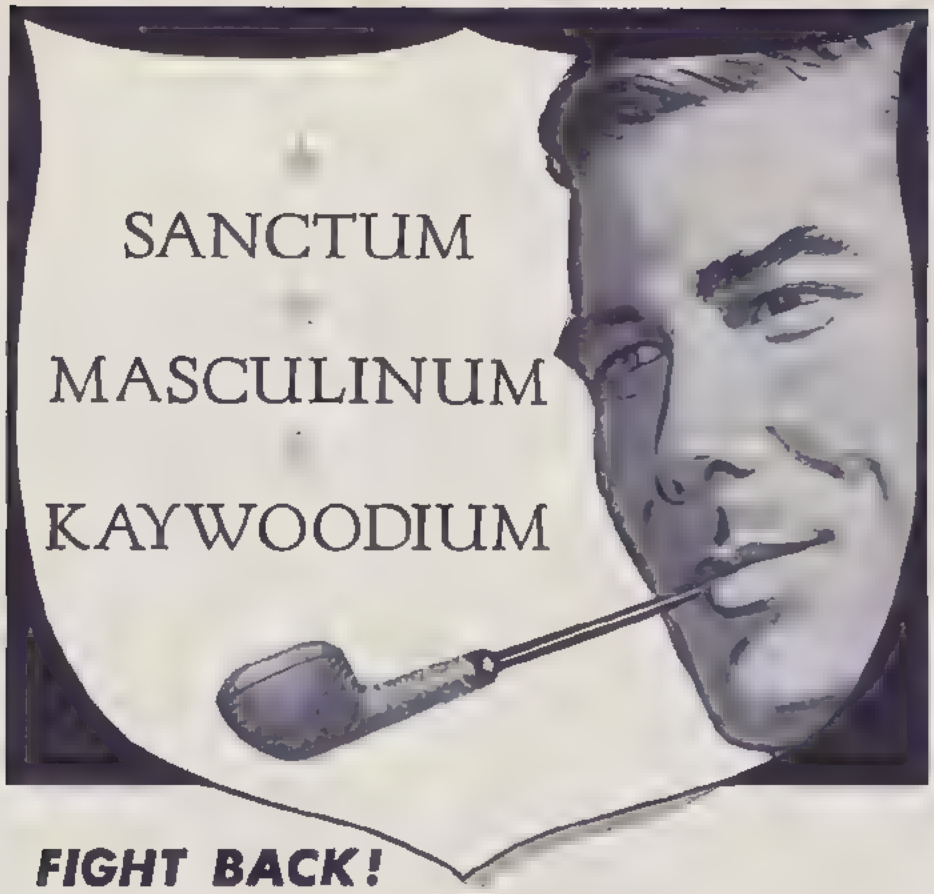
An informant of ours was aboard a flight from San Francisco to Chicago not long ago. He reports that the calm was broken when the captain, thinking he was on a closed circuit to the stewardess, sighed, "Bring me some coffee and loving, please." As the stewardess sashayed up the aisle with everything moving, to silence the captain before he went into more detail, an observant passenger was heard to call, "You forgot the coffee!"

•

Who remembers: icebox drip pans? . . . Buster Crabbe as Flash Gordon? . . . street games like Johnny on a Pony, Ring-a-leave-io, Chase the White Horse, Kick the Can, Three Feet to Germany? . . . Heinz pickle lapel pins? . . . Landon buttons with brown centers and yellow felt fringes so they looked like sunflowers? . . . the cap you used to wear all those pins on? . . . Jessica Dragonette? . . . autos equipped with cranks, running boards, rumble seats and window shades? . . . "Straight-shooters always win, lawbreakers always lose; it pays to shoot straight"? . . . grammar school inkwell monitors and blackboard eraser clappers? . . . walking around on squashed-down tin cans? . . . rubber-band guns made of wood? . . . underground huts? . . . bicycle clips for pants legs which, if worn, branded you as a sissy? . . . W.P.A. jokes ("Why is an Arabian sultan like a W.P.A. worker?" "He takes his pick and goes to bed")? . . . "Handies" (Five fingers pointing downward, over five fingers pointing upward: the Dionne quintuplets taking a shower)? . . . Little Audrey jokes ("Little Audrey told her little brother to jump, count to ten, and pull the rip-cord. Then Little Audrey laughed and laughed. She knew he couldn't count to ten")? . . . Wee Bonnie Baker singing *Oh, Johnny* with the Orrin Tucker Band? . . . Screeno? . . . Bank Night? . . . Free dishes at the neighborhood bijou? . . . grisly "Horrors of War" bubble gum cards that died with Pearl Harbor? . . . leather lace-up boots with a little knife in a side pocket? . . . "Wrong Way" Corrigan? . . . flagpole sitters? . . . singing yo-yo's? . . . Vera Hruba Ralston? . . . roller skate keys? . . . roasting potatoes over a vacant lot fire?

•

If the pelvis-tossers are on their way out of pop music, it may be only because they are being outnumbered by the finger-snappers. This annoying mannerism, once restricted to a few of the more nervous vocalists, is now S.O.P. for singers as various as Sinatra, Ella, Johnny Desmond, Peggy Lee, Mel Tormé, Bobby Darin, Jaye P. Morgan, Frankie Avalon and Fabian. All these and many others have snapped, crackled and popped their way through more songs than Kellogg has Krispies. The older cats, suckled on the beat of the big bands, may feel a real need for supplemental percussive



FIGHT BACK!

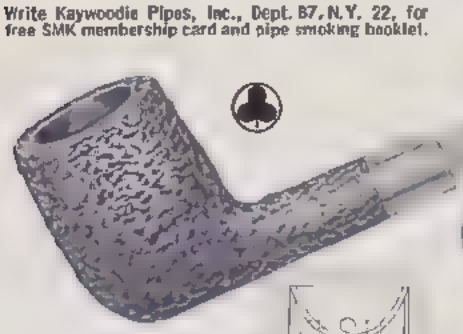
Help preserve masculine prerogatives!

Help fight creeping matriarchy! Join SMK. No dues. No meetings. One obligation only. Smoke your Kaywoodie often—*especially among women.* Flaunt its manly grain. Tantalize them with the lush tobacco-and-briar aroma. But never let them savor a puff! Kaywoodie flavor, mildness, and relaxation — all without inhaling — are strictly male. Will this return women to bondage? Maybe not. But it will be a brave exercise of your male prerogative . . . and pleasurable to boot.

Write Kaywoodie Pipes, Inc., Dept. B7, N.Y. 22, for free SMK membership card and pipe smoking booklet.

Campus, Yacht Shape
$4.95

White Briar, Pear Shape
$6.00



Tuckaway, Relief Grain, Billiard Shape—$7.95
In Super Grain, $6.95. Standard $5.95. New crystal-clear bit. Tuckaway comes apart, fits in easy-carry suede finish pouch.

Custom Grain, Prince of Wales Shape—$10.00

Connoisseur, Apple Shape
$15.00

KAYWOODIE

accents the male look

aid, but there's no excuse for the youngsters. Unless vocalists kick the snapping habit, we look glumly forward to the day when A&R men will audition fingers instead of voices, and perhaps it is not too silly to imagine the *reductio ad absurdum*: a performer with singing fingers and snapping lips.

•

On display at the Natural History Museum in Chicago are several pairs of ancient dice, made of soapstone or bone, unearthed by scientists from the tombs of the old Egyptians. They're similar to our modern dice in form, size and general appearance. In action, however, they're even more remarkable indications of Egyptian sportsmanship: they're loaded to throw twos and fives.

•

From the wires of United Press International: "The Federal Trade Commission charged today that Exquisite Form Brassiere Inc. of New York City discriminated against its smaller customers . . . The F.T.C. said Exquisite's action favored larger customers at the expense of smaller ones."

•

Our mail recently included the following invitation: "The Anti-Picnic League invites you to their Fifth Annual Picnic for People Who Hate Picnics." There followed the place, date and time, the information that formal attire was expected, and a reminder for us to bring our own table service (crystal and sterling preferred). At the conclusion of the message and somewhat removed from it, were the words: "Pray for rain."

•

A race horse owned by Alfred Vanderbilt was sired by Sailor, out of When In Rome. Kid's name is Weekend Pass.

ACTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS

We've been intrigued of late by the sizzling comeback of ***Vic Damone***. He packed the house, like they say, during a recent stand at Chicago's Trade Winds, then repeated the feat during a seven-day stint at Hollywood's Cloister. The evening we caught him at the latter spot, a rapt audience, including a ringside circle of celebs, witnessed an electrifying performance. Whether belting a strong *Falling in Love with Love* or warmly caressing *You Are Too Beautiful*, Vic exploited to the full his rich baritone pipes and a stage presence relaxed to the somewhat corny point of borrowing a Scotch-on-the-rocks from a front row table. The Damone act reached a stand-up climax with a *Porgy and Bess* medley —*Bess, You Is My Woman Now; It Ain't Necessarily So; Oh, Where Is My Bess?* —

In 10 seconds flat...

Discover the "closest thing to a second shave"

Ten seconds. That's all it takes to rub on Mennen Shave Talc after a shave. And what a difference those ten seconds make. Blemishes and skin irritations disappear. Shaving shine and redness vanish. And as for that last trace of beard—well, it's just as if you *had* shaved twice. Not even a shadow remains. Nobody sees the talc, either—skin-tone Mennen *blends right in.* Many men use Mennen Shave Talc *twice* a day. Right after shaving. And just before dinner. Either time it's the "closest thing to a second shave."

...closest thing to a second shave

that earned him a full five minutes of applause. After seven encores, Damone attempted to beg off. The audience would have none of it and brought him back for a final, rocking version of *Born to Wander.* "I feel a confidence and self-assurance I've never had before," he told us later in his dressing room, after dozens of well-wishers had departed. He stressed that his recent conversion to Bahaism, a Persian faith that teaches equality and unity of all religions, is the vital factor in shaping his new outlook. The old Damone, who had a tendency to apologize for everything he did and could destroy with one intemperate remark on stage what had taken much effort to build, is no more. In his place is a very swinging Bahaist indeed, and we wish him well.

▪

We appraised a pair of refugees from radio — ***Jack Burns and George Carlin*** — at Chicago's Cloister and found their fresh, never-blue, distinctly topical approach to humor enjoyable. Burns, twenty-six, and Carlin, twenty-three, joined wits at a Fort Worth, Texas, AM station, then moved as a team to Hollywood's KDAY as combination disc jockeys–comics, before embarking on the club circuit this year. They'll soon be in the hip-record derby, too, with an Era LP — cut during a guest appearance at the Playboy Key Club — due for midwinter release. Like many of their brother comics, they write their own material, based on the headlines and headaches of our time. As a beatnik coffeehouse m.c., Carlin announces the Hollywood debut of Governor Orville Faubus: "Don't know if any of you had a chance to catch his act over at Woolworth's, but it's great. He tears up lunch-counter stools every afternoon. Actually, he's in town to star in *Song of the South*; he plays kindly old Uncle Remus. It'll be released in black and white . . . one black screen, one white screen." As Captain Jack and Jolly George, in a satire of TV's kiddie fare, the duo leans in the direction of Lenny Bruce. "Send for your Junior Junkie Kit," urges Jolly George, "and be the first junkie on your block." Supporting his partner's endorsement of the high-quality heroin, Captain Jack instructs a cameraman to "dolly in for a shot of my eyes." Jolly George follows up with a plug for their Lolita Kit — guaranteed to enable all nymphets to "pick up a little of that extra cash after school." They recommend that all youngsters drink their milk: "It's amber-colored and it comes in a tall brown bottle with a picture of a white horse on it." Along their whacky way, Burns and Carlin lash out at TV commercials, *Person to Person,* politics, the typical neighborhood mothers' club and boxing — tacking on imitations of Mort Sahl and Bruce, too. Not all of their darts demolish the targets, but

ANNOUNCEMENT!

FA-4 frequency adjusted

...the unique Formulation for increased dynamic range recording...is a Soundcraft exclusive.

FA-4 frequency adjusted

cannot be incorporated in any tapes other than those with the Soundcraft Trademark!

Since the introduction of the new Soundcraft Tapes with FA-4 frequency adjusted formulation, thousands of recordists have indicated their preference for this new magnetic medium. Their reasons are plain to hear in every reel! More of the dynamic range of music is captured on the sensitive FA-4 oxide formulation—resulting in recordings that sparkle with new true-to-life dimension. You've never enjoyed the full capabilities of your tape recorder until you try Soundcraft Tapes with FA-4 Frequency Adjusted Formulation. Buy Soundcraft Tapes today! They cost no more than conventional tapes!

There's a Soundcraft Tape for every recording need. Write for literature.

REEVES SOUNDCRAFT CORP.
Great Pasture Rd., Danbury, Connecticut ■ Chicago: 28 E. Jackson Blvd. ■ Los Angeles: 342 N. LaBrea ■ Toronto: 700 Weston Rd.

Model 2268 phonola Triple Source Stereo System with 5 speaker effect. Multi-channel high fidelity chassis with stacked amplifiers built as one, 30 to 20,000 CPS. Diamond needle. Smoked grey, silver tweed leatherette covering on cabinet. **$149.95**

Model 1468 phonola Triple Source Stereo Speaker System plays all 4 speeds; turnover sapphire needles. Multi-channel amplifiers in stacked channels built as one. 8 feet of cable from main unit to each remote. Charcoal grey, off-white and golden glitter orange. **$79.95**

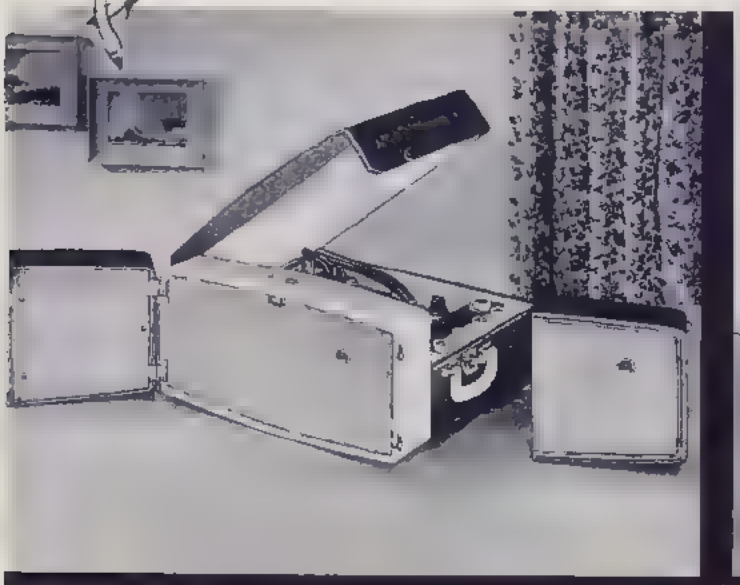
America's oldest phonograph maker presents

THE NEW LOOK OF BEAUTY...THE NEW SOUND OF QUALITY

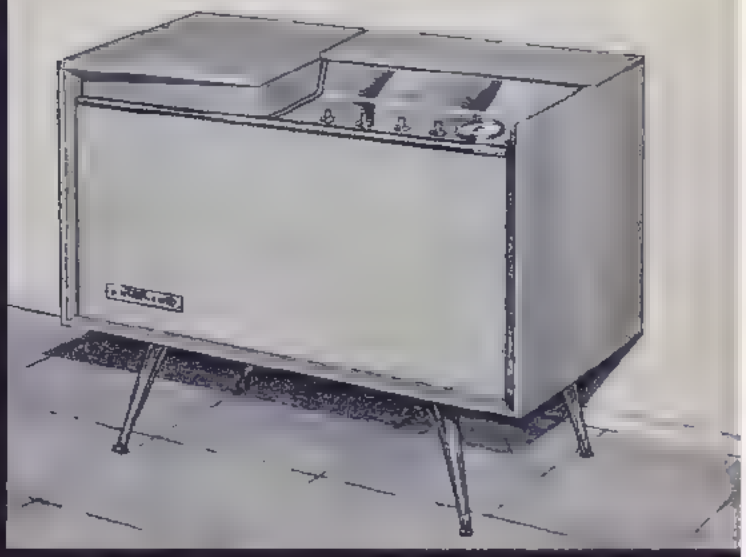
in self-contained stereophonic phonographs featuring

THE PHABULOUS phonola®

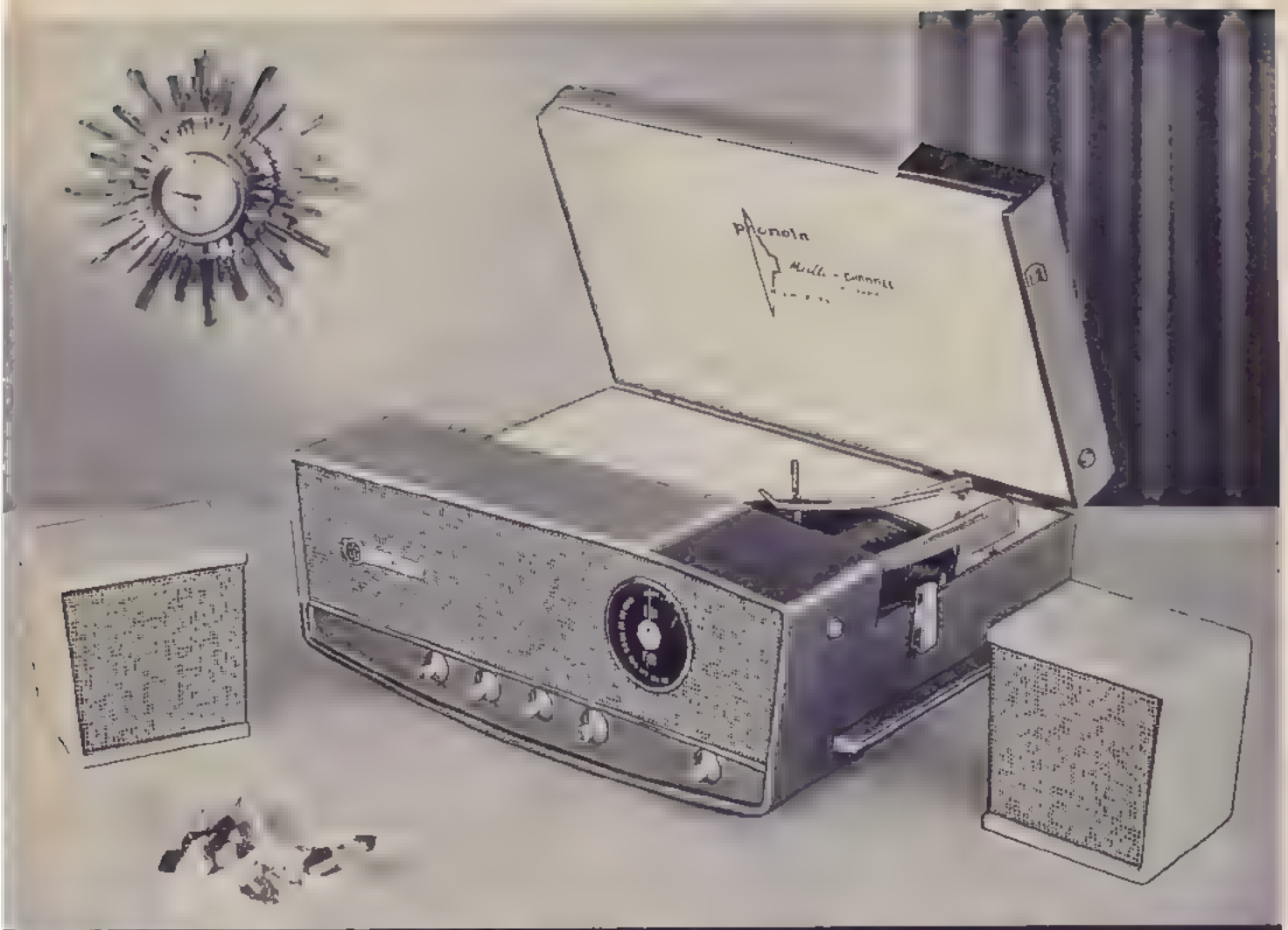
EXCLUSIVE TRIPLE SOURCE STEREO SOUND



Model 1968 phonola Triple Source Stereo System Multi-channel amplifiers in stacked units built as one. Has 5 controls including radio-phono switch and station selector. AM radio. 50 to 16,000 CPS. Brown and white. **$119.95**



Model 2768 (Walnut) 2868 (Limed Oak) phonola Triple Source Stereo System has 10" center speaker flanked by 6" speakers and 1¾" whizzer cones. AM/FM radio. Diamond needle. Multi-channel amplifiers stacked, built as one. 70 to 16,000 CPS. **$249.95**



Model 2460 phonola Triple Source Stereo System has 6" bass speaker in main unit; 5¼" speaker plus 1¾" whizzer cone in each remote. AM/FM radio. Diamond needle. High Fidelity multi-channel amplifiers—dual channel, stacked as one. 70 - 16,000 CPS. Two-tone grey with gold and French grey color bands. **$179.95**

Your eyes are caressed with the emotional impact of their appearance—this is the new look of beauty! Your ears are embraced with the rapture of true tone reproduction—this is the new sound of quality! Triple Source Stereo Sound—a Phonola exclusive—combined with the artful capturing of function in design create the big buys in phonographs for you. See the phabulous Phonola stereophonic phonographs today—from $19.95 to $249.95 (prices vary slightly in some areas) —or write, we'll tel. you where.

new ! compact designs for today's compact living / new ! smart cabinets and color combinations / new ! AM radio-stereo phono combinations / new ! AM/FM radio-stereo phono combinations

send for complete details

phonola®

WORLD'S MOST PHASHIONABLE PHONOGRAPHS

Waters Conley Company, Inc., Chicago 11 · America's Oldest Phonograph Manufacturers

Waters Conley Company, Inc. Dept. PB-106
17 E. Chestnut St., Chicago 11, Ill.
Gentlemen: Without obligation, please send me complete details on the phabulous Phonola—and name of my nearest dealer.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE____ STATE_____

COMMENTS_____

Fabric 70% Wool, 30% Dynel Modacrylic by Cyril Johnson Woolen Co.

WORSTED-TEX D30-SPS the "SELF-PRESSING" suit

Thanks to DYNEL, the D30-SPS suit gives you that freshly pressed look day after day—for travel, work and play. Looks smart, stays smart. In patterns and colors galore—all with the unmistakable distinction of Worsted-Tex tailoring. $69.50, slightly higher west of the Rockies.

UNION CARBIDE
TEXTILE FIBERS

Union Carbide Corporation, 30 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.
Union Carbide makes fibers; fabric and fashions like these are products of leading mills and makers.
"Union Carbide" and "Dynel" are registered trademarks of Union Carbide Corporation

most of the time they're effective.

RECORDINGS

Sketches of Spain (Columbia) showcases trumpeter Miles Davis in a solemn setting, with studio orchestra arranged for and conducted by Gil Evans. Contents include a rewritten and extended middle section from classical composer Joaquin Rodrigo's *Concierto de Aranjuez*, a brief segment from Manuel de Falla's ballet, *El Amor Brujo*, and three folk melodies—*The Pan Piper*, *Saeta* and *Solea*. Evans' shifting waves of sound framing and inspiring Miles, are monumentally memorable while Miles' blowing glitters throughout. As evidence of Miles' ease in the traditional Spanish idiom on his first try, and as another strong link in the Evans-Davis chain of LPs, this is exquisite.

•

Johnny Mathis fans will welcome ***Johnny's Mood*** (Columbia), a ballad set that includes *There's No You*, *How High the Moon*, *April in Paris*, *I'm in the Mood for Love* and eight other yearningly expressed messages. It's all as smooth as whipped butter and should satisfy though not excite, Johnny's big coterie of fans. Frank Sinatra's on a gentle kick, too, in ***Nice 'n' Easy*** (Capitol). Wrapped in warm Nelson Riddle arrangements, Sinatra revisits refrains he did years ago—the likes of *How Deep Is the Ocean*, *I've Got a Crush on You*, *Fools Rush In*, *Mam'selle* and *Dream*. Frank's tone sounds tired at times, and the disc is not up to snuff. Bobby Darin imitates Señor Wences and W. C. Fields, tosses off Italian lyrics, dances, plays vibes and piano, chats with the audience and manages to sing sixteen songs on ***Darin at the Copa*** (Atco), recorded during the Bronx belter's home-town nightclub debut, an act that is currently one of the hottest in show biz. Included are vigorous versions of Darin staples—*Mack the Knife*, *Clementine* and *That's All*—as well as a frantic *I Got a Woman*, done in the bluesy style of its composer, Ray Charles. For a guy who said he wants to be the biggest thing around by the time he's twenty-five (he claims twenty-three now), Darin's made a big step in the right direction.

•

Some of the wildest moments in 1959 jazz are preserved on ***Woody Herman's Big New Herd at the Monterey Jazz Festival*** (Atlantic), a six-tune romp by a flashy West Coast band assembled specifically for the California bash. Woody brought his library (including *Four Brothers* and an updated *Apple Honey*, titled *Monterey Apple Tree*) as well as veterans of past herds (Conte Candoli, Urbie Green, Richie Kamuca, Zoot Sims, Bill Perkins

and Med Flory). A zippy rhythm section — Vic Feldman, piano and vibes, Charlie Byrd, guitar; Monty Budwig, bass and Mel Lewis, drums — keeps matters perking, and there are solos galore by the loyal hands. "I wish I could take this band on the road," Woody said. We wish he could, too.

•

For the select group of insiders who frequent those *intime* bistros where Mabel Mercer weaves her ways of love, Miss Mercer's latest LP offering — ***Merely Marvelous*** (Atlantic) — is aptly titled. Again, her repertoire resembles a Tiffany tiara. Her search for superior songs leads her to such rarities as *You're Nearer*, a Rodgers-and-Hart tune that was foolishly dropped from *Too Many Girls* before its 1940 Broadway opening, and *Love Wise*, written for a show that never opened. Jerome Kern is represented — by *Let's Begin*, *All in Fun* and *Nobody Else but Me*, his less-familiar flights. Throughout this set, Miss Mercer displays a notable affection for esthetic content, and the Jimmy Lyon trio-plus-one in the background displays a comparable affection for Miss Mercer.

•

Pianist Dick Katz believes in discipline, not keyboard rambling or idle pounding. As he states it, "Through control, a player can achieve poise and grace; and much of the best of jazz has had these qualities, including some of the fiercest jazz." Katz isn't fierce at all on ***Piano and Pen*** (Atlantic), but he does perform with poise and grace. Backed superbly by guitarists Chuck Wayne and Jimmy Raney (alternating), bassist Joe Benjamin and drummer Connie Kay, Katz deftly fingers four originals and a quartet of tunes from Katz' composers-I-dig file: Rodgers and Hart (*Glad to Be Unhappy*), John Lewis (*Afternoon in Paris*), Fats Waller (*Ain't Misbehavin'*) and Charlie Parker (*Scrapple From the Apple*). In every lustrous case, Katz plays the piano as a piano, not as a saxophone, trumpet or drum, and his compositions are equally attractive.

•

The mellow Modernaires — so soothing in front of the Glenn Miller band in the early Forties — are on a clearly contemporary kick these days. Their latest LP — ***Like Swung . . . The Modernaires*** (Mercury) — indicates that a skilled singing group can make it in more than one era. In this set, the fivesome (Paula Kelly, Hal Dickinson, Alan Copeland, Vernon Polk and Chuck Kelly) wails its way through a diversified dozen tunes, including nifty versions of *Shiny Stockings*, *Everything's Coming Up Roses* and *Like Young*. The slick studio band blazes along, with soloists Bud Shank, Bob Cooper, Conte Candoli and Frank Rosolino scattering sterling riffs.

•

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Protective Pouch Keeps Tobacco

44% FRESHER!

This protective aluminum foil pouch keeps famous, mild Sir Walter Raleigh 44% fresher than old-fashioned tin cans. The sturdy pouch is triple laminated. Carries flat. Sir Walter Raleigh is choice Kentucky burley—extra aged! Try it.

SMELLS GRAND—PACKS RIGHT!
SMOKES SWEET—CAN'T BITE!

Sooner or Later Your Favorite Tobacco!

BROWN & WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORPORATION — THE MARK OF QUALITY IN TOBACCO PRODUCTS

Makes your haircut fit your head!

No matter how you like your hair cut—you'll look better when you use Short Cut. This new, non-greasy hair groom adds body to the hair fibers, makes your haircut fit your head. Keeps hair neat all day—and helps condition your scalp into the bargain. Takes about 2 seconds a day, costs a fast .50 plus tax

Old Spice SHORT CUT HAIR GROOM

Something's Coming (Warwick) is singer Fran Warren's first LP in several years and it's the best one she's ever made. The ex-Claude Thornhill vocalist and pop singles seller, backed by Morty Craft's studio band (arrangements by Ralph Burns and Al Cohn), caresses twelve compositions by Leonard Bernstein, Vernon Duke, George Gershwin, David Rose, Arthur Schwartz and Alec Wilder. Miss Warren's cool, flexible voice enhances every one.

•

Not too long ago, the emphasis in jazz was on avant-garde sounds—pathways to the future. Now, however, hordes of jazzmen are moving farther in than out, and it's now become fashionable to probe the gospel branch. In a monotonous mass movement to sanctify jazz, the down-home cats are turning recording studios and night spots into revival meeting places. One of the most earthy of the evangelical entries is the Cannonball Adderley quintet, a foursome to be heard preaching its sermons on ***Them Dirty Blues*** (Riverside). Cannonball's adept alto playing and brother Nat's cornet fireworks are ingratiating enough, and the rhythm section (Bobby Timmons splitting piano chores with Barry Harris; Sam Jones, bass and Louis Hayes, drums) is adequate for this sort of pulsating stuff, but we wish their talents were turned to more creative matters than transforming gospel figures into jazz clichés. Timmons' *Dat Dere* (he also wrote *This Here* and *Moanin'*, both in the chic rough-hewn vein), Nat's funky *Work Song* and Cannonball's title tune are evidence of the rigid groove into which much of jazz has fallen. We don't want jazzmen to avoid their heritage, we just caution them against beating it to death.

•

Liner note essayists are a giddy crew—given to meaningless cant and indefensible puff—but Nat Hentoff isn't far off when he terms ***Helen Humes*** (Contemporary) "the best female jazz singer now working," in his comments for her first LP. We're not prepared to disown Ella at her best (or several other favorites, for that matter), but we must admit that Miss Humes' singing is singularly soulful. Not heard from regularly since her days with the Basie band (1938-1942), she hasn't been tolled out by time. In this superior collection, she powers her way—without any strain or distortion—through a dozen delights, including *You Can Depend on Me, Trouble in Mind, Bill, I Got It Bad and That Ain't Good* and, of all things, a fresh version of *When the Saints Go Marching In*. Supporting her with inspired vigor are Benny Carter, trumpet; Frank Rosolino, trombone; Teddy Edwards, tenor; André Previn, piano; Leroy Vinnegar, bass and

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. A product of A. Stein & Company · Chicago · New York · Los Angeles · Toronto

PARIS STRETCH BUCKLES

This Paris Stretch Buckle will still be live and kicking long after your pants are old and frayed

You are looking at the most comfortable belt you will ever wear . . . a new Belt, by "Paris"*, with a stretch buckle that will still be breathing with you long after the trousers it supports are torn and tattered.

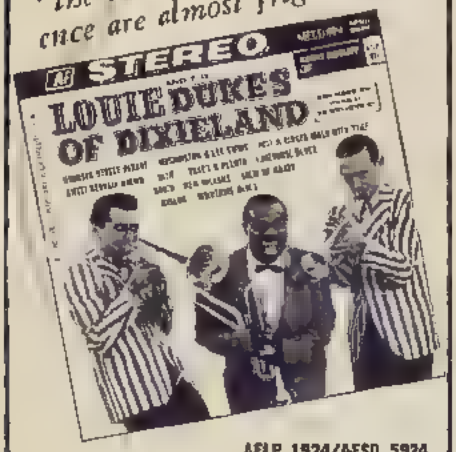
Who do you thank for such long-lasting comfort? Surprisingly enough, the U. S. Navy, who invented a remarkably strong and resilient elastic cord that was stretched across carrier decks to slow down landing aircraft. "Paris" designers, who never miss a trick, took this amazing elastic and fashioned a tireless stretch buckle that stretches with you—moves as you move (unlike most other stretch buckles that rely on squeaky tin springs that don't last much longer than a few good deep breaths).

The "Paris" Belt you see is made of rich, supple Tallow Leather, another famous "Paris" specialty. The Belt sells for $3.00 in the 1" width, $2.50 in ¾" width. Make your selection at any fine shop or department store.

AF AUDIO FIDELITY

Masterpieces of Stereophonic DIRECTIONALITY!

"the directionality and presence are almost frightening"



AFLP 1924/AFSD 5924
JAZZ HISTORY IN THE MAKING . . . Louis "SATCHMO" Armstrong joins with the incomparable Dukes of Dixieland singing and playing his inspired trumpet on Audio Fidelity Records! An unparalleled recording giving unequalled realism to perennial favorites.

AFLP 1930/AFSD 5930—SATCHMO in his inimitable style plays such immortal King Oliver jazz favorites as: "St. James Infirmary", "Frankie and Johnny", "Panama", "I Ain't Got Nobody" and many others.

AFLP 1913/AFSD 5913—LIONEL HAMPTON'S vibes backed up with an exciting BIG BAND sound featuring "Cat" Anderson, trumpet and Wm. Mackel, guitar.

For Free Catalog, write Dept. P-9
AUDIO FIDELITY, INC.
770 Eleventh Ave., New York 19, N. Y.

Shelly Manne (alternating with Mel Lewis), drums. Few of these stalwarts have sounded better, which is a sign of Miss Humes' commanding presence.

•

Bobby Short on the East Side (Atlantic) offers another glimpse at the intriguing repertoire of one of the most fashionable cafe society types. Short, undaunted by hit-parade hymnology, digs deeply to unearth songs unjustly neglected by his contemporaries. In this sophisticated sojourn—recorded at a Manhattan spa—he lends life to such rare baguettes as Irving Berlin's *Slumming on Park Avenue*, *I Left My Hat in Haiti* (Fred Astaire debuted it in the film *Royal Wedding*), a calypso, *Pretty Girl*, and the folk song *Delia's Gone*. In guaranteeing the unexpected, Short alters standards, too: although he sings just one chorus of *It Never Entered My Mind*, it's an unfamiliar Lorenz Hart lyric he selects, not the one commonly voiced.

•

Advocates of jazz as the international language will be enthused about ***One World Jazz*** (Columbia), an electronic and musical wonder in the form of an intercontinental jam session, produced by PLAYBOY's Jazz Editor, Leonard Feather. Feather recorded the basic six tune set (including *Cotton Tail*, *Misty*, *In a Mellotone*, *Nuages* and a pair of blues) in New York with trombonist J. J. Johnson, trumpeter Clark Terry, tenor man Ben Webster, pianist Hank Jones, guitarist Kenny Burrell, bassist George Duvivier and drummer Jo Jones. Then he hand-carried the tapes abroad. In London, baritone saxist Ronnie Ross, altoist Roy East and trombonist George Chisholm sat in. In Stockholm trombonist Aake Persson added his sound. Finally, a quartet of Parisians—violinist Stephane Grappelly, trumpeter Roger Guerin, tenor man Bob Garcia and pianist Martial Solal—superimposed their points of view. What results is not the mishmash one might expect. Instead, there's astounding cohesion and some mighty heady blowing. Apart from the splendid simmering of the American clique, we were most moved by Ross and Solal. As drummer Jones remarked, "You should send this record to the United Nations." We second that motion.

•

Guido Panzini, introduced as one of the survivors of the Andrea Doria disaster, is being interviewed on a Hudson River dock. "What was the first thing out of the captain's mouth after the collision?" asks the reporter. "His-a-lunch," replies Guido. This moment of truth is one of many on ***Pat Harrington, Jr., As Guido Panzini*** (Signature), nine tracks of strictly ad lib madness featuring two members of Steve Allen's TV team: Harrington and writer-comic Bill Dana. Liner notes, skit

THE BRITISH Buford "98"

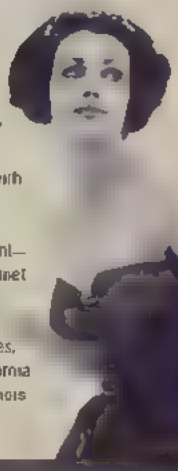
WOOL SOCK

Britishers wear 'em all year 'round

Same size, same shape, after washing. Anklet $1.50 Garter length $1.75. At fine stores everywhere
Abbey Imports, Inc., Empire State Bldg., N.Y.C.

only for those who want the ultimate

INCOMPARABLE
SHERWOOD



Stereo High Fidelity "Top Rated" by recognized testing organizations. Only with components can you create the ultimate sound set-up you want—and it's easy—in cabinet or built in. Operation is simple. Sherwood Electronic Laboratories, Inc. 4300 North California Ave., Chicago 18, Illinois

For complete information write Dept. P-10

introductions and giggles are by Allen (joined in laughter by a select studio audience). Harrington and Dana survey their world in dialect — French, Irish, Cuban, Great Neck Yiddish, Japanese and Italian — and never falter.

•

Anita O'Day, a jazz chirper of the first order, swings softly on ***Cool Heat*** (Verve), singing a dozen tunes (brightly arranged by Jimmy Giuffre for a simmering studio band) in a supplely understated manner. It's not the hard charging, uninhibited Anita who's at work here, but it's probably the best side of her talent to be displayed in years. She's warm when she has to be and tightly bouncy when the song calls for rhythmic vigor. *Easy Come, Easy Go, Gone with the Wind, Hooray for Hollywood, It Had to Be You* (a shufung tempo tour de force), *My Heart Belongs to Daddy* and *The Way You Look Tonight* are among her conquests. Hail the conquering heroine.

•

Film is a young art, and sound film younger; hence, the literature of film music is small, of good film music smaller, of great film music microscopic. It is hardly going out on a limb, then, to call Prokofiev's music for Eisenstein's 1938 Russian spectacle, *Alexander Nevsky*, the finest film score ever composed. The heroic cantata Prokofiev later built from that score has long been a concert favorite, its seven sections providing broad lyricism, teeth-rattling dissonance, flag-waving excitement. Fritz Reiner leads the heavy artillery of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra and Chorus plus mezzo Rosalind Elias into the thick of a spanking new ***Alexander Nevsky*** (RCA Victor). Technically, it's a triumph — each stave of the score emerges clear and distinct, as against the occasionally bunched tone of the earlier Vanguard recording under Mario Rossi (*Playboy After Hours*, March 1956); but we find Reiner's impeccable precision and cleanness less ideal for this often overwhelmingly barbaric music than Rossi's frenzy and forward-sweep. Also, Rossi's version is sung in Russian, Reiner's in English, and the rabid nationalism of the words is almost better left untranslated. But you pays your money and you takes your choice; for both Reiner and Rossi have been faithful in their fashions to Prokofiev's towering intentions.

•

Perennially-popular Peggy Lee puts a sparkle in ***Pretty Eyes*** (Capitol), a gently exhilarating collection of twelve first quality love ballads that should prove near perfect for lights-down-low listening. Billy May's ork fiddles around to perfection in the background, and the result is one of the prettiest platters to come our way in a long while. We haven't heard from Maggie Whiting for a spell, and are pleased to report that

ROQUEFORT spoken here

...and everywhere that gourmets gather. This is a language without words. No words are necessary because Roquefort is the cheese that makes eating an elegant experience. There is only one genuine Roquefort cheese made of pure sheep's milk, bearing this Red Sheep Seal.

ROQUEFORT FRANCE

For sophisticated tastes, no substitute will do.

For free recipe book, write:
Roquefort Association, Inc., Dept. P, 8 West 40th St., New York 18, N.Y.

A man gets seen in 417!

His cabby will spot him as a man of authority . . . with other men, women and clothes. For that important meeting with his salesmen, he chooses a smart "417" Snap-Tab shirt (one convenient snap keeps the collar neat sans effort: does away with buttons or pins). Like all of Van Heusen's "417" Collection of good-looking dress and leisure wear, this Snap-Tab shirt is carried at better men's shops . . . everywhere.

FROM THE 417 COLLECTION by VAN HEUSEN

FREE! Get the "417 Little Black Book" Wallet-size address book, plus wine guide; poker, dice odds, 60-61 calendar, birthstones, etc. Write "Little Black Book" Box 2265, N.Y.C. 17, N.Y.

*does for your electric shaver what shave cream does for a blade!

New Mennen Prop sets up your whiskers so your shaver can mow 'em down close and clean. Eliminates shaver drag and skipped spots, soothes irritation. Try cool, blue Mennen Prop!

FEMALES BY COLE

Now on cocktail napkins: a series of your favorite feminine nip-ups by droll Jack Cole. 18 devilish situations (including Glutton, Persnickety, Narcissus, etc.) you've chuckled over in the pages of PLAYBOY—on 36 ivory white napkins, for your next festive spree or perfect for gifts. The cost? A low $1 per 3/dozen box, postpaid. Dash off your personal check tonight.

PLAYBOY COCKTAIL NAPKINS
232 E. OHIO ST., DEPT. 960
CHICAGO 11, ILLINOIS

she's cut loose with a two-disc set titled ***Margaret Whiting Sings the Jerome Kern Songbook*** (Verve). The songbook is scintillating, filled, as it is, with Whiting's kitten-smooth thrushing, Russ Garcia's tasty scoring, and Jerome Kern's — what other word? — unforgettable melodies. Like, among others, *Yesterdays, The Way You Look Tonight, Smoke Gets in Your Eyes, Long Ago and Far Away, The Song Is You, A Fine Romance, All the Things You Are.* We fondly remember that it was Verve's Norman Granz who took over a young lady named Ella Fitzgerald and started cutting her now famous Song Book series; it would be excellent if this treatment had the same effect on Miss Whiting's career as it had on Ella's. Speaking of Ella, that been-around chick is obviously on her way toward becoming number one thrush of West Germany. ***Mack the Knife — Ella in Berlin*** (Verve), recorded at the gigantic *Deutschlandhallen*, obviously went over big with the natives, and it's simple to hear why. *Gone with the Wind, The Man I Love* and *Too Darn Hot* are peerless, thanks in part to the swinging backup by The Paul Smith Quartet. Ella cracks in a couple of spots, forgets the lyric to *Mack the Knife* (and improvises a beaut of her own), but no matter. She does no wrong.

DINING-DRINKING

The Pacific stretch from Big Sur (where Henry Miller's the resident sage) north to the Monterey-Carmel peninsula (land of jazz and Bach festivals) cradles several of California's most enticing dining spots. The gathering place for thirsty and hungry ones at Big Sur is ***Nepenthe*** (thirty miles south of Carmel, right off Highway 1), a hilltop hugging redwood and adobe creation attracting all sorts of arty folk. You can't make a reservation (the place has no phone), so you'll have to take your chances of being seated. You may walk in on a chamber music concert, poetry reading by Stephen Spender or the word on Zen by Alan Watts, from Tuesday through Sunday, noon till midnight. Dinners feature an Ambrosiaburger ($1.25), a half of roast chicken ($2.50) or a generous New York-cut steak ($5). After the repast, the Original Nepenthe C&C, a Chartreuse and Cognac combo, makes for good company. Just remember that the Greek word *nēpenthēs* means "no pain" and join in accordingly. From Sur, take the curvaceous drive up the Coast Highway through Pebble Beach to Monterey where, at the far end of Cannery Row, you'll find a hideaway named ***Kalisse's.*** There, lip-smacking Wiener Schnitzel and other German specialties are the rule. And check on the after-hours jazz

sessions which pack the upstairs dining room. While you're in Monterey, don't miss a visit to ***Gallatin's*** (500 Hartnell), a Nineteenth Century edifice with "authentic" California-Victorian interior. Try Gallatin's-own Abalone Puffs ($1.25) or a heartily flavored casserole of mushrooms à la Creme George ($1.50). Steak and Oyster Pie ($3.35) is the Thursday special. If you're going to linger in town, note that special dishes at Gallatin's (ordered in advance) are extraordinary: like roasted bull's head à la Plutarch with floral wreaths and pastry horns; suckling pig adorned with edible earrings, necklace, anklets and tail bows; chicken in champagne sauce and – in season – whole fresh Monterey Bay King Chinook salmon baked Proquinto in the Philippine manner. Delights, one and all.

FILMS

Inherit the Wind, the only-the names-changed version of the Scopes "monkey" trial, is considerably less effective and often more stagy as a film than it was as a Broadway production. Certainly a good deal of the blame rests in the script; as was the case on Broadway, the characters are drawn with a heavy hand. Director Stanley Kramer's penchant for blatant caricature only compounds the felony, therefore. Especially unbelievable is Spencer Tracy as the Clarence Darrow character – the defense attorney for the young schoolteacher who started all the ruckus by daring to tell his students about Darwin's ideas, thereby violating both a state law and the fundamentalists' creed. It's difficult to imagine how Darrow could ever have won a single case if he had been the irascible person Tracy portrays. As the William Jennings Bryan figure, presenting the case for that old-time religion and the state of Tennessee, Fredric March is a patched-up, over inflated old windbag. Just as Bryan must have been something else than a tubful of bathos, we know that H. L. Mencken was less literary in his language, and in character little like the obnoxious buffoon observing matters at the trial. Gene Kelly, who plays the role, is the only principal to manage credibility – some of the time. Doubtless this film will be praised for its "courage," but although it indeed took courage to defend Scopes – and Darwin – in 1925, it doesn't take much in 1960.

•

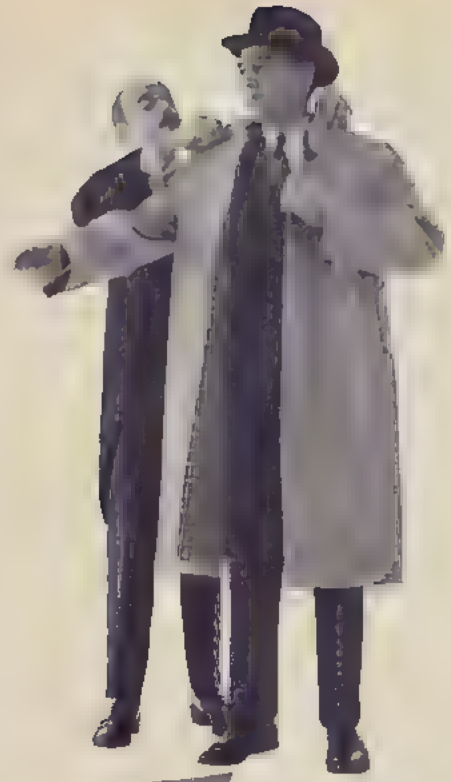
The title ***Never on Sunday*** refers to the fact that the hard-working heroine, a whore, makes it a rule to take a day off once a week, whether she needs it or not. The film is director Jules Dassin's first since *He Who Must Die*; and it's a

New broad shouldered look

This bold fountain pen fits a man's hand and a man's way of writing. Feels solid and comfortable in your grip... writes easy, fills clean and quick, the exclusive Snorkel Pen way. Distinctive, hand-ground, inlaid point. Eight point styles, choice of models and colors. Sets $14.95 to $35, pens $10 to $25. Just say "PFM—Pen For Men."

SHEAFFER'S

©1960, W. A. SHEAFFER PEN CO., FORT MADISON, IOWA • SHEAFFER PENS • MAICO HEARING AIDS



Tops every-thing You Wear™

FACE THE ELEMENTS IN A PLYMOUTH FASHIONED TO REFLECT THE NEW BRITISH AND CONTINENTAL INFLUENCES. DAY IN, NIGHT OUT, A PLYMOUTH TOPS EVERYTHING YOU WEAR.

PLYMOUTH

OF BOSTON

WEATHER-READY® COATS

PLYMOUTH MFG. CO • BOSTON 18, MASS

comedic chronicle of a shady lady named Ilya (played by Melina Mercouri) and three trouble-making men in her life. Homer, an American visiting the Greek seaport town in which she romps, sees in her "a personal equation of the fall of ancient Greece" and wants to cultivate her mind. The local vice king, Noface, wants her to join his team (she's the only whore in town who won't). Tonio, a handsome customer, wants her favors all to himself. Homer, dreadfully acted by Dassin, manages to persuade Ilya during an intensive two-week course in culture (paid for by Noface) that the life of the mind matters so much that she must quit the trade. She does. By the end, of course, she's back on the game, Homer's headed for home, Noface has been foiled again, and there's a strong hint that Tonio will win Ilya. Dassin has proved that there's plenty of mileage left in the whore-with-a heart-of-gold gambit, as long as it's played for laughs.

•

A couple of science-fiction classics—H. G. Wells' *The Time Machine* and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's *The Lost World*—have been given big screen color treatment, and of the two, *The Time Machine* is the standout. Hewing close to the Wellsian line, it's the story of a Nineteenth Century British scientist (well acted by Rod Taylor) who, dissatisfied with his own nasty epoch (the Boer War, you know), builds a charmingly old-fashioned time machine—it looks like St. Nick's sleigh mit dials—and catapults himself into the future, where he encounters World Wars I, II and III (it's scheduled for 1964, gang), then plunges ahead to the year 80,000 where he finds a race of Eden-innocent, spiritless youngsters, the Eloi, who are menaced by the cannibalistic Morlocks, real swell monsters with blue skins, long fangs and orangely glowing eyes, who got that way by living underground for centuries to avoid fallout, etc. Rod rescues an Eloi-in-distress played by newnik Yvette Mimieux (see page 97, this issue) and love blooms. *The Lost World* is a boring stupidity that wastes Claude Rains, Michael Rennie, Richard Haydn, Fernando Lamas, Al (*The Fly*) Hedison and Jill St. John in what might be termed an exercise in mounting unexcitement. It's the kind of picture in which a biologically impossible dinosaur that looks like a cross between stegosaurus and triceratops is pomposely labeled by Great Scientist Rains as "Obviously, a full-grown brontosaurus."

•

Come Dance with Me! teams Brigitte Bardot with the late Henri Vidal again (he played her husband in *La Parisienne*) and offers further evidence of the girl's pert, professional way with light comedy. This time she shows off her talents in a murder farce which casts her as a Pari-

Atlantic Jazz is essential jazz!

THE MODERN JAZZ QUARTET
Pyramid LP 1325

CHRIS CONNOR
Chris In Person LP 8040

CHARLIE MINGUS
Blues & Roots LP 1305

JOHN COLTRANE
Giant Steps LP 1311

ORNETTE COLEMAN
Change Of The Century LP 1327

RAY CHARLES
The Genius Of Ray Charles LP 1312

8000 Series $3.98 1300 Series $4.98
All Stereo Discs $5.98

Write for complete LP catalogue and stereo disc listing.

ATLANTIC RECORDS
157 West 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.

Yashica Lynx
diaphragm-shutter-coupled electric eye and 1/1000th second shutter

New 35mm camera lets you 'see' the correct exposure as you sight and focus through the finder. You simply adjust the lens diaphragm or shutter 'til the exposure needle in the finder is centered—and shoot. Other features include: automatic parallax correction, flash shutter, 1 sec. to 1/1000th and self-timer. Only $89.95 (case $12.50) at photo dealers, or write.

YASHICA INC 234 FIFTH AVE., N.Y. 1, N.Y.
In Canada: Anglophoto Ltd., Montreal 8, P.Q.

stan cutenik who loves the handsomest dentist you're ever apt to encounter, Vidal. During a spat, he's picked up by an energetic and well-stacked blackmail artist, Dawn Addams. She quickly gets him into a position and herself sufficiently undressed (in the print we saw) to make for a good piece of high-priced evidence. Vidal, true-blue to Bardot, remains technically innocent, but when Dawn turns up dead, he becomes a likely murder suspect. BB still believes in him and goes to work solving the mystery. One of several amusing sequences shows her strolling through a fag nightclub; she's decked out in her ultimate décolletage, but in all that crowd there's no one with eyes for her attributes; it's unnerving, but funny, too.

•

Elia Kazan's ***Wild River*** attempts to tell a personal story that is imbedded in a political situation. The time is the Thirties and the action involves Montgomery Clift, as an agent of the Tennessee Valley Authority, getting a rugged old matriarch, Jo Van Fleet, "the hell out of" her island property before it is flooded in the name of the Authority. His task is to remove her without force, since the TVA cannot afford to have "any Senators getting their teeth into us." In this battle between the Common Good and Rugged Individualism, our hero, sincere guy that he is, realizes that there is something to be said for both sides, and he naturally suffers a good deal. His strategy is to woo mom's granddaughter, Lee Remick, and her retainers, the Negroes on the island who have been doing all the work. Naturally he succeeds — and wins Miss Remick — but not before taking quite a few beatings at the hands of locals aroused by the government's obligation to give equal pay to Negroes. It's a strong story conspicuously marred by Clift's performance; throughout he stumbles around glassy-eyed in what seems like a trance. With this crucial exception, credit is due Kazan for superb casting and eliciting extraordinarily powerful performances from the ladies.

•

Mark ***Strangers When We Meet*** as the film to miss this year. We bother to mention it because, what with Big Names like Kim Novak and Kirk Douglas in it, you might otherwise have been tempted. The story concerns a married-with-two-sons "idealistic" young architect, Douglas, and a lonely-unfulfilled-young-suburban-housewife, Novak (a pretty mindless pair who just may deserve each other), who manage to rendezvous regularly in a house Douglas is building, and who finally return to their respective mates wearier but no wiser. Ernie Kovacs wastes his time in this. Don't waste yours.

•

The Battle of the Sexes is a British version of James Thurber's famous story *The*

Mister... you're going to wear that shave all day!

START WITH THIS NEW FORMULA BEFORE-SHAVE LOTION . . . stop 4 o'clock stubble trouble! Pro-Electric with ISOPHYL® lets you shave blade-close, all-day clean, without "tenderizing" your face—refreshes the Old Spice way. .60 & 1.00 ea fed tax

SHULTON

THE THREE PIECE SUIT *by* **COLLEGE HALL**

The natural man has taken again to the Three Piece Suit! His motivations: College Hall's classic shoulder, its heartening vest and the season's important fabrics, patterns and colorings.

from **59.50** *to* **75.00**

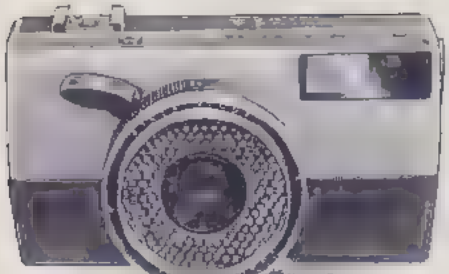
College Hall Fashions Inc.
200 Fifth Avenue, New York

"I'LL NEVER SMILE AGAIN" Says ARTHUR MURRAY

...UNTIL You Snap Me With That Snappy New RICOH AUTO '35'

"So tired of posing for gadget cameras that tie a photographer up in knots. I want the man to fuss over my picture, *not* his camera." You don't need an engineering degree to get perfect 35mm pictures *every-time*, with this ingeniously simple Ricoh! "Automatic Brain" has an electric eye that measures light, tells you when you're ready to shoot — no adjustments! Brilliant color-prints or slides . . . and just as easy for flash pictures! (Can also operate manually).

At fine Camera Stores everywhere! *The price a mere* $49.95 plus case



Sight, Snap! That's All!

ALLIED IMPEX CORP., 300 PARK AVE SOUTH, N.Y. 10
CHICAGO 10 • DALLAS 7 • LOS ANGELES 26

Catbird Seat. The scene of the battle is Scotland, and the adversaries are Peter (*The Mouse That Roared*) Sellers, as a canny but timid accountant, and Constance Cummings, as a brassy bitch bent on "Americanizing" a Scottish woolen company which was doing perfectly fine before she arrived. She does her best (which is fairly horrifying — alternating between virile forcefulness and cloying super-femininity) to bring the company "into the Twentieth Century" of sterile, anti-human "functionalism." She is aided in her vulgar schemes by bird-brained Robert Morley who has just returned from the land of the efficiency expert to take charge of the family business. The fun of course is in how Sellers succeeds by means of a perfect crime in thwarting Constance, thus sabotaging "progress." Sellers and Morley are delightful, as usual; and so is Cummings. Lightweight and predictable, but with punch.

•

Back in the Germany of 1931, ***The Threepenny Opera*** of playwright Bert Brecht and the late composer Kurt Weill was made into a now-legendary film, legendary because good and also because the original negative was burned in the bonfires of the Third Reich, leaving only a handful of prints — each incomplete in its own way — scattered about Europe. Film buff Thomas J. Brandon spent a decade tracking down these prints and splicing them into a single usable, if scratchy, version. The completed jigsaw puzzle is now available to the general public, and a heady thing it is, acrid with the cynicism of a defeated people, cloying with deliberate decadence, pungent with the musk of its period. G. W. Pabst is the director, Lotte Lenya (Weill's wife) is featured. *Mack the Knife* done as Weill intended will sound odd but interesting to ears accustomed to the Darin or Satchmo treatments, and there's a raft of other grand, less-hackneyed, sharply satirical songs.

•

As we noted last August in *Sophia the Sultry*, luscious Miss Loren's latest is ***It Started in Naples***. In this one, wealthy American Clark Gable heads for Italy to fetch a nephew sired by a black-sheep brother (brother and common-law Neapolitan wife have been drowned). The nephew's temporary guardian, Gable discovers, is sleek Sophia. Along the way, Gable willingly sacrifices much of his puritanical heritage in favor of the favors Sophia bestows. It's a comedy, in the hand-waving Italian manner (Vittorio de Sica lends perfect support) and the location photography is many-splendored. Sophia is, too.

•

Sergei Yutkevich's Russian film version of Shakespeare's ***Othello*** has been practically destroyed by an ill-advised

esoteric

This is the knit tie designed for those discerning men who really know fine cravats. Perfect for any time of day . . . suitable for all occasions.

All silk, full-fashioned; available in a wide range of subtly shaded and blendable colors.

HEATHER

$2.50

STYLED BY matt nickels

2545 N. BROAD ST., PHILA., PA.

AT BETTER STORES EVERYWHERE

The Marvelous Comfort of those

FRYE JET* BOOTS

Most styles under $18

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Oh, what a wonderful feeling — from the very first step, because made over the one-and-only FITTED-INSTEP Last, exclusive with FRYE. Bench-lasted of finest Calf to retain the original shape and flex, always.
Black or Brown. 5 to 16, AAA to EEE

At stores everywhere, or for your dealer write

JOHN A. FRYE SHOE CO., Inc., Marlboro, Mass.

Encouragement for GENTLEMEN

THE WAY IS OPEN without fear or favor for interested gentlemen to seize their NATURAL RIGHT to clothing combining the much-desired virtues of AUTHENTIC NATURAL CUT with the lasting benefit of HONEST TAILORING at a fair and equitable price calculated to GIVE SATISFACTION.

That ancient tyranny under which each new man seeking freedom of dress was made to suffer the BARBS of RIDICULE, the NAGGING of CUCKOLDS, and the SNUBS of SNOBS who reserved that right to themselves alone—that tyranny has now been toppled!

DAROFF, tailor of Philadelphia (The Cradle of Freedom in Menswear) offers to all men encouragement and AUTHENTIC APPAREL free from compromise. Well-tempered garments, each and every one carrying THE 'BOTANY' 500 LABEL as a mark of pride and a proof of quality.

'BOTANY' 500 tailored by Daroff suits are priced from $69.50 up (slightly higher in the West) and are sold only by apparel stores of HIGH REPUTE. Inquiries may be addressed to: H. Daroff & Sons, Inc., 2300 Walnut Street, Philadelphia 3, Pennsylvania, or 200 Fifth Ave., New York 10, N. Y.

'BOTANY'500®

tailored by DAROFF *of Philadelphia*

(The Cradle of Freedom in Menswear)

and haphazard job of dubbing. Whenever the lips match the words, it seems purely accidental. And an apologetic note at the beginning, suggesting that it is only at the insistence of the State Department that this film is being shown at all, isn't very reassuring except to those who despise all things Russian. Film dubbers inspire in us, as a rule, a curious tolerance for lynch law, and as we watched this mutilated *Othello*, we yearned for a tarpot and a big fat pillow full of feathers.

•

After what producer Jerry Wald did to William Faulkner (making a hero out of Ben Quick in *The Long Hot Summer*), it's a surprise that **Sons and Lovers** retains so much of the spirit of D. H. Lawrence's novel. This is to Wald's credit. Thanks, too, are due the screenwriters, Gavin Lambert and T. E. B. Clarke; the director, Jack Cardiff, and a first-rate cast headed by Trevor Howard and Wendy Hiller as the parents, Dean Stockwell as the son and Heather Sears and Mary Ure as the women in Stockwell's life. A charming, ambitious and anguished young artist, Stockwell discovers love and life in the dreary slum where he was born. His father's a drunken coal miner; his puritan mother has transferred love from father to son. Her possessive grip poisons Stockwell's first love—for Miss Sears, a troubled farm girl. But Stockwell survives. By the time an instructive affair with married suffragette Ure has ended—and mother has died (without the aid of euthanasia, as in the book)—the hero is more man than boy. It's a rather grim tale—but an honest and moving one—and it's worthy of the work of art from which it was adapted.

BOOKS

'For whom do you compose?" Robert Craft asks Igor Stravinsky in **Memories and Commentaries** (Doubleday, $3.95), and the Twentieth Century's greatest composer replies, "For myself and the hypothetical other." The little book is a worthy companion piece to *Conversations with Igor Stravinsky* (*Playboy After Hours*, August 1959): it bristles with anecdote, fond reminisce, barbed opinion, wit, musical erudition, and what often seems like a lofty intellectualism, although Stravinsky says "Intellectuals never have any real taste." Stravinsky describes his childhood as "a period of waiting for the moment when I could send everyone and everything connected with it to hell" but warmly recalls "the violent Russian spring that seemed to begin in an hour and was like the whole earth cracking." The *maître* opines on stereo: "Our two

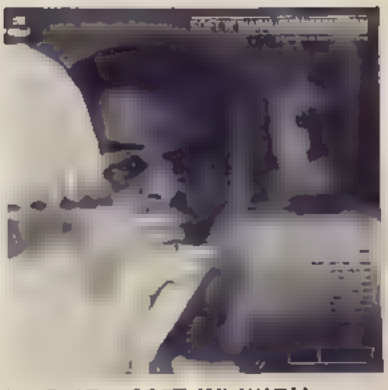
the wild wonderful worlds of jazz...

LA 16000 JAZZ — Scene I
LA 16001 JAZZ — Scene II

high society...

LN 3699 BN 570

ballads & blues



LN 3717 SOFT 'N' WARM
BN 578 Roy Hamilton

yours on EPIC records

MEN OF
MOBILITY
CHOOSE
English Leather®

8 oz. English Leather in crystal bottle.
4 oz. English Leather in plastic flask...
framed in handsome Redwood Chest.

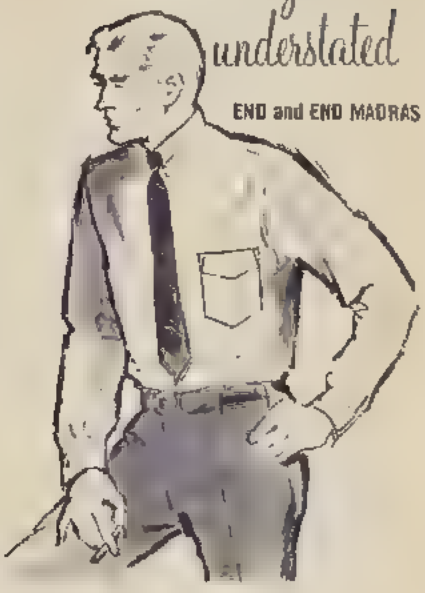
MEM COMPANY
67 IRVING PLACE, NEW YORK

ears are about six inches apart, whereas the stereo microphones which hear a live orchestra for us are sometimes as much apart as sixty feet. We do not hear *live* performances stereophonically . . . I say this not to criticize stereo however, but to question the meaning of 'high fidelity.' Fidelity to what?" Foundations, like the Ford and Rockefeller, which commission music, "are really only buying up surplus symphonies as the government buys up surplus corn." He puts down "the false virtuoso . . . who should begin his recitals with the encores, since they are what he plays best" and the kind of music critic who writes "the strings sounded like velvet" ("Strings should sound like strings") and a bad conductor whose beat "was like hot plasticine." He relates a Hollywood experience: "I was offered $100,000 to pad a film with music, and when I refused, was told that I could receive the same money if I were willing to allow someone else to compose the music in my name." Obliged, during World War II, to begin his concerts with *The Star-Spangled Banner*, he rearranged the anthem because all the existing arrangements were "very poor," but "my major seventh chord in the second strain of the piece, the part patriotic ladies like best, must have embarrassed some high official" in Boston (1944) a police commissioner confiscated the arrangement because of "a Massachusetts law forbidding any 'tampering' with national property." Of the words "decadent" and "modern," he says they were interchangeable in the early 1900s "whereas 'decadent' now very often means 'not modern enough.'" Stories abound re: Diaghilev (who considered heterosexuality "morbid" and tried unsuccessfully to convert Stravinsky to his persuasion), Nijinsky, Scriabin, Glazunov, et al.; there are letters from Diaghilev, Nijinsky, Gide, Falla, Auden and others. Three Stravinsky operas are discussed in detail, and the original scenario of one, *The Rake's Progress*, is reproduced in full. Several photos, but no index (the book could use one).

•

Rocketship X-15 (Messner, $4.95), by Myron B. Gubitz, is the complete story of that incredible manned engine which, launched from a high-altitude bomber, climbs into trajectory at close to four thousand miles per hour and gets damn close to outer space in the very few minutes that its eight rocket engines burn, and then glides back to earth. The author won't win any literary prizes; he *deserves* a prize for his meticulous credit giving to all the firms, individuals and government services involved in the huge and complex project—and the reader may occasionally wish he'd get on with the story instead. But it all builds to a virtual minute-by minute account of

unmistakably understated



END and END MADRAS

Tab/less Tab collar . . .
(pin or not) in grey, blue,
linen . . . exclusively Sero's

at better stores, naturally

Matty Young Inc. . . . . Rego Park, N. Y.
Ben's of Wake Forest . Winston Salem, N. C.
The Stagg Shop . . Coral Gables, Fla.
May Company Court Shop . . Denver, Colo.
Henry's Princeton Shop . . Wichita, Kansas
Nudelmans University Shop...Portland, Ore.

SERO OF NEW HAVEN
new haven, connecticut

NOW ON **bel canto**
♭ stereo tape!

ahmad jamal

happy moods

AHMAD JAMAL
.. playing Jamal jazz piano as only Jamal can. Buy it on 2-track, 4-track or tape cartridge —and send for complete catalog of bel canto tape releases!

bel canto Stereophonic Recordings
a subsidiary of Thompson Ramo Wooldridge Inc.
1977-1985 McAllister Avenue
COLUMBUS 5, OHIO

THE EDITORS
OF PLAYBOY
PROUDLY PRESENT

TWO EXTRAORDINARY VOLUMES OF ENTERTAINMENT

THE PERMANENT PLAYBOY

Edited by Ray Russell; published by Crown Publishers, Inc. All the best fiction, the most provocative articles, the most amusing humor and satire from PLAYBOY's first half-dozen years together in one handsome hard-cover book. By such outstanding writers as NELSON ALGREN, CHARLES BEAUMONT, RAY BRADBURY, ERSKINE CALDWELL, JOHN COLLIER, ADRIAN CONAN DOYLE, HERBERT GOLD, BEN HECHT, JAMES JONES, JOHN KEATS, JACK KEROUAC, GERALD KERSH, SHEPHERD MEAD, BUDD SCHULBERG, H. ALLEN SMITH, ROBERT PAUL SMITH, JOHN STEINBECK, P. G. WODEHOUSE, PHILIP WYLIE, etc. A wealth of great pieces, including all-time favorites like *The Fly, The Pious Pornographers, The Beat Mystique, The Distributor, Bird, The Postpaid Poet, Victory Parade, The Noise, What's Become of Your Creature?, Black Country,* and many more.

THE PLAYBOY CARTOON ALBUM

Edited by Hugh M. Hefner; published by Crown Publishers, Inc. Here, in one dazzling cornucopia of fun and color, are all the most sophisticated, audacious, outrageous, funniest cartoons from PLAYBOY's first half-dozen years. This handsome hard-cover book includes the freshest, most provocative cartoon wit being created in America today. Contributors include JACK COLE, JACK DAVIS, JOHN DEMPSEY, JULES FEIFFER, PHIL INTERLANDI, GARDNER REA, ARNOLD ROTH, SHEL SILVERSTEIN, CLAUDE SMITH, TON SMITS, ERICH SOKOL, AL STINE, R. TAYLOR, GAHAN WILSON, and many others. 650 cartoons—more than 60 in full color—hand-picked for uninhibited, unparalleled good times. For brow-to-brow browsing, for enlivening a soiree, for purely private enjoyment, this treasure-trove of PLAYBOY humor simply cannot be topped.

SPECIAL GIFT EDITIONS FOR PLAYBOY READERS ONLY

For no advance in price, readers of this magazine can order de luxe editions of both THE PERMANENT PLAYBOY and THE PLAYBOY CARTOON ALBUM, beautifully boxed in black with PLAYBOY's rabbit emblem in gold leaf. These specially boxed editions make a perfect gift. They will not be sold in book stores, are available only through the Playboy Book Dept.

Please send me these special de luxe editions:

____ copies of THE PERMANENT PLAYBOY at $5 per copy

____ copies of THE PLAYBOY CARTOON ALBUM at $5 per copy

$ ____ enclosed in check or money order.

name

address

city zone state

PLAYBOY Book Dept.
232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Illinois

THE LONG LEAN LOOK OF "CODE 70"

(70% Kodel polyester, 30% wool)

BY YMM®

YOUNG MAN'S MOOD

These YMM slacks are a natural! Tailored to a "T" for taper straight down to your shoe tops. Plain front, 1⅛ top pockets. Superb gabardine blend of Kodel and wool keeps the crease in and the wrinkles out. All the "in" colors, about $17.95 at better stores. Write Playboy Reader Service Dept., or address below.

YMM SLACKS, BOX 317A

Div. of JAYMAR-RUBY INC., MICHIGAN CITY, IND.

an actual flight, which is exciting indeed. In fact, much of the book has the suspense of good science fiction plus the immediacy of fact. It's fine—if you can keep your mind on the X-15 and forget cost-plus contracts and your tax bill.

•

Intellectuals, it must be admitted, are a much-abused lot. Reactionaries pick on them, call them "eggheads" and contrast them invidiously with "scholars," who have specialized in one field and may be presumed to know what they are talking about. Now a reactionary scholar named George B. de Huszar has compiled an anthology of writings by and about modern intellectuals under such broad classifications as their emergence, nature, types, roles and ideologies. ***The Intellectuals*** (Free Press, $7.50) is a frightening book. By strongly stacking the deck, selecting a majority of wrong guesses by the intellectuals, and ranging their pronouncements side by side for five hundred-some pages, the editor has—as it were—allowed them to do a hatchet job on themselves. Here is the spectacle of Maxim Gorky whoring for Stalin, of members of the German intellectual elite tumbling over themselves in their eagerness to exalt Nazi doctrine and practice, of a whole parade of eminent thinkers apparently attacking society for their own deficiencies, and contradicting each other on fundamental issues. Few and far between—a Mencken, an Orwell, a Julien Benda—are the voices of common sense. One finishes this book with the feeling that those who have made it their business to tell others how to order their lives are, on the whole, irresponsible egotists, unaware of their motives for spouting forth with little solid ground under their feet. This was the anthologist's intent, achieved in selecting the men and writings represented, and should be taken with a large grain of salt.

•

If you're planning a jaunt to Rome, if contemplating that city is one of your vicarious ventures, if you've been there and long to return, Adèle Wilkie's guidebook, ***Holiday in Rome*** (The DoALL Co., $4.95), is your cup of cappuccino. Mrs. Wilkie, a socialite-world traveler, has come up with one of the most superbly designed, practical travel tomes we've ever laid eyes on. Tucked neatly into pockets throughout the book are reference cards—more than 150 of them—with specific shopping, sight-seeing, dining, transportation and lodging facts, all of them inside and knowledgeable. When in Rome, you just remove the cards for the day, plop the volume aside and head toward your objectives, whether they be elite men's tailors or dining-dancing spots. Browsing through the guide is just as much fun; the ingeniously-designed pages are irresistible.

PLAYBOY IS

12

GIFTS IN ONE

Just before Christmas a beautiful full-color Playmate Christmas card signed in your name announces your gift. Next comes the handsome Holiday Issue in a festive wrapper to begin your gift. PLAYBOY is a year-long reminder of your Christmas thoughtfulness.

Then each month throughout the year, your friends will be entertained by the finest in masculine fiction, sophisticated cartoons, articles on food and drink, jazz and fashion, full-color pictorial features, and party jokes.

You save money with PLAYBOY's new, low holiday rates—$6 for the first one year PLAYBOY subscription (this may be your own, new or renewal, or a gift); only $4 for each additional PLAYBOY gift subscription you give.

Order your PLAYBOY gifts now and relax—your holiday shopping is done. Just check "bill me later" on the order form and you won't ever be bothered with a bill until after the 1st of the year.

GIVE PLAYBOY FOR CHRISTMAS AND YOU GIVE MANY GIFTS!

ORDER PLAYBOY CHRISTMAS GIFTS NOW!

PLAYBOY
232 EAST OHIO ST.
CHICAGO 11, ILLINOIS

name_____
address_____
city_____ zone____ state____
gift card from_____

name_____
address_____
city_____ zone____ state____
gift card from_____

my name_____
address_____
city_____ zone____ state____

☐ ENTER or ☐ RENEW my own subscription
(Renewals begin when present subscription expires)

☐ All gifts are new subscriptions ☐ Some gifts are renewals

Total number of subscriptions_____

$_____ enclosed ☐ Bill me later

Enter additional subscriptions on reply envelope or on a separate sheet of paper

PLAYBOY'S PENTHOUSE

JOIN PLAYBOY MAGAZINE each week on TV. It's a swinging, hour-long party in *Playboy's Penthouse*, with the top stars of show business entertaining, and you're invited. Your host is Hugh M. Hefner, Editor-Publisher of PLAYBOY, and in the posh surroundings of a bachelor apartment high above the city scene, you'll meet celebrated figures from every field of the lively arts, and a bevy of PLAYBOY's own beautiful Playmates, too. It's a fast-moving variety show with the kind of sophisticated entertainment you'd expect from PLAYBOY — America's most sophisticated magazine. Check local listings for time and station.

Just a few of the stars who will entertain you this season in *Playboy's Penthouse*: Count Basie, Tony Bennett, Lenny Bruce, Professor Irwin Corey, Sammy Davis, Jr., Phyllis Diller, Frank D'Rone, Ella Fitzgerald, Four Freshmen, Dizzy Gillespie, Buddy Greco, Dick Haymes, Woody Herman, Ahmad Jamal Trio, Fran Jeffries, Jonah Jones Quartet, Milt Kamin, Stan Kenton, Lambert, Hendricks & Ross, Jack E. Leonard, Carmen McRae, Mabel Mercer, Gary Morton, Anita O'Day, Ruth Olay, Della Reese, Carl Sondburg, Second City Revue, Bobby Short, Signatures, Nina Simone, Jeri Southern, Dakota Staton, Kirby Stone Four, Sarah Vaughan, Monique Van Vooren, Josh White, Joe Williams, Julie Wilson, Kai Winding Septet. *Playboy's Penthouse* is distributed by Official Films, Inc.

PLAYBOY ON

TELEVISION

THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I've been having a squabble with a young lady whom I have been seeing regularly (though we are not engaged) for the past six months. When friends invite us to a cocktail party, she insists it's my solemn duty to stick by her side the entire evening. She yelps if I so much as wander off for a minute and all hell breaks loose if I should speak to another girl when she's not around. I say she has holes in her head, that the whole *raison d'être* of a party is to get people to mix as much as possible and to make new acquaintances. Who's right, the lady or I? — T. J., Cambridge, Massachusetts.

You. Unless the party is a special occasion (dinner, going-away, birthday, wedding, etc.), the correct thing, even for married couples, is to get in there and mix it up as much as you possibly can, and this holds for the lady as well as yourself. There are few more drearily dull affairs than a party at which the same groups of people band together the whole night long, and exchange the same yawny gossip. This doesn't mean that you should ignore your date completely. Take her with you on the rounds, if you wish, but be sure to introduce yourselves to as many new faces as possible. You'd be surprised what fascinating types you can meet, just in case your six-month ladyfriend turns out to be the possessive bitch she sounds like.

•

When I was in Paris a while back, I went to a movie. A charming, good-looking usher (in France, sensibly, they're women) led me to my seat. When I sat down and began watching the film, she admonished me in French, then stomped off. What was my error? — W. F., Portland, Maine.

Monsieur, you committed what ze Americans call ze botch. The fair young thing was waiting for a tip for escorting you to your seat, a custom unique to certain European countries. Whatever it was she howled in French needs no translation. Next time you're in Paris, say it with francs.

•

I've inherited a fine old pocket watch and, for my own edification, can you tell me the correct manner to wear such a timepiece? — D. M., Northbrook, Illinois.

Pocket watches — which, incidentally, are enjoying a comeback — belong either in the trouser pocket designed specifically for them or in a vest pocket. If it's to be the watch pocket, use a fob or a slim chain. The chain may be hooked to a belt loop, or anchored in your right-hand trouser pocket by your key ring. An antique chain makes the watch even more attractive when it's worn in the vest; you can tuck the fob through the buttonhole into the opposite vest pocket, and hang your ΦBK key on the chain.

•

All right, please give me the straight story: what's the proper spot, in front, back, or by her side, for a gentleman when he and a young lady are (a) going up and down stairs, and (b) going up and down theatre aisles? — T. R., Hyannis Port, Massachusetts.

If a stairway is uncrowded, the lady and the gentleman ascend side by side, with the lady given the rail position. If a mob is present, the guy climbs first to clear a path. Descending, the gentleman will invariably precede his date, to offer protection should the lady stumble. Theatre-aisle protocol works like so: If you're being ushered to your seats, let the usher go first, followed by your date, while you come third. If no usher is present, you lead the foray down the aisle, with your date bringing up the rear. On the way out — if the aisle is not too crowded — take the stroll side by side; if it is jammed, you play tackle and run interference.

•

What are the qualifications for entering and racing your own sports car at a place like, say, Sebring, Florida? — D. J., Bloomington, Indiana.

In the first place, you'd have to hold a competition license recognized by the F.I.A. (Fédération Internationale de l'Automobile). Second, you should have at least three years of competitive driving experience — for your own safety and out of consideration for the other drivers. Finally, you'd have to persuade the Sebring authorities that your participation would add something to the race; just sixty-five cars are accepted each year out of the hundreds applying for starting positions.

•

Recently, I arrived at the apartment of a girl I'd dated twice before. When I walked in, I discovered her roommate, dressed to the teeth, seated beside my date. "She's depressed," my girl whispered. "Let's take her with us." I flatly refused. A few moments later, I was off for an evening alone. Was I a goof for being unwilling to escort both chicks? — M. S., Madison, Wisconsin.

We sympathize, but you were a trifle impulsive, to say the least. You should have been gracious enough to take both of them on the town — once. Then, before your next date, phone your flame and tactfully state your case. Tell her that her roommate is a dear sweet kid, has a charming personality and all that — but assert that you want to give your undivided attention to your chosen chick from now on. And, if your sense of chivalry enables you to do so, suggest a friend of yours to keep dear sweet kid occupied while you and your damsel cavort without companion.

•

When I have guests over for dinner or a midnight supper, I know the basic rule for choosing what wines to go with what dishes, but I'm still in the dark about when I should trot out an American wine and when an imported one. Can you help? — N. N., Toledo, Ohio.

The general rule is this: the best imported dinner wines (from France or Germany) are almost always superior to the best American wines; on the other hand, an inexpensive imported wine is frequently inferior to an American wine of comparable price. When you have special guests in for an elegant spread, you'll want to serve nothing but a first-rate imported wine — if for no other reason than the kudos which attaches to it — but don't plan on paying much less than five dollars a bottle. Additional suggestions: find a knowledgeable wine merchant, discuss your needs with him and rely on his advice concerning importers and vintage years. Then go back and read "The Verities of Vino" (PLAYBOY, October 1958) to brush up on your basics. But always, in the last analysis, trust your own palate concerning wines. Incidentally, American wines can be delightful when you plan on dining less formally, or for brunch — and, of course, they're usually less expensive, too.

•

Was there ever another magazine called *Playboy*? — R. M., San Francisco, California.

Yes, although we learned about it long after our own PLAYBOY *was under way. Published back in the early 1900s by Egmont Arens in Greenwich Village, our turn-of-the-century namesake strangely foreshadowed the* PLAYBOY *of today, as can be gathered by one of their editorial statements: "Now with weapons of art and satire comes a Playboy to fight the fight of the moderns, to fight with laughter, not bitterness, for the work of this our Generation. Finally now a periodical free of Puritanical suppressions, with somewhat the flavor of the European magazines, yet possessed of a wholesome vigor which is essentially American. Daringly modern and modernly daring, it is The Magazine of Today."*

•

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, hi-fi and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy Building, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Illinois. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on this page each month.

THE BOOK OF TONY

AND IT CAME TO PASS THAT THE PROPHET LINTNER CALLED ALL THE SHOTS SAVE ONE

FICTION By KEN PURDY

ILLUSTRATION BY ALLAN PHILLIPS

THE THING YOU HAD TO REMEMBER about Tony Lintner was that he had a lot of foresight. He was a planner. I'd always noticed that about him. I remember driving with him on upper Madison Avenue in New York about two o'clock one morning and when we came to a red light he put the car into reverse and left it there until the light changed. I asked, how come?

"Every once in a while along here," he said, "some jerk will pop up with a gun in his hand. So what you do is, you have the car doors locked, and you have the thing in reverse. Naturally, he expects you to go the other way, so there he is, with his hand on the door and it not opening, and he's getting set to jump away, sort of watching the rear end of the car, and whap! you stand on the gas and just twitch the wheel a bit to the right and the front end comes around and knocks him flat as pizza and you're all set to shove it into low and run over him."

That was old Tony. He was a dreamer, all right. You had to admire him.

He was the same way about women. He made out like a maniac, and it was all according to the book. His book.

"There are only two things you have to know about women," he'd say. "One is that they all want to go to bed in the worst way. If a man tries to *persuade* a girl to go to bed with him she's got to hate him, because he's showing her he's stupid: he's trying to tell her to do something she's already made up her mind to do. All she wants from him is an *excuse* to do it, and an argument is no excuse.

"The other thing is that a beautiful tomato whose old man owns an international widget works and will leave her thirty-four million when he dies can be just as sexy, just as passionate, just as much fun in every other way as the saddest pig who ever sat at home without a date on New Year's Eve."

When I first knew Tony he was about twenty-five, twenty-six or so and we were in the public relations business, a racket that suited his temperament better than mine, I must say. He was just under six feet tall, rugged-looking, and I'm almost embarrassed to tell you that he had the right tailor and all that, because it's so obvious that he would. Tony was with it, always. I remember telling him that I had a chance to pick up a pretty good two-seater Hornet.

"A *Hornet*?" he said. "You out to lunch or something?"

"What's the matter with a Hornet?" I said. "You had one."

"That's right," he said. "Had."

He was driving a four-seater Thunderbird at the time. I remember because he and I went up to Stowe in it and he had Doris with him.

Doris was the kind of dame who louses up a weekend for you by making you wonder why you didn't stay home, if you couldn't promote anything better than your own date. The girl I was with was a nice little beast, and I was fond of her. I thought she was good-looking and even reasonably bright and it certainly saddened me to see her turn into a dopey-looking idiot right under my eyes. She knew it, too, and I would have felt a little sorry for her if I hadn't been so depressed myself.

Doris had it. She wasn't so beautiful as to be breath-taking, she wouldn't absolutely shake you when you first saw her, although she built, she did build, and grow as you watched, but she could look at you and say, "How *are* you?" and you felt the room tilt just a little bit, say about five degrees, and hang there, and then drop back with a soft thud. The three words she said didn't mean anything much because the message came banging over and the message was, "How nice to meet you, after having heard so much about you; how interesting you must be, and how pleasant you are to look upon. I, for my part,

AN
LIN
SE
NTNER
R

...an a warm, friendly, wholly aware person, all woman and very proud of it, and I do look forward to knowing you better. Understand me, I am Tony's girl, but I'd like to be your friend as well." About like that. The girl could really project, and it was all effortless. I mean, anybody could do it who was gorgeous, wholly secure in her personality, young, intelligent, dressed by Michael Garrity, a year out of Miss Finch's and already aware that by no possible effort within the boundaries of rational behavior could she spend even the interest on her money—and Daddy still down in The Street, baling up more of it every day. That was what Tony had in the front seat of the T-bird. And I in the back with my pig.

Coming down a slope, Doris made it like Penny Pitou, is all, swinging from side to side like a round-assed robin in the air, riding those long legs in fawn stretch-pants, laughing her head off. Sitting in front of the fire at the lodge later, she drank straight Scotch like a sailor and belted the conversation around, light, quick, funny, and still going to a lot of trouble to pull my girl in every once in a while, not letting her feel out of it just because she was out of it. I was impressed by that, I must say. With all this, I said to myself, she's *nice*, too? Later she took Tony to bed like a lady, no stupid hypocrisy about being tired and hurrying off to sleep alone, and no roguish leers, either. It was too much.

I had lunch with old Tony the Wednesday afterward. He came into Michael's a little late, brisk and bright, casing the room as he walked toward me. He looked great, the slob.

"So, buddy," he said, "what'd you think of Doris?"

"Don't talk to me," I said.

"You're right," he said. "That's pretty close to being it, wouldn't you say?"

"Somebody should warn her, is all," I said.

He stuck his beak into his martini. "Do no good, buddy," he said. "Doris believes in me."

Doris did, but her old man didn't. However, he was merely a cynical, cruel-minded, grasping old tycoon with a mind like a steel trap and five decades of experience in judging men behind him, so Tony figured that he would be no problem.

The third time they met, Tony told me, the old goat took him into the small library after dinner—there was a big one up on the third floor—poured him a shot of 1870 brandy and said, "What do you plan to do with my daughter's money, if she's chump enough to marry you?" Except for the dialog, it was a scene right out of Jane Austen.

Tony smiled at him. "Nothing," he said. "Nothing at all, because I'm not a money-man. I don't know much about finance. My interest hasn't run that way. So I wouldn't do anything about it myself. But I'm a great believer in the worth of the expert, Mr. Hollis, and so, to the extent that I had anything to say about it, I'd urge Doris to leave it in the hands of professionals, say the people at the Hanover Bank. I understand they have had a lot of experience in handling trusts and that sort of thing."

The old man stared at him. "You don't think for a minute that I believe a word of what you're saying, do you?" he said.

"I hope you do, sir," Tony said, "but it doesn't really matter. In the first place, I haven't asked Doris to marry me, and I'm not sure I'm going to. In the second place, I'm not sure she'd say yes if I did ask her. You asked me an academic question and I answered it. If you didn't like my answer, I'm sorry, but it's the only one I could have given you, because I haven't thought much about the matter."

The old man took another bite out of his brandy. "You're not sure you'd want to marry her, eh?" he said. "She's not quite what you had in mind. I suppose, not quite good enough for you?"

"I didn't say that, sir," Tony said.

"So why are you running around with her? For laughs?"

Tony wouldn't answer him. He just set down his glass and bit down hard, to make the muscles in his jaw jump. He held his breath and let his face go red, and he pumped up the veins in his forehead. He locked into the old man's eyes and stayed there. What an operator!

"I suppose you're sleeping with her?" Hollis said.

Tony let his breath out in a long whistling sigh. "Sir," he said, "if I said no you might think me less of a man than I believe I am, and you might well accuse me of being indifferent to a beautiful and utterly enchanting woman; if I said yes, you would call me a louse, and properly. So, with your permission, I'll just pass that question, with the remark that if anyone else asked it I'd hit him a shot in the head."

"You terrify me," the old goat said. "Have some more brandy, and don't tell me how good it is, because you wouldn't know."

They sat there for a while, listening to the well-mannered crackle of the fire (four-foot hickory logs, six inches through, seasoned under cover for three years, no more, no less). Now and then the trumpet-call of an automobile drifted up from 72nd Street, softly through the cold spring night.

"You're either honest or very crafty," Hollis said finally. "I consider the first alternative to be entirely out of the question. Shall we, as the saying goes, join the ladies?"

You or I might think we'd lost that round, and maybe the whole contest with it, but Tony didn't think so. He just carried on, endearing himself to Doris, and spending a regular two hours a day in studying the ramifications of Hollis Industries, Ltd.

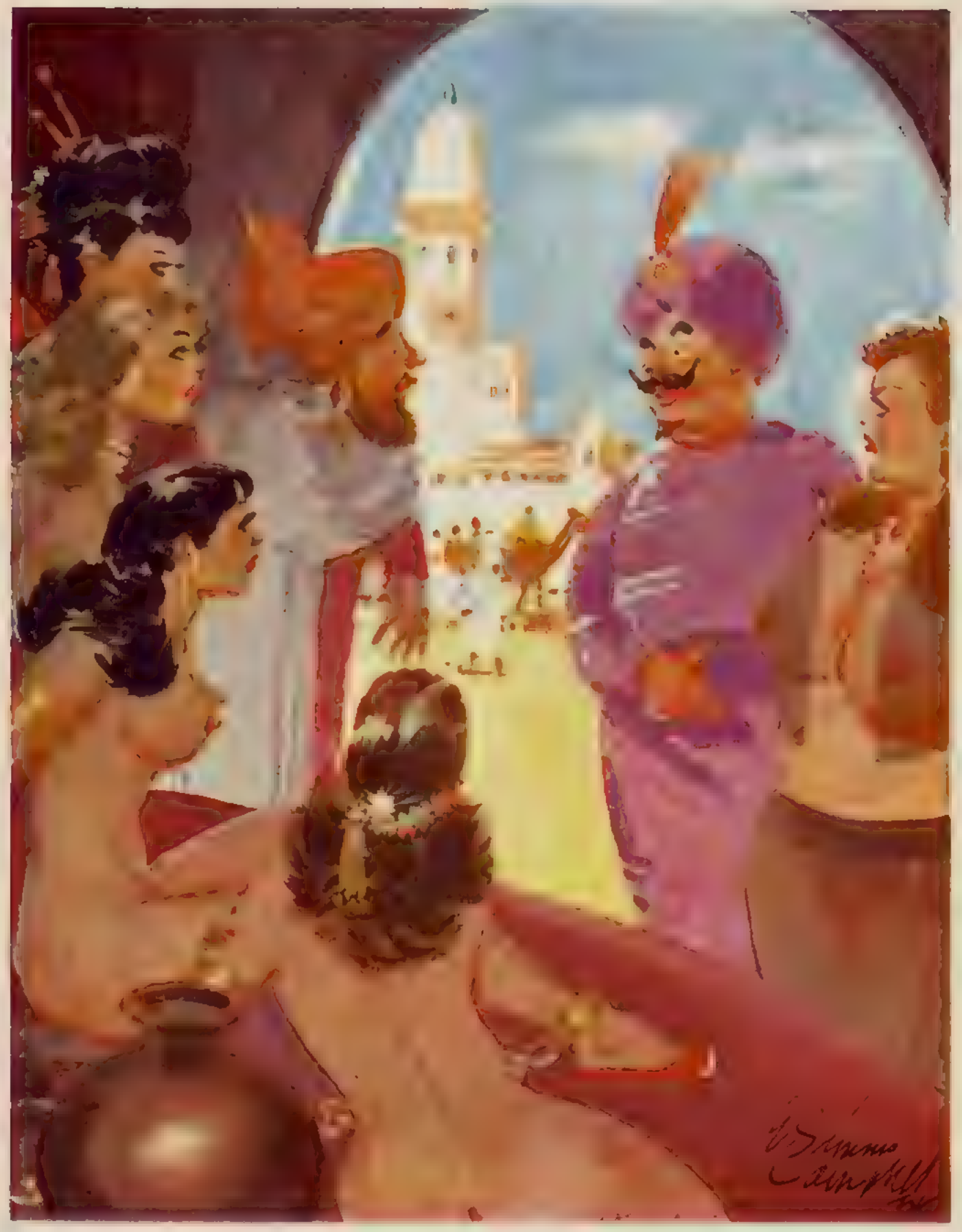
Understand me, Doris wasn't getting hurt. Could she get hurt by a character who phoned her three times a day (never early in the morning, *always* five minutes after he'd left her at night, *always* whenever she had something dull to do, like two hours at the hairdressers'), who never forgot her least preference (no anchovies in Caesar salad, Château Suduiraut '47, couldn't stand the sight of Marlon Brando) and who seemed to know, surely, before she did, what she was thinking? The idea that women like pink-cheeked, awkward, fumbling juveniles as lovers, happy in their eager adoration, is a piece of nonsense fostered by those who can't get anything else and by those who've had everything else. They want experts, and Doris had one. When Tony had to run down to Rio on business for ten days he came back and told her he'd had a girl down there. Did he ask her to forgive him? Don't be silly. He led her surely and quickly to pride in his virility, he made her proud that other women threw themselves at him, humbly happy that he had told her, when he didn't have to tell her. I'm glad you did it, she told him. I'm very glad. I *adore* you!

"What else would she say?" Tony told me. "Hell, they all go by the book. *Everybody* goes by the book."

One day in the middle of summer, Tony found what he'd been looking for: a crack in the granite-and-steel façade of Hollis Industries. He found it in the Economics Society Library. "I sat there looking at that page," he told me, "and I felt like Pasteur when he first boiled up a quart of milk, or whatever the hell it was he did. You know: I knew I had the *answer*."

It didn't look like much. Hollis Industries owned sixty-two percent of an outfit called Electronics Associates. They made subminiature bits and pieces for jet aircraft, rockets, missiles and so on, very expensive and secret stuff. The company had been formed by a German refugee, a fantastic character, a genius, I suppose, who had taken all kinds of devices and made them smaller and lighter. For example, he'd reduced a certain kind of radio direction-finder from a weight of twenty-six pounds to two ounces and a half! He'd been thrown out on his head long since, of course, and old man Hollis owned the men who owned the company. It was very profitable. Well, every dollar's worth of business they did was with the government.

(continued on page 46)



"I'd like to exchange this forty for two twenties."

1

2

3

4

5

6
CLAYTE

LET JOY BE CONFINED

a passionate plea for furtive love

satire **BY JAMES DUNNING**

LISTEN, FELLOWS, THE SITUATION IS DESPERATE, and we've got to do something about it. We are being conned out of our most precious possession: sex. We are being taken to the cleaners.

And I mean the *cleaners*. That's their diabolical strategy: to make sex clean.

This is one of those deals where we get something taken away from us for our own good, and everybody knows what a miserable arrangement that is. At first the snoopers and busybodies tried to keep sex under lock and key by concocting rules about what was proper and what was naughty, and trying to make people conform to their standards. But somehow that didn't work out so good: people kept right on breaking the rules and getting a big charge out of it. A new approach was needed, and they came up with it.

What they are doing now is brutally hauling sex out into the open and making it so disgustingly wholesome and ordinary that it loses all its fine old zest and fascination. Men, we have to be on our guard against this! We have to fight it!

The parallel with Prohibition is instructive. During the period when drinking was daring, illegal and sinful, why, naturally, everybody got sozzled on bathtub gin and a good time was had by all, if you forget about those mornings after and the anguished cries of "Never again!" When the do-gooders wised up and let Prohibition be repealed, what happened? All of a sudden it wasn't so much fun any more. Lots of people went back to root beer and celery tonic. Now they are applying the same lesson to sex: repeal the prohibition, make it wholesome. Take all the zip out of it. In a word, the plot is to deglamorize sex so completely that people will just get bored with it and give it up.

In the good old days — remember? — sex was the delicious, exciting, surreptitious business it had always been. It was popular not simply because it was cheaper than the movies: it was the favorite pastime of discriminating people (and of slobs, too) because it was secret, illicit, and sometimes downright dangerous. Elderly gentlemen, heedless of high blood pressure, leapt in and out of bedroom windows; youngsters, casting caution to the winds, frolicked in the dew, risking nasty head colds and the ire of incensed parents. Sex was *fun* in those days. But who is going to go to all that trouble if sex is the obvious, hygienic, antiseptic thing to do?

What they're doing is subjecting sex to ruthless overexposure and setting it up so that practically everything is *normal*. Dr. Kinsey was the ringleader in this nefarious maneuver. A guy can spend months or even years figuring out some really nutty sexual aberration, and then Kinsey will take all the fun out of it with his graphs and tables on just how many thousands of others have already thought of the same thing. The way things stand at present, a man can scarcely be nasty-minded any more. Do you peek through keyholes? Why not? Professor P. Pingtom has tables to show that there is absolutely nothing unusual about it: 88% of American males over the age of four do the same. (The ones under four would also, but they're too short.) Do you enjoy looking at naked women? Professor Baer's book will prove with statistics that everybody else does too. *(concluded on page 134)*

BOOK OF TONY

(continued from page 42)

You can imagine.

The only trouble was, the thing was a monopoly. I can't tell you in detail because of course I don't know: everything they made was classified seventeen ways. But still it was a monopoly, everybody else who'd tried to get into that particular segment of the miniaturization racket had been muscled out, and the little nugget Tony had found in the library was two-headed: he'd found that a certain Senator, one Dodsworth, was warming up an antitrust proceeding against Electronics Associates, and he'd noticed that the components, the bits and pieces that went into the gimmicks they made, came from all over the country, wire here, ball-bearings there, shellac, copper, cotton, rubber, paint, nickel, platinum and whatnot. He had all he needed and he went around to see old man Hollis.

His proposition was straight and simple: Electronics needed, or shortly would need, a public relations job of the first order. The way to lick the antitrust attack was not to wait until it had started and then spend $100,000 on lawyers and probably lose anyway. The smart method was to take the wind out of the Senator's sails with a big campaign. What would the campaign be? It would be utterly simple: it would show that Electronics Associates was *not* monopolistic because it drew on little businesses all over the land: a paint factory in Pennsylvania, a cotton-grower in Mississippi, a wire mill in Colorado, and so on through a long list. A monopoly? Ridiculous. Electronics Associates was a pillar of strength, a vital support to Small Business and The American Way. Phoney? Like a nine-dollar bill. Practical? Like a paper clip. It couldn't miss, and Hollis, no idiot, needed no more selling than the simple outline.

Tony moved in for the kill. Did he want a king's ransom for the idea? Certainly he did not. He would set up his own public relations outfit to handle it and he would charge Hollis a modest fee. All he wanted, he told the old man, was the chance to establish himself in business.

"I've got an idiot vice-president in charge of public relations," Hollis said. "What's to prevent me from having him do the job?"

"Not a thing, sir," Tony said, looking at him trustingly with his big, blue eyes, "except your own sense of ethics."

The old goat gave him a short grunt in B-flat.

"How much is it going to cost me to set your little outfit up?" he asked. "Both arms and one leg, say, for openers?"

"Not a dime, sir," Tony told him, showing him that old straight, level, All-American-Boy stare. "All I want from you is a contract. I'll raise my own money."

That did it.

"You see," Tony told me, "everybody's a sucker on his own ground. You try to sell old Hollis, say a piece of a Broadway show or a Venezuelan oil well, and he'll run in the experts and kill you dead in ten minutes. But money is his *own* racket, he's his *own* expert there, and he *knows* that a young fellow who turns down, say, $150,000 that he can have for the asking, and turns it down on *principle*, has got to be honest, sincere and eminently worth-while in every way. That's what the book says, and that's the way it's got to be."

What do you mean, did he have trouble raising the money? Are you serious? With a signed contract from Hollis Industries in his pocket? Didn't you ever hear the story about how old J. P. Morgan made a man rich by walking across the Exchange floor arm in arm with him? All Tony had to do was let the word get out and then tell the people where he wanted the stuff delivered and when.

Doris and Tony were married a month later.

The girl's mother felt that her social position indicated a three-month honeymoon in Europe, kicking off with a Mediterranean cruise on the yacht, and Doris had no burning objection, but Tony did. He just couldn't take the time, he told her, and do justice to the vital work at hand. They compromised on a fast trip to Hawaii, and they went by great iron bird just like any other peasants. Well, not exactly: they had a charter plane, a little old 707 jet all to themselves. The old man tossed this into the hopper along with the town house on 65th Street, the Ferrari roadster and the rest of the junk they got for wedding presents. He still hadn't bought Tony all the way, he was still dragging his feet, fighting his every instinct, obviously: he fixed things so that there was no way in which Tony could get his grubby fingers on Doris' main holdings, but that was OK with Tony, he wanted it that way for the time being, and in any case, what did he need money for at that stage of the game? Doris had never used money. She barely knew what the stuff looked like. When she wanted anything she picked up a phone and told somebody to send it. Once a month the bills went to the bank. She never saw them. Tony made a big point of covering the maids and the cook and the food bills and the guy who brought the newspapers and similar big items. He could afford that much out of the modest $20,000 a year he was paying himself as president of his new outfit. PRO Incorporated, he called it. Actually he was making more, and spending less, than he had been before he married Doris. So was I, for that matter: he was giving me $12,000 to oversee the galley slaves who did the work.

We did the business for Electronics Associates all right. We killed off Senator Dodsworth's little plan in under sixty days. It was easy. Everything went exactly as planned. It was to laugh.

The Dodsworth campaign was just the kickoff in Tony's book. It had lifted the curtain on the whole multilayered Hollis empire; he knew now which keys opened which doors. There were thirty-two separate corporations in the Hollis monolith, and it was no problem to find five of them that needed public relations help. We didn't keep the Dodsworth job a secret, either. Tony had a scheduled sequence of leaks: word of mouth here, a column mention there, a hint in a news broadcast. Furthermore, we were the pipeline into the mountain of gold. What the hell, could it be *bad* to buy an in with old J. R.'s son-in-law, and charge it to Uncle Sugar? It wasn't long before we had a $25,000 minimum fee, and important outfits lining up to pay it. Tony raised himself via a complicated capital-gains arrangement and gave me his old $20,000; he bought out the people who'd put in the original money and he was off and running. He hadn't touched a cent of Doris' money, if you don't count letting her pick up an odd tab here and there, and he hadn't taken anything from the old man that he couldn't almost truthfully say he'd earned. When the first wedding anniversary came around Hollis seemed to be taking an almost human view. "The old ox climbed into my pocket and buttoned up the flap," Tony told me.

"I misjudged you, boy, maybe," he had said. "There's a lesson in it for you: no matter how old you get, no matter how smart you think you are, never tell yourself that you're an infallible expert on other human beings. You can be wrong."

"That's right, sir," Tony said. "I'll always remember that." He should have, too.

For their first anniversary, he and Doris picked up the raincheck on the three months in Europe. I was minding the store and I sent the cable, two weeks before they were due back, to tell them that one of the bloodiest-handed pirates of American industry had sacked his last town: J. R. Hollis, the wire associations told a waiting world the next day, had died on the firing line, carried off by a coronary accident in the middle of a board meeting. (Purple-faced, he had been screaming his rage at a couple of squares who'd got sore when they discovered that their little

(continued on page 122)

PLAYBOY'S FALL AND WINTER FASHION FORECAST

attire

BY ROBERT L. GREEN

the definitive statement on the coming trends in men's wear and accessories

MEN WHO PRIDE themselves on being trend-setters in the fashion field will find this fashion forecast — the first of what will be a semi-annual PLAYBOY report — a valuable guide to the garb they'll be eager to own in the months ahead. Customarily, our fashion coverage concerns itself with specific elements of your wardrobe. Here, we're surveying the entire fashion field to provide you with an authoritative view of duds you'll

want to be on the watch for, style directions that will be in the vanguard through the end of winter. (Next April, we'll present our advance word on spring and summer attire.)

There are two major influences affecting the forthcoming fashion scene and at least the signs of a third trend aborning. Ivy will remain very big in urban suits and casual wear; in this area it is mostly fabrics that are news, both in terms of colors and in the design of the fabrics themselves. Checks and plaids are going to be among the leaders, in standard and offbeat colors, and a new depth of shading will be seen in the more subdued patterns. There will be a new richness of tone because of blends: dark tones will be big, but without the customary flatness and with a definite feeling of luxuriousness.

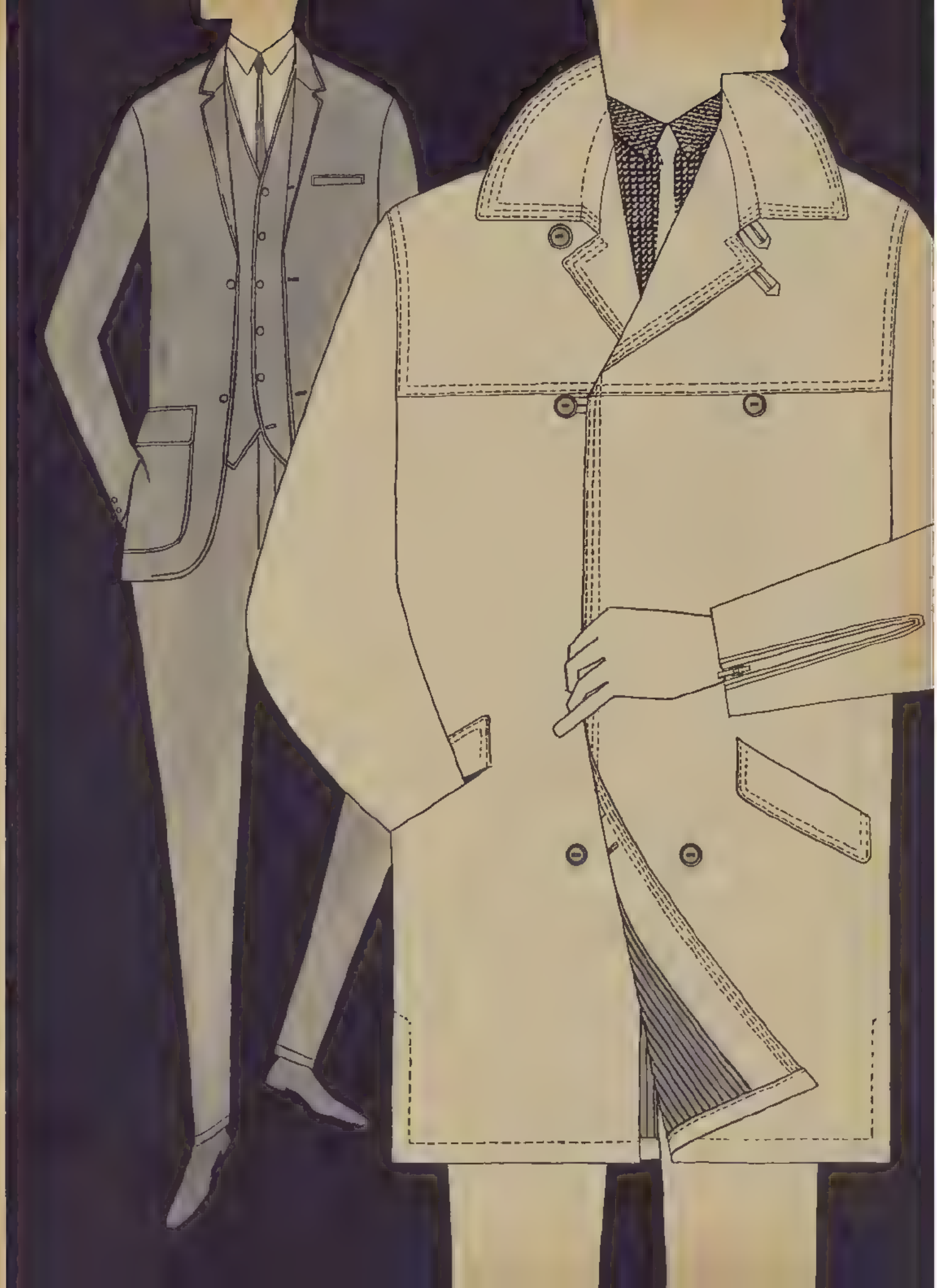
It can be expected that the Continental influence with trimmer, cleaner and slimmer lines will continue to be very much a part of the urban suit wardrobe for business and, particularly, for dress wear. The trend toward clothing that is more formal and elegant than the best of Ivy is part of the sophisticated world, and no matter what the style is called,

Left: the guy with the attaché case wears a water-repellent wool jersey travel coat, fully lined, by Leon Axel, $52.50. His silk-finish, soft-felt, narrow-brim hat is by Resistol, $17.50. His companion sports a full-cut, brushed wool tweed coat with a wide-swing back, by Hickey-Freeman, $140 Complementing the coat is a brush-finished felt hat with feather lei band, by Dobbs, $20. Right: this gentleman's semi-fitted cashmere double-breasted coat has a detachable snap-on Swedish natural mink collar, piped slanted flap pockets, a breast welt pocket and side vents: it is lined with black silk, by Baker, $500. Topping his regal attire is a lightweight smooth felt Homburg, by Knox, $14.

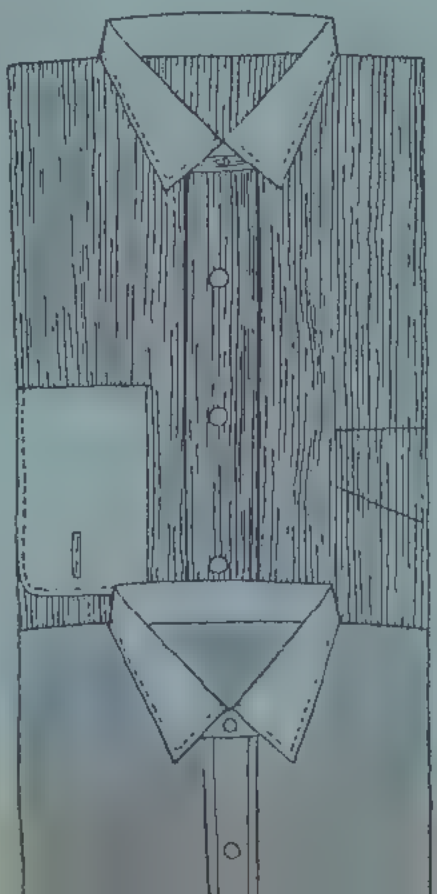
it will be consistent with the best elements in Continental styling. "Continental" as a term may appear less and less frequently, but evidence of the effect it has had and the strength of its influence will be seen in the shortening, opening up (below the bottom button) and rounding off of most suit jackets you'll see. There are definite signs that point to a reawakening of interest in English styling. A limited amount of the veddy English look is going to appear, but British touches will be widely evident. More chest expression, broader lapel shapes, modified waist suppression and a bit more fullness to jacket skirts are being tried with suits and odd coats. Shoulders will have a more tailored (but still natural) look; the broad and the bulky are still out. English styling is valid fashion and has been for a long time; its influence is to be more strongly felt, however. Like the Continental, it is not *(continued on page 58)*

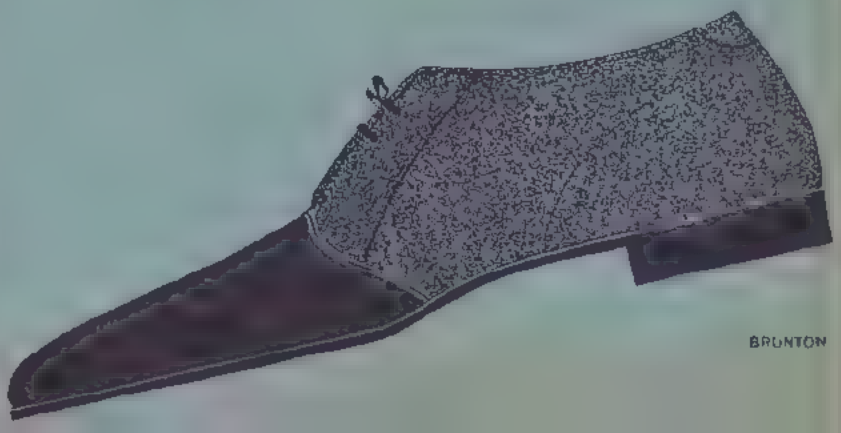
Left: imported Italian pullover jacket, English suede front, knit sleeves and back, by Gino Paoli, $100. Long-haired wool pullover sweater, one-button placket, knit cuffs and bottomband, by Lord Jeff, $50. Above, top: pigskin gloves with stretch sidewalls, by Astral Accessories, $6. Bottom, hand-sewn calf gloves, by Fownes, $12. Right: three-piece wool worsted covert suit, natural shoulders, center vent, tapered trousers, matching vest, by Cricketeer, $80. Cotton covert coat, zip storm sleeves, hacking flap pockets, leather buttons, covert and corduroy lining, by Europe Craft, $45. Small-hound's-tooth twill weave cotton pullover shirt, three button placket, back pleat, by Sero of New Haven, $9.

BRUNTON



Left: imported Scottish wool jacket, by Mavest, $40. Plaid corduroy jacket, brass buttons, by H.I.S., $20. Sueded elk short coat with laminated Orlon pile lining and collar, by Breier of Amsterdam, $100. Right, neckties (left to right): squared-end cotton, by Rooster, $2.50; imported silk, by Italy Presents, $7.50; Italian silk, by Peacock Ltd., $6.50; woven silk jacquard, by Countess Mara, $15; imported silk foulard, by Wembley, $2.50; silk knit, by Matt Nickels, $5; silk print, by Patelle, $5; heavy silk, by Brioni of Rome, $7.50. Shoes (top to bottom): slim slip-on, Continental heel, by Endicott Johnson, $9; calf oxford, wing tip, by Winthrop, $16; low-cut calf oxford, by Winthrop, $17; carpetbagger print slip-ons, by Capezio, $17; semi-high riser, grained upper, smooth vamp, in calf, by Bates, $18. Shirts (top to bottom): cotton cord, English tab collar, French cuffs, by Gant Shirtmakers, $7.50; cotton broadcloth, French cuffs, by Van Heusen, $5.

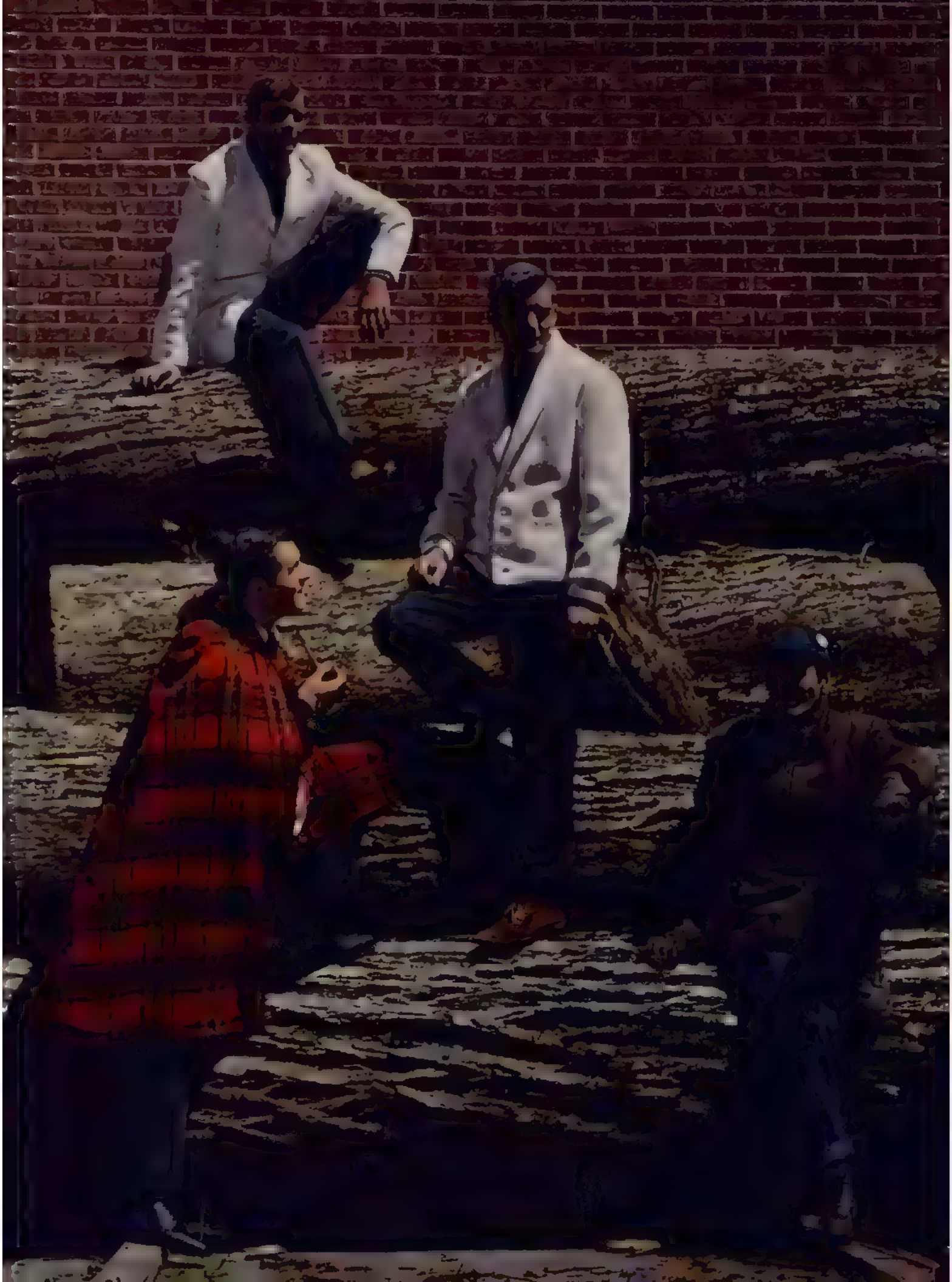




BRUNTON

PHILLIPS

Left, top: imported English wool worsted glen-plaid country suit, natural shoulder, slight cutaway and waist suppression, hacking flap pockets, cash pocket, side vents; tapered trousers, plain front, extension waistband, by Andrew Pallack, $95. Bottom: imported wool glen plaid country suit, natural shoulder, hacking flap pockets, slight waist suppression and cutaway, side vents; tapered trousers have plain front, extension waistband, quarter-cut pockets, by Chester Laurie, $85. Right, clockwise from eleven: lapel-faced acetate brocade vest, six pearl buttons, flap-faced pockets, lined in black, by English Sportswear, $17. Blazer-striped wool cardigan, rounded bottom, contrast trim, two pockets, by Catalina, $17. Natural burlap vest with batik cotton print back, reverses to full vest of batik print, wooden buttons, flap-faced pockets, by Cisco, $8. Imported worsted doeskin vest, pearl buttons, set-in pockets, worsted jersey back, black lining, by George W. Heller, $22.50. Brushed wool pullover sweater with regatta neck, engraved metal buttons, ribbed-knit cuffs and bottomband, by Alps, $13. Natural mocha leather vest with knitted wool back, welt pockets, buttoned inside pocket, beige-and-white-check lining, by Astral Accessories, $30. Imported Swedish wool sweater, modified boat neck, cotton reinforced neck and bottom, by P&M, $27.50.



Left: our man at the top of the log jam wears an Alpaca-lined corduroy jacket, by McGregor, $45; and a wool-Angora-nylon pullover shirt, by Cisco, $16. Middleman is attired in a Bondaknit jacket, by Exclusive Sportswear, $25. The blanket-plaid cape at the bottom is reversible, with attached hood, by Chief Apparel, $27.50. The dockworker's garments, however functional, don't warrant our fall forecast endorsement. Above: the gentleman sporting the champagne glass wears a double-breasted jacket of unfinished wool worsted, pearl buttons, clover-leaf notched lapels, trousers with half-inch dusted chalk stripes, by Petrocelli, $100; his imported woven silk tie, by Countess Mara, $12.50. The young lady's escort sports a British mohair formal suit, by Lord West, $125; silk cummerbund and tie, by George W. Heller, $16.50, full-pleated white cotton formal shirt, French cuffs, by Hathaway, $11.

suitable for all figure types. Shorter men are apt to look a bit more so with any kind of flare in the skirt of a jacket or with even modified shoulder emphasis. Waist suppression should be subtle and its aim of trimness will be defeated if there is any tendency to middle spread. The new British look is going to be great for sports jackets in heather-toned tweeds. It can be expected that the Savile Row feeling will extend itself to afternoon suits, too.

On the sweater scene, more than anywhere else, perhaps, there will be genuine fashion news. The high-V is the descriptive term used for the shortened version of the V-neck, and it will be very big. The high closure works equally well with the shawl collar and the button fronts. The extra-heavy, rough, bulky sweater is out. The look is still robustly masculine, but it is brushed now, and the knit is lighter and flatter than in past seasons. This trend to less bulk keynotes innovations in knitting techniques, where flat knits are becoming increasingly important. Dimensional and textured knits will be right up there, too. Magnified stitches will provide texture interest in popcorn, waffle, honeycomb, basket, pebble, soufflé, open ribs and hand-turned cabling. Brushed surfaces will vary from deep fluffy piles to just a hint of brushed softness. The modified shawl collar and the high-V, widely banded, will run a close race for neckline preference. Pullovers should far outnumber the cardigan styles. The shirt look of button-placket pullovers plus completely shirt-tailored knits will usher in a new trend. General styling will be long and loose. Green-tinged hues will remain strong, but we predict that an abundance of the heathery and marl tones will challenge their popularity.

In the rainwear department the news will be patterned fabrics. There will be fewer extreme models than there were last fall, and pile and fur-type linings and liners will be much in evidence. Double-breasted coats will make a comeback. Look for the return of covert cloth as a material for both suits and raincoats — a rediscovery we applaud.

The news in shoes is good: fewer gadgets and solider styling. The new footwear generally will be tapered to a somewhat finer point, in keeping with the slim lines of both Ivy and American Continental suits, but the new shoes are to be more "shoe" than the previous delicate Italian styles. Soles will be thin and very flexible, and cut very close to the shape of the shoe. Heels will be slightly higher. The slip-ons will be more popular than ever, but bluchers, too, are in for new attention. The high-riser silhouettes will be much in evidence. These will be available in the same extended range of blacks, browns, burnished olives and ivy leathers from which more orthodox dress shoes are made. Moccasin fronts, increasingly popular, also will show the tapered influence. Ankle-high chukkas, with supple leather uppers and springy leather soles, should predominate for weekend knocking about. Loden green, charcoal brown and slate are to be among the more popular new shades. Look, also, for updated versions of the wing-tip shoe, lightened, slimmed down and with a new look of elegance.

The hatters are betting on contrasting color trims on smooth felts, silk finishes, mixtures and scratch finishes. Casual and sports hats will continue to grow in popularity. Tyroleans, cloth hats, casual crushers and tweedy trims will be very much on the scene for wear with wintry casual clothes. Brims will be even smaller. Tapered crowns will further emphasize the small look of the new headgear. Charcoal, steel gray, blacks and black olives will win out over the browns. Ivy types can look for more raw edges in their new felts. Continental fanciers will want to try the new semi-Homburg with a narrow 1⅞-inch brim

Moderation is the good word in the new slacks, conservative thinking having triumphed over the duked-up experimentation of seasons past. Continental slacks are still going to be very much with us but with an absence of gimmicks or extreme style features. Frontier pockets and dropped polo pockets will be out. The newest slack trend is in the country trouser — traditional in cut, but in beefier, more rugged fabrics. The trend in coloring is toward subtlety, with small patterns in subtly contrasting colors coming on strong. Tone-on-tone window plaids will be big and stripes also will figure in the pattern picture, though considerably toned down, with the shadow stripes or tone-on-tone stripes very right indeed. You'll want to favor worsted flannels, hopsacks and the revived gabs, all emphasizing country colors — mixtures of earthy taupe with olive and bronze accents; in corduroy, polished cotton and narrow cords the olives and golden beiges will lead the color parade.

Vests, we're glad to say (for they offer a splendid opportunity to show individuality) will be back in full force. Doeskin, corduroy, suede, hopsack, burlap, madras, cotton, brocade, wool — solid, fancy, regular or reversible — will be yours to choose from. Some will have knitted backs, some will be double-breasted, all will be seen worn with sports jackets and with natural-shoulder suits and the new "country" or "sport suits."

These sport suits are definitely a development worth watching. They are casual coats teamed with matching or harmonizing slacks and vests, to make three-piece outfits that are correct for exurban and at-ease social occasions. Favor those cut along natural lines, in fabrics ranging from enlarged hopsacks to bold hound's-tooth checks.

On the fabric front, look for three major trends. First, the greatest increase in interest for any fabric will be enjoyed by corduroy. You'll see it in everything from a buttondown pullover shirt to a printed plaid corduroy sports jacket, to a vest, to slacks, and in every form from wide wale to narrow pin cord, in colors from deep brown to pure white.

Second are the blanket plaids. The horse-blanket look will be evident as hidden color in linings for outerwear and sportswear. If you have the poise to swing it, you'll want to latch onto a completely functional reversible spectator sports cape, one side water-resistant poplin and the other a bold plaid.

Third are what the trade calls laminates. Traditional fabrics, jersey and knits are being bonded to foam for body and shape-retention. The resulting laminate will be used for a new category of garment that might best be described as a sweater-jacket. We predict it will be big on the casual scene.

Apropos materials, anticipate a much wider use of shearling and of fur trim. In shearling you'll probably be offered your choice, either the authentic thing itself, or shearling-like wool, or the new synthetic shearling. Whether mock or original sheepskin, you'll find shearling lining in the more casual outerwear, extending into the collar, facing, pockets, cuffs and fronts. A newer note is the rugged handsomeness of shearling edge showing through at yoke and seams. You'll find shearling backing up corduroy, cotton, cotton blends, sueded cotton and wool. It's also most effective with real leathers, such as cabretta, suede or deerskin.

Fur trim is news, too. With the enormous success of fur-like pile shawl and notched collars in outerwear in the past couple of seasons, it is inevitable that more fur — and simulated and synthetic fur — will be seen this coming season on everything from suburban and car coats (with beaver and raccoon) to evening coats using luxury furs such as mink, sable or astrakhan. A new, extremely elegant style for the gentleman of means is the successful combination of fine cashmere with a mink or sable collar for the ultimate in town topcoats, ideal for the most gala occasions. The fur collar may be removed, allowing for the simple enjoyment of a rich fabric topcoat.

The formal-wear story will continue to reflect the Continental influence, expressed in peaked lapels and angled shawl collars. The cutaway-front, one-button jacket will hold sway because of its elegance. Be cautious about braid as edging; it can easily be overdone. A legitimate new direction is the use of black mohair with a muted plum strip-

(continued on page 137)

GEORGE SUMMERS WAS LATE IN CLOSING UP. The Friday-night footfalls of the trading farmers had died away while he wiped the counter in his small lunchroom. It was a soft night with a small mist and his motion was not hurried as he started for the door to snap the latch before his final act of cashing up.

There was a light shudder of brakes and the slam of a car door. He checked his movement toward the front, in anticipation of possible further business.

When the three young men strode in, he regretted his lateness and his waiting. They were of a type for whom he desired to do no favors, a breed that he feared because they were not of his age and he had given up trying to understand whatever he had read about them.

It was only through reading that he knew them for what they were. Center Brayton had never nurtured any such people. Center Brayton was too old in its fear of God and its stable employment. It had never felt the impact of the bursting of the disciplinary dam.

The three young men had an air of matured evil. They looked past the point of return. There was no boyishness in their manner, no joy in their walk. They were not excited about the misty lateness in which they were abroad. They were not excited about anything.

Two of them walked in step toward the far corner by the register. One, tall and pimpled, flung a coarse-voiced summons at George.

"Cigarettes," he said.

George had a momentary ray of hope and then he saw the third youngster reach over and snap the catch on the night latch and take up an indolent position where he could watch the street. After that, there was no more hope, and his spine tingled a little as he faced the two.

He stood and waited for them to declare themselves. That was all he could do. The *(concluded on page 78)*

waiting late
into the misty night
was a single
sorrowful vigilante

THE SUPERMEN

fiction By WILLIAM M. CLARK

IN THE BRANDY AND-CIGAR GLOW following the Churchills' golden wedding anniversary, one of Sir Winston's friends reflected on this singular fact: there was a period during his adult life when, in America, the correct answer to the question "Who is Winston Churchill?" would have been "The author of *The Crisis* and *Richard Carvel*," rather than the writer-politician who was to become one of the most illustrious men of his time

America's Winston Churchill, whose family had settled here long before the Revolution, had established a reputation as one of the nation's most popular serious authors. He was not even distantly related to the Englishman who wrote him suggesting that since both had the same name and both were writers, one of them ought to change his name.

The Yankee author who, by then, had written eleven successful books, politely replied that the British Churchill's idea had merit. But, he added, he was the senior and, therefore, it wasn't up to him to make the change. The future Prime Minister agreed, and thereafter added a middle initial — S. for Spencer — to his signature. Inevitably, each received mail intended for the other, particularly during visits to each other's country. It was Winston *S.* Churchill who offered a solution to Winston Churchill: "If the message is uncomplimentary, it's undoubtedly for me."

After John Strachey, another British author-politician, visited the U.S.A. he said: "I found two classes of people in America. The first consisted of those who confused me with Lytton Strachey; and the second consisted of those who hadn't heard of *him* either."

Similarity of names has produced interesting confusion and novel experiences for other notables as well. Sherwood Anderson confided that he was distressed, at first, when people mistook him for the playwrights, Robert Sherwood and Maxwell Anderson. "But then," he smiled, "I took advantage of it: many's the blonde I won by telling her I was writing a part in a play especially for her." And Upton Sinclair told Sinclair Lewis: "I didn't mind the mix-up as long as they were attributing your *Main Street* to me. But I started to mind it when my book, *The Jungle*, was being attributed to you."

Archibald Fleming MacLeish had an uncomplicated academic life at McHarry Medical College — until he started writing poetry. The confusion was compounded, for a while, when he and Archibald MacLeish, the former Librarian of Congress and Pulitzer Prize poet, had the same publisher and used the same bank. Each received bills, stock certificates and royalty statements meant for the other

It was Ernest Hemingway who suggested to the younger MacLeish that he drop his last name and try to become known as "Archibald Fleming." This, however, proved to be even more perplexing — for whenever people would ask "Who's Archibald Fleming?" the inevitable, correct answer was: "Oh, you know — MacLeish."

Colonel Barney Oldfield, the screen-writer-author, spent part of his honeymoon in Indianapolis, where the suspicious hotel clerk scoffed: " 'Mr. and Mrs Barney Oldfield'? In this city even 'Mr. and Mrs. John Smith' would be less obvious." A scoffing tone also was used by Elsa Maxwell, when she was introduced to Ciro Alegria, winner of Farrar & Rinehart's Pan-American Novel Contest. "Ciro *can't* be your name," Miss Maxwell told him, "because Ciro is a name *I* invented and gave to a nightclub in Paris."

Dean Acheson, the former Secretary of State, has a brother who also is distinguished: Ted Acheson, Professor of Finance at George Washington University and author of several learned books. Professor Acheson's resemblance to the lawyer-diplomat was strengthened by the fierce mustaches both cultivated. "But I never could be promoted to Dean, at the University," Professor Acheson said. "*Two* Dean Achesons would be too confusing."

The presence of *three* Rubinsteins at the Hotel Majestic in Paris became quite bewildering to the desk clerk. The registry showed Mittka Rubinstein, a banker who had fled from Russia; his son, Serge, whose subsequent murder in New York still is an unsolved mystery; and Artur Rubinstein, the pianist, who wasn't related to the other two. Because cable companies charge for each name in the address of a message, the desk clerk often had to deliver cablegrams sent to "Rubinstein, Majestic, Paris."

Artur Rubinstein, who then was a carefree bachelor, was visited by Mittka

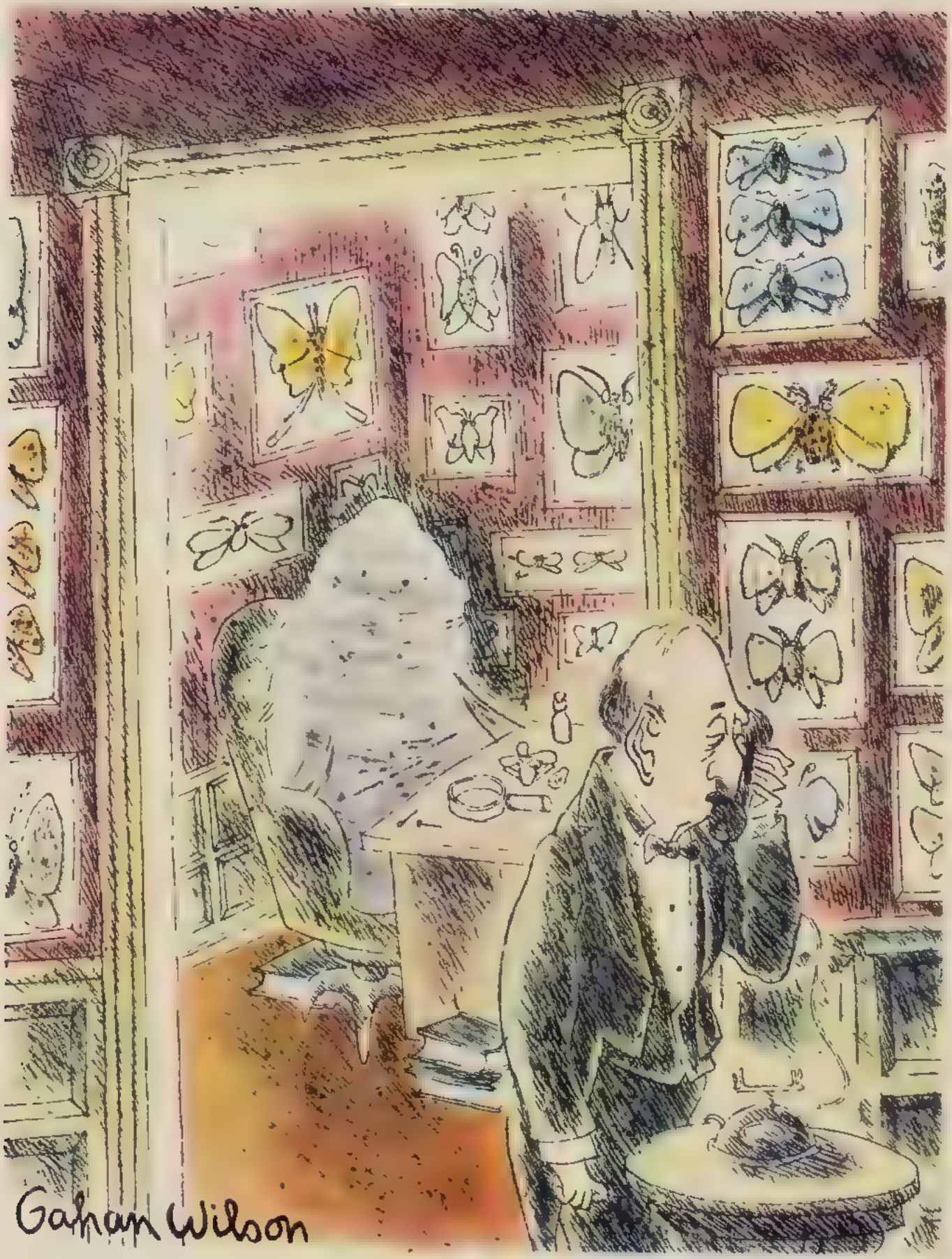
(continued on page 64)

article **By LEONARD LYONS**

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

plenty of trouble, when two happen to be the same

"Then the patient in Room 12 turned around and tried to give me an alcohol rub."



"I'm sorry, sir, but Professor Dornley does not wish to be disturbed for the duration of the winter."

HOW NOT TO WRITE A BESTSELLER

humor By LARRY SIEGEL

a flop-of-the-month author reveals all

As one of America's most prolific authors of books, I have had my share of creative woes through the years, my primary one being that I've never been published. This is something I cannot understand. I read every bestseller assiduously, and I'm certain that I have learned to recognize the exact ingredients that go into a book-club selection. But somehow, somewhere along the line something seems to go wrong. Recently at my request, one publisher was good enough to return my last half-dozen manuscripts, marking off the exact spot in each where, for one reason or another, he just stopped reading. With the fervent hope that I can whet the appetites of other publishers, or at the very least receive a kindly word of advice from authors more successful than myself, I reprint here the aforementioned manuscripts, in their entirety, as of, and up to the critical breaking-off point.

THE GREAT GUY
By Larry Siegel
Chapter 1

"What was he really like, Mr. Bruckner?" I asked Steve Bruckner, in his apartment the day after the funeral. "You knew Chick Kirby better than anyone. You grew up with him. You helped him get started in television, and until he fired you last month you were his closest friend."

Bruckner's mouth tightened. "What was Chick Kirby like? You mean TV's all-time great guy? Mr. Denton, that faceless mob of worshipers out there knew nothing about the real Chick Kirby. Nothing. Off camera he was so much nicer, so much warmer, and so much more wonderful that you wouldn't believe it possible. He was an absolute prince. He had qualities that

---

HOW I TURNED $5 INTO FIFTY MILLION IN REAL ESTATE IN NO TIME
By Henry Standish, with Larry Siegel
Chapter 1

The Secretary of the Interior leaned back in his chair that bright fall day in 1945 and said to me, "My boy, do you realize that you've got an awful lot of nerve barging into this office with five dollars in your pocket and a crazy, half-cocked scheme about turning forests and old Army camps into housing developments?"

"I understand that, Dad," I said, "but

SO MUCH SO FAR
By William Grayson and Larry Siegel
Chapter 1

As long as I can remember, to many people I've never been William Grayson, at all. I've always been Arthur Grayson's son. Arthur Grayson, the world-famous actor whose devotion to his art transcends his home, his family, and all of the accepted normal facets of life.

To a groping, sensitive young man desiring an identity of his own, this is too often an insurmountable obstacle to hurdle. Particularly if he too is trying to follow an acting career and wants to avoid the inevitable comparison with his father. It can lead to the dissipation of one's character and soul and the complete disintegration of one's moral spirit.

Which is why I thank God that I am a happy, well-adjusted insurance salesman instead, who has been able to land innumerable fine show business accounts because of

---

THE FIX AND I
By Tina Thayer, as told to Larry Siegel
Chapter 1

Five years ago I gave up a successful singing career, a wonderful husband, and two lovely children, for narcotics.

I learned all too soon of the mind-warping, soul-sapping horrors of drug addiction.

Today many others who have also succumbed to this evil ask me: Where do you start to regain a shred of your former dignity? How do you amass the inner strength to climb back? If not to the top, at least back into the society of man?

I have no idea, which is why I've never tried. But things could be worse. I still have a roof over my head, three square meals a day, I can get a fix whenever I need it, and

---

CAMPAIGN DIARY: THE MEMOIRS OF GENERAL McKAY
By Maj./Gen. Thurston McKay, ret.,
as told to Lawrence Siegel
Chapter 1
Setting the Record Straight

The day after my recent discharge from the Army an important question burned in my mind. With the nation's bookshelves literally bursting with sensational memoirs castigating military notables, reassessing accepted historical facts, and flaying the Pentagon, isn't the time now ripe for a perfectly contented and devoted former public servant to present the other, brighter side of the

---

SEXUAL PROBLEMS OF TWENTIETH CENTURY MAN
By Lawrence H. Siegel
Introduction

The author of this book, after long years of research in psychiatry and its allied fields, has come up with some interesting new ideas on the causes of sexual maladjustment in Twentieth Century man.

To begin with, this book deals primarily in theory, and attempts to explore the subject of sex from a unique viewpoint. Rather than utilize such currently popular devices as illustrations, statistics on aberrations and anonymous clinical cases, which too often, in works of this nature, have a tendency to titilate rather than educate, the author presents instead a sober

NAME?

(continued from page 60)

Rubinstein, who held a batch of cablegrams in his hand and who began: "Will you please assure my wife that I know no Marie in Venice, nor an Ilsa in Prague, nor a Margaret in Bucharest?" The pianist then displayed his own batch of misdirected cablegrams and said: "I'll do it, if you'll assure my family that I don't owe three million to a bank in Rome, two million to a bank in Nice and four million to a bank in Zurich."

Jerry Lewis, the author, enjoyed life at his Beverly Hills home until Jerry Lewis, the comic, moved into a house two blocks away. The writer had to take his listing out of the telephone directory, because of the stream of calls for Martin and Lewis. He subsequently moved to Pacific Palisades, where his number was listed in the directory — until Jerry Lewis, the comic, also moved to Pacific Palisades. The phone calls, from nightclub owners desperate for the services of Martin and Lewis, again assailed the writer's home, and again he removed his listing from the directory. Each, of course, received mail and bills intended for the other. Finally, when writer Jerry Lewis received bills from Romanoff's and Chasen's for dinners bought while he and his family were in Europe, he arranged a conference with the comic. They agreed that thenceforth the writer would sign his checks and bills as Jerry D. Lewis, and the comic would sign his as Jerry P. Lewis.

Lewis, of course, is an assumed name, as are the names of most comics. Britain's famed comic, Bud Flanagan, used his true name (Robert Winthrop) when he began in London's music halls. But then he served in the Army, under a cruel sergeant who disliked everything about the soldier-actor from Whitechapel — his looks, his religion, his habits. "Most of all," said the sergeant, "I hate actors." When the war ended and the comic was released from Army service, he told the sergeant the revenge he'd planned: "I'm going to change my name to yours — to Bud Flanagan — and make it famous on the stage."

Dino Yannopoulos was stage-manager of the Metropolitan Opera when Edward Johnson became general manager. Mr. Johnson twisted his tongue in trying to pronounce the stage-manager's name and suggested that he change it. "By the way," he asked, "what does Yannopoulos mean?" The stage-manager explained that it means "Son of John. John's Son. If you wish, I could change my name to Johnson."

"No," replied Mr. Johnson, "that won't be necessary, Mr. Yanol . . . Yollan . . . Yannopoulos."

The matter of name pronunciation diverted Edna Ferber's attention during *The Small Hours*, a play written by George S. Kaufman and his actress-wife, Leueen MacGrath. The leading role was played by Paul McGrath, who pronounces his name "McGrath," while Miss MacGrath pronounces her name "MacGraw." Miss Ferber later said that throughout the performance her mind had toyed with this jingle:

Said P. McGrath to L. MacGrath,
"Why don't you spell it à la Waugh?"
"My ancestors would rise in wrath,"
Said L. MacGrath to P. McGrath.

Although Deborah Kerr and John Kerr, who both appeared on Broadway in *Tea and Sympathy*, spell their name the same way, they pronounce it differently: Miss Kerr pronounces it "Car" and the young actor pronounces it "Cur." It was at a Hollywood premiere that the doorman, who uses a loudspeaker system to call the stars' chauffeurs, became confused when Miss Kerr corrected his call for "Miss Cur's car, please." She told him: "My name is pronounced 'Car.'" The doorman reached for the microphone and called: "Miss Car's cur, please."

One J. Thurber seemed the same as another J. Thurber to a process server who had handed James Thurber, the humorist, a summons intended for his brother, John Thurber. A court hearing, therefore, was held, a hearing at which James Thurber took the witness stand to prove that he was not John Thurber. He submitted his driver's license, letters, membership cards, etc. At that moment, his identifying witness, Robert Benchley, entered the courtroom and waved to James Thurber in the witness chair: "Hello, John," he said.

"Hello, Kenneth Roberts," wrote the late Kenneth Roberts, novelist and author of *Northwest Passage*, to Kenneth Roberts, the TV and radio announcer. "Through the years we've received mail intended for the other. I have not been too seriously inconvenienced, and I hope you can say the same. One word of caution, if I may: let us mutually promise that neither will ever become embroiled in a breach-of-promise suit."

Although Robert Merrill, the opera star, and Robert Merrill, the songwriter, spell their names exactly the same way, neither has been inconvenienced at all — unlike Jules Stein, the fabulously successful head of the Music Corporation of America, and Julie Styne, the composer. Mrs. Leland Hayward distinguishes their names and phone numbers in her address book by spelling the composer's name $tyne, and the MCA's man $tein. When Mike Romanoff's restaurant sent a bill for $200 to Jules Stein, he replied: "I do my entertaining at home. If it's a $50 tab, it might be mine. If it's $200, it must be Julie Styne's."

Mr. Stein has diversified his vast holdings by investing in many fields, including the purchase of Paramount's backlog of films, for TV use, for $50 million. In the years when Julie Styne was first composing, Jules Stein wanted an ice rink on which to produce an Ice Follies. Mr. Stein warned the owner of the rink he wanted that he would build a competing rink unless he could lease this one. The owner asked a few days' time to think it over — and then ordered a credit check on Mr. Stein. The credit house, of course, mistakenly checked into the affairs of Julie Styne. Then just before granting the lease, the rink owner said to Jules Stein: "How can you manage to do so many things, and also be a $300-a-week composer at Fox Studios?"

When George Humphrey was Secretary of the Treasury, he and Senator Hubert Humphrey of Minnesota often would receive insults and praises intended for the other. Senator Humphrey, a Democrat, even received a White House invitation intended for Secretary Humphrey. The Senator treasures two news headlines, which resulted from speeches he and the Secretary made on the same subject on successive days. The first day's headline, covering the Secretary of the Treasury's speech, was "Humphrey for Interest Boost." The second headline, covering the Senator's speech, read "Humphrey Opposes Interest Boost."

When Bob Sherwood, the White House ghostwriter and Pulitzer Prize winning writer, visited Guam during the war, Major General "Howlin' " Smith flew to the base just to meet him. General Smith's questions and comments indicated that somehow he was familiar with every play Mr. Sherwood had written. The General then explained it: he told of the Marine Corps' campaigns in the Pacific, which had been covered by Robert Sherrod for *Life*: "We'd see Sherrod at Tarawa and Saipan and Iwo Jima. He'd send his dispatches, but we never saw them in print." General Smith therefore wrote to Mrs. Smith and asked her to send him everything written by Robert Sherrod. "I guess my handwriting wasn't clear: she sent me the plays of Robert Sherwood."

Mrs. Smith had not been the first to confuse the playwright and the editor-war correspondent. Both men had their offices in Rockefeller Center. Sherwood once was editor of *Life*, before Henry Luce bought it, and Sherrod soon inherited Sherwood's mail there. In Italy, Sherwood almost was given a rough ride by a B-26 pilot who resented Sherrod's criticism of the bombing of Kiska. The flier realized his mistake just in time.

In Guam, one day, Robert Sherrod received a letter from his wife, who sug-

(continued on page 129)

Encounter

GIBBLE GABBLE GIBBLE GABBLE GIBBLE GABBLE
I'M NOT LISTENING TO HER. WHY CAN'T I LISTEN TO HER?
ALL I CAN THINK ABOUT ARE MY OWN PROBLEMS. I MUST FORCE MYSELF TO CONCENTRATE ON HIM.
GIBBLE GIBBLE GABBLE
GABBLE
GIBBLE GABBLE GIBBLE
GIBBLE GIBBLE GABBLE GOBBLE
WHAT'S SHE TALKING ABOUT? IF SHE ASKED ME A QUESTION NOW I WOULDN'T KNOW! WHY DO FIRST DATES ALWAYS BORE ME?
IT'S PROBABLY MY FAULT. GLADYS PROMISED HE'D BE INTERESTING. WHY DO I FEEL LIKE AT ANY MINUTE I'M EXPECTING A PHONE CALL?
GIBBLE GABBLE GIBBLE
GABBLE GIBBLE GOBBLE
GABBLE GIBBLE GOBBLE GIBBLE GEEGLE GABBLE
THE TRICK IS TO STARE AT THE BRIDGE OF HER NOSE. IT LOOKS LIKE I'M PAYING ATTENTION.
FUNNY. HE HAS NO BRIDGE TO HIS NOSE
GABBLE GIBBLE GAWBLE GIBBLE GABBLE GOBBLE GAWBLE GIBBLE GABBLE
GIBBLE GABBLE GAWBLE GOBBLE GIBBLE GEEGLE GABBLE GIBBLE
WHY SHOULD I CARE? IF SHE'S NOT BRIGHT ENOUGH TO SEE I'M BEGINNING TO DOZE SHE'S NOT WORTH CARING ABOUT.
SNORT
OBVIOUSLY HE'S NOT PERCEPTIVE. IF I PUT MY HANDS OVER MY EYES HE'LL NEVER KNOW THEY'RE CLOSED.
GIBBLE, GABBLE GIBBLE

"I know very well what day it is — I want to know the year!"

our playmate is one of those gorgeous girls of hollywood

THE MOVIES' MISS DOUGLAS

WHEN AUTUMN TURNS THE LEAVES TO GOLD, there are few sights more stimulating than that of a lovely girl framed by nature's glories. Eighteen-year-old Kathy Douglas is such a girl. She is, in fact, one of that delightful number, The Girls of Hollywood, talked about in the pages up ahead. She divides her time more or less equally between acting assignments (she's under contract to a major studio) and the riding of a favored and favorite mount along seldom-trod California trails. When she is not accompanied on these excursions by a suitably nature-loving male, Kathy often packs along a book — not the usual sticky novel but a volume of Bulfinch, since she digs mythology: an odd enthusiasm, perhaps, for a modern chick, but not for a latter-day wood nymph attuned so acutely to the autumnal symphony that she is a natural (in all senses of the word) Miss October.

MISS OCTOBER
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI

Titian-haired Kathy Douglas takes to the California hills when acting chores permit. An on the-towner by night, by day she relishes the rare serenity of the countryside.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Science is making so many strides ahead, almost daily, that it gets increasingly difficult for the layman to keep up. Latest invention we've heard about is a toothpaste with built-in food particles, for people who can't eat between every brushing.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *nudism* as a different way of looking at things.

The boss had listened in sympathetic silence as Sylvester went through the reasons why he needed, and felt he deserved, a raise. Then, with a benevolent smile, he patted the younger man on the shoulder.

"Yes, Sylvester," he said kindly, "I know you can't get married on the salary I'm paying you — and someday you'll thank me for it."

Some girls are discreet up to a point, and some are discreet up to a pint.

Her name was Clarissa and she was curved, Harry decided, in a manner that could only be called awesome. She was also, alas, virtually brainless, but luckily this lack was not a hindrance to the type of entertainment Harry had in mind for the evening. He was, therefore, delighted when she agreed to accompany him to his apartment.

As he mixed the drinks with fingers nervously nimble with anticipation, Clarissa wandered aimlessly around his apartment, pausing here and there to cast a perplexed eye over a book title or painting that eluded her. Finally, she stopped stock still before his fireplace.

"What in the world is that thing?" she asked, pointing to a carved wooden object resting on the mantel.

"Oh, that's African," he responded. "It was used in fertility rites. Actually, it's a phallic symbol."

"Well," Clarissa said, demurely patting her hair into place, "I'd hate to tell you what it looks like."

Women are the kind of problem most men like to wrestle with.

The reason no one ever gives the groom a shower is that everyone figures him to be all washed up anyway.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *cad* as a man who refuses to help his date with the breakfast dishes.

Latest comment from the pundits regarding the population explosion: if the birth rate keeps increasing there will soon be standing room only on the earth, at which time the birth rate should stop increasing pretty quickly.

A girl with an hourglass figure can often make grown men feel like playing in the sand.

We've come across a refreshingly unique proposal of marriage: "Honey, how would you like to do this *every* night?"

Heard any good ones lately? Send your favorites to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *232 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Ill., and earn an easy $25.00 for each joke used. In case of duplicates, payment goes to first received. Jokes cannot be returned.*

"It's these little unrehearsed incidents that make live television interesting."

private shooting preserves provide exciting

HUNTING FOR THE URBAN MAN

modern living By CHARLES O. PUFFER

IT WASN'T LONG AGO that the urban Nimrod who wished to indulge in his favorite sport of upland game or duck shooting was confronted with alternatives, neither of which was entirely happy. Either he had to content himself with nearby skeet and trap shooting, or he had to pack gear and duffel for an extended trip into the wilds — with the unhappy prospect of roughing it, getting up at pre-dawn to sit through a blizzard in a duckforsaken duck blind, pretending he was enjoying the wet, cold hours of waiting for a shot, and generally disrupting his life (and taking a good bit of his time) in order to experience the thrills of the sport.

Happily, he has another, far more pleasant option these days. Increasingly, attractive tracts of land near major urban centers of the nation are being turned into hunting preserves. A lot of them are private clubs; there is also a growing number that are

sport just a stone's throw from the city

available to the public provided advance reservations are made. In either case, a basic fee (annual dues for membership clubs, otherwise a per-day charge) gives a man a good day's hunting with none of the inconveniences involved, and with every assurance indeed of bringing home succulent game birds to grace his table

The virtues of this kind of hunting are obvious: the urban gentleman can rise at his leisure on a Saturday or Sunday morning, pile into his car and take an easy drive to his hunting club. He can be in the field with guide and dog, both provided by the club as part of its service, by early afternoon — taking four to six birds in an average day — and be in the clubhouse for cocktails by five, back in the city by six and ready to pick up his evening's date by eight.

These shooting preserves are now legal in forty-one states in the U.S.A., and offer the hunter unlimited game bags, dependent only on the size of his wallet, plus an extended hunting season, usually running from October through the middle of March.

The shooting plan at a typical preserve is a simple one. If it's duck you're after, the plan goes like so: the birds are released from towers far removed from blinds located on the edge of a lake to which the ducks fly for water. Since the shooters cannot see the towers, the ducks, for all intents and purposes, have flown from afar and are just as elusive as though they'd breezed in from the marshes of Saskatchewan. This is called pass shooting and, with mallards riding the winds at fifty miles an hour, is as pulse-pounding as any you've ever experienced.

If upland game's your cup of tea, the shooting preserve offers sport without parallel, too. For today's *(continued on page 135)*

An urban sportsman's dream collection of fine shotguns for duck and upland bird shooting. Above, top to bottom: Ithaca pump repeater, walnut stock, hand engraving, hand checkering, $2500. Winchester Model 21 double, custom fitted and custom made, $1000. Marlin Mark IV Premier repeater, walnut stock, $160. Holland and Holland Northwood double, French walnut stock, English steel barrels, $650. Remington 870F Premier pump, hand checkering and engraving, $999. Ferlach Constant Companion double, black walnut stock and cheek piece, Boehler steel barrels with tapered boring, $210. Below: Remington 58 ADL Sportsman De Luxe autoloader, checkered American walnut stock and fore-end, $136. Beretta Silver Hawk double, lightweight steel barrels, $180. Winchester Featherweight Model 50, light alloy receiver, $188. Continental Imperial Crown double, checkered French walnut stock, $650. Breda Mark II Superlight autoloader, "Quick-Choke" barrel, $180. Krieghoff Model 32 San Remo grade double, checkered European walnut stock, Boehler barrels, $436. Browning automatic lightweight, improved cylinder choke, French walnut stock, $160. Browning Superposed double, hand-checkered walnut stock, hand-engraved receiver, $300.

"Did you say Charlie Bigelow is all hands? Not tonight he wasn't!"

SUPERMEN *(continued from page 59)*

telephone was too slow to be of use. The blows would be quicker. He never doubted the coming of the blows. He felt very tired.

The old wall clock ticked solidly and the boy at the door shuffled his feet, grating the introdden sand.

George wondered what paralysis had gripped humanity that humanity had not been able to wipe out this creeping menace before it became a threat to the hinterlands around the city cradle from which it had sprung.

George knew how vulnerable the hinterlands were. Center Brayton had never known hoodlums or crime even in the days of Dutch Schultz. It had been too small for even minor gangsters.

It was not too small for this new breed, these cold-faced, old-young spawn of neglected schools of vice. Nothing was too small for them because the rewards of vice were not the reason for their acts. They sought only pain and savagery and once they had discovered the weakness of the small towns, they would be back, again and again, menacing the streets even in their absence.

They were beginning to discover the small towns. An old man with an empty cash register and a ravished store had been found dead at Turner Corners just last week. The scouts were out from the cities and it was going to take a strong shock to hold the evil to its old locale

George noted the earmarks of the age, the long haircuts and the pseudo-Mexican sideburns, the black jacket on the one and the combat coat on the other. They showed no weapons even when they made their move. Their stance and their sneers seemed weapon enough. Their presence alone was a promise of violence

"All right, man, this is it," suddenly said the tall invader. "You stand back against the wall and stay nice and still. You got things we want."

George backed up. He backed up tight against the shelves that lined the wall, the shelves packed with the familiar merchandise that had been his life since he had come home to find peace after the guns had gone quiet in Europe in 1945. He had gone a long way and seen much death to keep America from such as this. The thrust from abroad had been stopped but the creed had seeped silently in.

He backed up tight to the shelves and he said nothing, but his soul cried out because he did not like what was coming He resented the need and he felt that, somewhere, there was much to be blamed.

"Hit the register, Joe," said the tall one.

The companion eased past George with a heedless push that seemed to have measured the actions to be expected from the merchant and to have found them wanting in hazard or even in bother. He punched the "No Sale" key and the drawer opened wide. He scooped bills and change into his hand and so to his pockets.

"Sixty bucks, maybe," he stated.

The tall one spat on the floor. "Big Deal," he said.

Joe brushed past George again, carelessly, as he had done before. He almost seemed to be inviting challenge and George wondered if, somewhere in the twists of his mind, he needed some kind of justification for his already planned acts, some childish symbol like the knocking of a chip from a shoulder. George would have liked to have explored the thought but there was no longer time. Things seemed to be moving faster. The clock ticked again.

Joe had reached the end of the counter when the tall leader spoke once more.

"Wait a minute, Joe," he said. He turned his voice to George. "Where's the rest of it?"

"That's all there is," said George.

"Nuts."

He turned to the watcher at the door. "How's the street?" he asked.

"Quiet," said the watcher. "The whole town's asleep. Christ, what a burg."

"Tear the telephone, Joe," said the tall one.

Wires were snapped from the wall. The instrument was hurled across the room. The leader took a piece of lead pipe from his pocket.

"Hit him a couple, Joe," he said, unemotionally. "He's got more dough than that."

Joe put his hand into his pocket and brought out a similar, unimaginative weapon. He slapped it into his other palm. He licked his lips and took a step along the counter toward where George stood, still backed against the shelves, one hand in front of him, the other resting in back, for support.

George sighed. There was so much in living that was so hard to explain. There were so many sides to this thing that he wished he had time to consider them all, to weigh them, to moderate his needs, to offer mercy or opportunity or a guide to other paths. There wasn't time. These things had been tried by wiser men than he. These boys had probably been lectured to and prayed over and paroled and pleaded with.

He only wished that he was sure that they were the same probers who had done the brutal job at Turner Corners.

Joe took another step.

"Why don't you just take what you have and leave?" asked George, his voice rising despite his weariness and his reluctant acceptance of their denial.

Again the clock was loud.

"Hurry up, Joe," said the tall one. "Do you need some help with the man?" He laughed and, in the stillness, the laugh rang clear and brutal and cold.

That was when George, hating the need and the waste and the recrimination that he would launch tomorrow on the lacks that had forced this ugly end, brought up the hand that had rested behind him. It was typical of the stupid arrogance of the three hoodlums that they had not noticed this hand. It showed a lack in their education, a flaw in their quick course in crime, because in that hand was their undoing. The hand held a blue-steel Luger, and their overlooking it was an error that it was now too late to remedy, and yet a natural error because they had never before encountered any semblance of resistance in their pitiful victims.

It was a fitting weapon to confront them because it was a relic of the days when hoodlumism in the black uniforms of the crooked cross had threatened the peace of the entire world. George had picked it up from the dead hand of a disillusioned superman.

For a moment, as Joe paused in midstride, as the tall one raised his arm for a savage throw, George thought idly of mere threats or words, but the hopelessness of any appeal save force was so clear to his inner being that he was discarding the thought even as he thumbed off the safety and ducked the flying pipe and squeezed the trigger. The Luger bucked once and he swung it to the other near target and squeezed again. There was a gurgled something from Joe as he clutched at his belly and went down, but there was no sound from the tall one as he, in turn, collapsed.

The watcher at the door was yelling in full volume as he loosed the latch, but the gun spoke once more and he grabbed his shoulder and raised the other arm aloft in surrender.

"Was it you boys at Turner Corners?" asked George, probing for the last remnant of defense, reaching for the denial that would serve to turn him from his task.

The boy nodded. He nodded twice and then his face contorted and he opened his mouth to scream, and George set his lips and shot again and the scream was cut off and the boy spun around and fell, face down, arms spread out like a fallen scarecrow, the fiery dragon on his coat stretched taut and strangely still.

Then the store was quiet except for the tick of the clock and the long drawn sigh for the terrible need.

A FOOT IN THE DOOR

fiction **By BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN**

WHEN HE WAS THIRTY-FOUR YEARS OLD and about to buy a house in Short Hills, Mr. Gordon found out he could get anything he wanted in life from an insurance agent named Merz. Merz specialized in small, cheap policies, thousand-dollar endowments, and put his feet in your door. Mr Gordon had succeeded in putting Merz off and one night shouted at him, "I don't like people who put their feet in doors. That's no way to sell me."

"It's something I do and I can't help it," said Merz, wedging his foot in Gordon's apartment door and trying to force it back. "It isn't important and you'll soon see why. You'll see it's foolish to make anything over my feet in the door."

Gordon finally let Merz in, a thin man who got bad shaves and was always out of breath. Merz sold him a quick thousand-dollar endowment and when Mr. Gordon showed him out, said, "I've got something else you'll want. It's a way for you to have anything in the world. I haven't figured out whether it's insurance or not, but I have it for you and we can start it off tonight."

"I have plenty," said Gordon. "Everything I want. I'm going to buy a home in Short Hills next week, something I've always wanted."

"There'll be no nonsense and fooling around," said Merz. "What you want is a home nearby in Tall Hills and one thing you'd better learn is that it's a waste of time to be coy on this thing. Now I can get you this. What we do is make a bargain. Some of these are going to sound strange, but they're made up that way and, frankly, I don't make them up."

"I can't afford Tall Hills," said Mr. Gordon, "but all right, I'll admit I'd like to get in there."

"All right then, now listen," said Mr. Merz, blowing his thin nose. "I don't do any paper work on these so remember it and don't come around to me and say that isn't the way it is. Tall Hills is yours, if . . . Let me rephrase that. When you don't use paper work, you've got to get them straight in the talking. A *house* in Tall Hills is yours, but your baby will have to be born with a slightly bent nose I know you, your wife and your little girl have straight ones, but that's the way these things are made up. Sometimes a real winner comes along, but most are on this order."

"I'm not going to ask you for any guarantee, because I can tell from the whole way this has happened that it's on the level," said Mr. Gordon. "If you're wondering why I don't act astonished, it's just that I always expected something like this to happen. The only thing is I always thought there would be ethereal music in the background. Let's see, if it's a boy it won't matter so much and would give him character. The odds are slightly in favor of its being a boy. I don't know."

"Can we close?" said Merz. "It isn't that I go off and sell others when I'm finished with you. There aren't any others. I'm just tired and I get colds when I'm out late."

"Even if it were a girl," said Mr. Gordon, "it might just be the little imperfection that would make her appealing. I once saw a girl who was married to an archaeologist and she had a slight limp and it made her the most fragile and pathetic thing, and I could have eaten her up. Maybe this would be like a limp on her nose. Look, is it bent quite a bit or just slightly? Do I get to know that?"

"We don't know how they come out. It's more the spirit of the thing that counts and if it came out small, there wouldn't be any objection."

"All right then," said Mr. Gordon. "Get me into Tall Hills."

Merz said, "I can't always let you have this much time," and disappeared.

The Gordons' second child was born a month later, a boy with a cute but slightly bent little nose, and Mr. Gordon did not suddenly inherit a fortune. Nor did he suddenly receive a giant bonus from his firm or win a cash prize in a lottery. What happened is that he received a small inheritance from an uncle of his who had once spent a weekend hunting with Pancho Villa, his agency came through at Christmas with a slightly *(continued on page 82)*

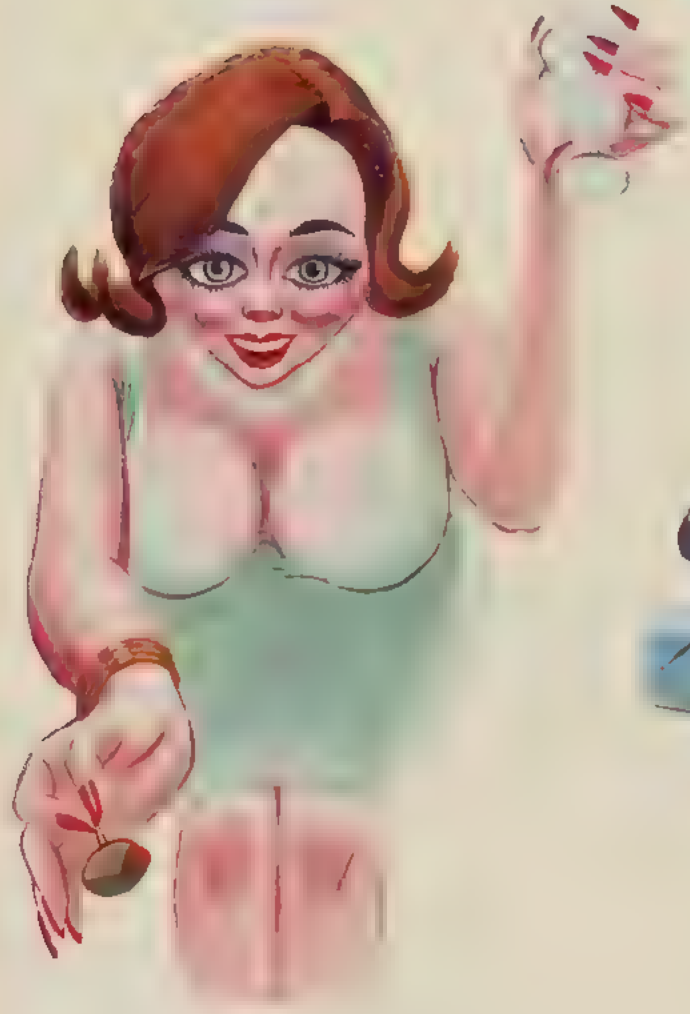
CHRISTIANSEN

watch out for the small print in those contracts that aren't written down

a dog's eye view of a party

By JOHN DEMPSEY

"Get out of here, pooch!"



"Have a bite, cutie?"

"He tripped me!"

". . . So the Texan says to Jayne . . ."

"Put the poodle down, doll, and let's dance."

"Is he allowed up on the sofa?"

"R-r-r-r-ruff!!!"

FOOT IN THE DOOR *(continued from page 79)*

larger bonus than it had before, and Mrs. Gordon won a motorcycle in a raffle which they cashed in for four hundred dollars. The total, along with the money Mr. Gordon had set aside for a house in Short Hills, gave them the down payment for one in Tall Hills. And in they went with their new, cute, but bent-nosed little baby.

A month after the Gordons settled into their home Merz stuck his foot in the door late one night and Mr. Gordon said, "For Christ's sake, you don't have to put it in there *now*, you know."

"I just put it in there and don't really care to change the thing," said Merz. "Don't you open the door either. Let me force my way in."

Mr. Gordon put his shoulder against the door and finally let Merz, breathing hard, shove his way in. "OK now," said Merz. "I think you should have another thousand-dollar endowment. Now look, I don't want that other thing to color your decision. I'm talking straight insurance now, and if I found out you were taking a policy just because of that other thing I do, I'd be sore. Do you want one? Remember, it's important to keep these things separate."

"Then I don't think so," said Mr. Gordon. "I've got enough coverage for now."

"You don't," said Merz. "I'm going to keep hounding you until you buy more endowments. You don't have half enough and ought to be ashamed of yourself for carrying so little. But if you dare buy one because of that other arrangement we have, I'll kick you in the chops."

"I was wondering how often you come around," said Mr. Gordon. "That other thing really worked out. He's going to have a certain American Indian appeal and I don't think it'll bother him."

"I don't get into whether it'll bother him or not," said Merz. "All right then, you want Simms transferred and wall-to-wall carpeting, some of it covering the staircase to the second floor. This is going to make you laugh so you might as well get in the snickers right now. You get a wool or cotton option on the carpeting, any shade."

"That *is* funny," said Mr. Gordon. "Why do I want Simms transferred?"

"*I told you I wouldn't settle for any coy stuff!*" said Merz, rising in anger. He sat again, regaining his composure.

"Because we're neck and neck and because he has a slightly better personality and at one point or another will be quietly eased in as a senior executive, that's why," said Mr. Gordon.

"All right then," said Merz. "Now I want your Uncle Lester."

"What do you mean you *want* him?" asked Mr. Gordon. "Don't tell me because I know."

"That's right," said Merz, "he *goes*. Don't pin me down as to how, but I do know it won't be pretty."

"I didn't know that anyone had to *go*," said Gordon. "I thought what it would probably be is just *doing* things to people but not actually having them *go*. Anyway, it's amazing the way you work these things out. If you'd said Aunt Clara or Cousin Lars I'd have thrown you out of here. These people are old and beat up and I don't see them more than once in a blue moon, but when I hug them to me I get a feeling of kinship and camaraderie. I don't get that at all from Uncle Lester and don't like the way he smells. He works on those prescriptions twelve hours a day and I never did understand him. He's seventy-six or something and it won't be long now for him anyway. All right then, he goes, but it's amazing how you knew to say Uncle Lester and not Aunt Clara. I'd have fought the hell out of you on her."

"They're made up cleverly all right," said Merz, blowing his nose, "but I don't want to stay here and get friendly with you. All I really care about is that you buy more endowments, but purely on an insurance basis, and *not* because of this other arrangement of ours. Do you want cotton or wool carpeting?"

"Which do you think?" asked Mr. Gordon.

"If I was allowed to I'd kick your chops," said Mr. Merz angrily. "Don't ask me any idiotic things."

"All right then, wool," said Mr. Gordon. "Beige wool," and Merz flew out the door.

Within a week, a love affair between Simms and a bookkeeping girl came out in the open. The agency head called in Simms and said, "I don't care how creative you are, what you're doing is Hollywood and is a definite stink." Simms went to Dubuque, and Mr. Gordon sat back and waited to be told he'd been promoted and given an increase, one that worked out to $1437 a year, the exact amount he'd need for carpeting the downstairs and the steps.

No promotion came and at the end of a month Merz drove up at night in a truck, and put his foot in Mr. Gordon's door.

"I don't see why you have to go through this each time," said Mr. Gordon, holding the door.

"I don't ask you questions," said Merz, his nose red, finally elbowing his way in. "I brought the carpeting. There was no way to have it just *get* to you so we're just handing it over. That happens sometimes and this is the one receipt I'll need." Mr. Gordon signed a piece of paper and Merz said, "Caught you. I didn't really need a receipt for the carpeting. I told you there's no paper work on the bargains we make. What you just signed is for an endowment policy."

Merz left the carpeting on Mr. Gordon's porch and shot away.

Over the weekend, police caught Mr Gordon's Uncle Lester accepting a case of stolen and tainted penicillin. A grand jury hearing was scheduled, but later that week Uncle Lester, out on bail, drove to the state line, turned on Gabriel Heatter and shot himself in the temple, leaving a garbled note that said, roughly, "Middle-class embarrassment. Old enough. Bang bang with Heatter. Get it?" When Mr. Gordon read about the note, he told Mrs. Gordon, "It's odd I should get a feeling of camaraderie for Uncle Lester now — after reading the note. I never had one before."

A month later, Merz got Mr. Gordon into the Tall Hills Golf Club. The arrangement put Gordon's father-in-law in a new job, one that sent the elderly, nearsighted man driving along precipitous mountain passes in southern Wyoming selling educational training aids to out-of-the-way prisons and mental hospitals. The final deal shipped Mr. Gordon, his wife and one of the children off on a long-dreamed-of one-month vacation to Sark and gave Mr. Gordon's mother a permanent toe fungus, one that was relatively harmless but maddeningly irritating. Mr. Gordon could have gotten two months in Majorca but balked when Merz insisted he would have to "take" Mr. Gordon's mother. The Sark weather was bad, and the Gordons got back a few days early. On the night of their arrival, Mr. Gordon got a call from a sultry-voiced female who said, "This is to inform you that Mr. Merz is dead and won't be selling you any further endowments." The woman hung up, and Mr. Gordon, feeling a little bit alone, thought, "I wonder if this is all there is to it? Whether I get to go on as though nothing had ever happened?" Being a realistic thinker, Mr. Gordon could not figure out any reason why he should not go ahead and live his life as he had always lived it.

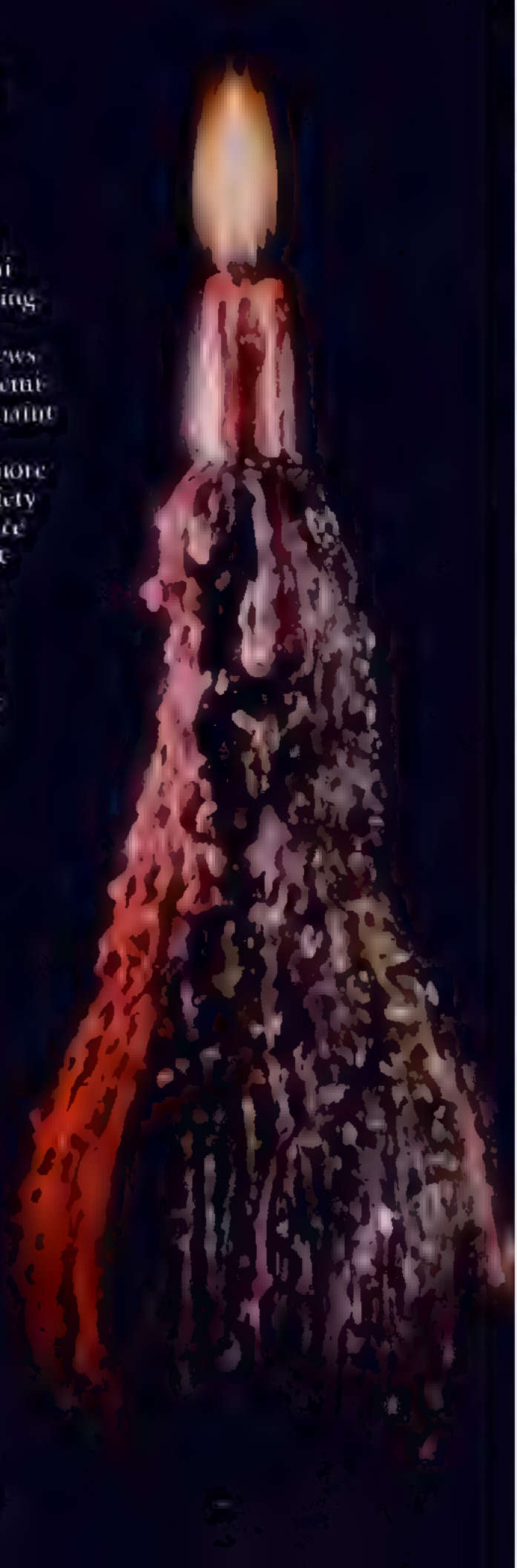
Several weeks later Mr. Gordon lost a cuff link and went into a charming little out-of-the-way boutique to replace it. The girl behind the counter had dark hair covering her shoulders, melting brown eyes and breasts that were impressive in that they were perfectly separated and elevated. She wore an intriguing scent and Mr. Gordon said, "You know, I came in here to buy cuff links, but your perfume is enchanting. You're damned appealing, too. What is it called?"

"Pizanie," the girl said, in a husky

(continued on page 118)

vast variety and feasting fun beckon from sunny italy

food By THOMAS MARIO



zitoni is the word for a certain kind of pasta, but that Italian word also means "bachelors." And zitoni is only one variety of pasta available to the questing bachelor chef.

Stars, shells, butterflies, bears, bow ties, corkscrews, turbans, parasols; rectangles, triangles, circles, semicircles, cones, cylinders—these are some of the quaint and kookie shapes in which pasta is sculpted.

The variety of appearance charms the eye, but is more than merely charming. It is symbolic of the variety of flavor and texture, the variety of dining experience lying dormant in that infinite riot of shapes, waiting for Mr. Right to release the pleasure potential.

As a concession to the American passion for doing things by the numbers, pasta makers in this country have conveniently given their legion of shapes and varieties convenient numerical designations. But a native Italian would balk at ordering "a pound of number eighteen," for he has come to know his pasta by a host of imaginative, descriptive and affectionate names like linguine or "little tongues," and other terms which mean, in translation, "wolves' eyes" and "ladies' legs" and even "the navel of Venus."

Historians have given up trying to trace the origin of pasta. You've probably heard that Marco Polo took spaghetti home to his native Italy from China. Maybe he did, but a pre-

THE PLEASURES OF PASTA

Polo *pasta* must have voted it to China first, because a spaghetti making machine has been found in the ruins of that ancient Italian city, Pompeii. As usual, legend has rushed in where fact has feared to tread. They'll tell you, for instance, that back in 1220 A.D. a wealthy Neapolitan bachelor named Ciclio secretly invented pasta in his attic and a neighbor wench known as Javanella stole the recipe and sold it to the king. Ciclio's home still stands in Naples and to this day, one may hear Javanella's shapely shade wailing as it stirs an eternal cauldron of spa-

ghetti that is literally hot as hell. That doughty Ribald Classicist, Giovanni Boccaccio, joined the ranks of the pasta mythmakers when, in the Eighth Day of his *Decameron*, he described a magic mountain where jolly types cooked macaroni all day long and the streams flowed red with vintage vino. He called the mountain Bengodi, which means "Enjoy yourself."

Amen to that, we say, because pasta is eminently enjoyable — as long as you don't take all the traditional folderol too seriously.

For instance, there's the hoary insistence that spaghetti sauces must be cooked and cooked and cooked to nurture the best flavor. Don't believe it; you can simmer them all day without improvement. A splendid sauce can be whipped up in twenty minutes.

You've undoubtedly been warned against breaking strands of spaghetti before casting them into the pot. We won't quarrel with that one, if you're dealing with the standard ten-inch kind or the ellipses, bows or other shapes. But if you're confronting spaghetti that's two feet long, don't wait for it to soften and nestle of its own accord; break it.

You've probably been told, too, that there's a special moment when pasta is done. There is such a time, when it's chewable — *al dente* — but not mushy. Disregard, however, the injunction that calls for pouring a cup of cold water into the pot to halt cooking. Instead, drain the pasta the instant it's done.

On the matter of sauce, follow the Italian bent and don't smother pasta with it. A modest amount — say a pint of sauce to four portions of pasta — is just right. In fact, some Italians don't complement their pasta with much more than freshly grated parmesan cheese and butter or olive oil, scented with garlic. They may add a few anchovies or mushrooms, and some prefer to top the pasta with some of the luscious fresh plum tomatoes, sautéed for a minute or two in oil. Instead of the conventional white or red clam sauce favored in this country, Italians will often serve small clams steamed open and arranged in a circle around the big hot mound of pasta.

Proper pasta cooking calls for a gallon of water and a tablespoon of salt for each pound of pasta. Use your deepest pot. Bring the water to a swirling boil; you can toss in a tablespoon or two of oil to keep the water from overflowing. Then, lower the pasta into the pot — all at once. Stir it vigorously, to eliminate clinging clumps.

Cooking time is marked on the pasta package. Two or three minutes before that time expires, test it by tasting it. When the small inner core of rawness disappears, drain the pasta well, tossing it into a colander until not a single drop of water can drip off. If you do this, you'll avoid that unlovely rim of watery liquid on the edge of your dinner plate. Once you've done the draining scene, flip the pasta back into the pot (which will still be hot). Add two or three tablespoons of butter or oil and stir gently. The latter ingredients will keep the pasta from sticking together and you'll be ready to serve at once on oven-warmed plates.

As for pasta-eating etiquette, you've got your choice of schools. One endorses spoon and fork; another deplores the spoon, preferring to twirl the pasta against the side of the dish. And others command more eccentric manners. We say taste outranks technique; select one that's right for *you*.

Many of the Italian rosé wines, robust and invigorating, are perfect for pasta. Satiny Italian Valpolicella is regally right, too. And for less formal pasta parties, the tart, earthy chianti — imported or domestic — will animate your meal.

TOMATO SAUCE FOR PASTA
(4 portions)

2 large cloves garlic
2 tablespoons olive oil
1-lb.-4-oz. can Italian plum tomatoes (with basil leaf)
6-oz. can tomato paste
2 teaspoons onion juice
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon oregano
⅛ teaspoon freshly ground pepper
2 tablespoons grated parmesan cheese

Smash the garlic with the flat side of a heavy knife. Remove garlic skin. In a heavy saucepan sauté the garlic in the olive oil, using a low flame. Sauté until the garlic turns brown. Remove garlic from oil. Put the tomatoes in an electric blender. Blend at high speed for 15 to 20 seconds. Add the tomatoes to the saucepan. Add all other ingredients. Simmer slowly for 15-20 minutes, stirring frequently.

SPAGHETTINI WITH CRABMEAT
(4 portions)

¾ lb. spaghettini
Special tomato sauce (recipe above)
1 lb. cooked fresh crabmeat (or use canned crabmeat)
2 tablespoons dry white wine
2 tablespoons finely chopped scallion

Carefully remove any pieces of shell or cartilage from crabmeat. Add crabmeat, white wine and scallion to the tomato sauce. Simmer 5 minutes. Cook spaghettini, following the directions on the package. Pour crabmeat sauce over pasta on dinner plates. Pass parmesan cheese at table.

SPAGHETTINI WITH LOBSTER
(4 portions)

¾ lb. spaghettini
Special tomato sauce (recipe above)
2 1-lb. boiled chicken lobsters
¼ lb. fresh mushrooms
2 tablespoons butter
¼ teaspoon tarragon
2 tablespoons brandy
2 tablespoons finely minced parsley

Wash and cut the mushrooms into thin slices. Sauté the mushrooms in the butter until tender. Remove the meat from the lobsters. Cut into ½-in thick dice. Combine tomato sauce, lobster meat, mushrooms, tarragon, brandy and parsley. Simmer slowly about 5 minutes. Prepare the spaghettini, following the directions on the package. Pour lobster sauce over spaghettini on dinner plates. Pass parmesan cheese at table.

LINGUINE WITH CLAMS
(4 portions)

¾ lb. linguine (flat spaghetti)
36 little-neck clams
4 medium-size fresh tomatoes
4 large cloves garlic
¼ cup olive oil
1 medium-size onion, diced
1 green pepper, diced
¼ lb. fresh mushrooms, sliced thin
3 tablespoons minced fresh parsley
Salt, pepper

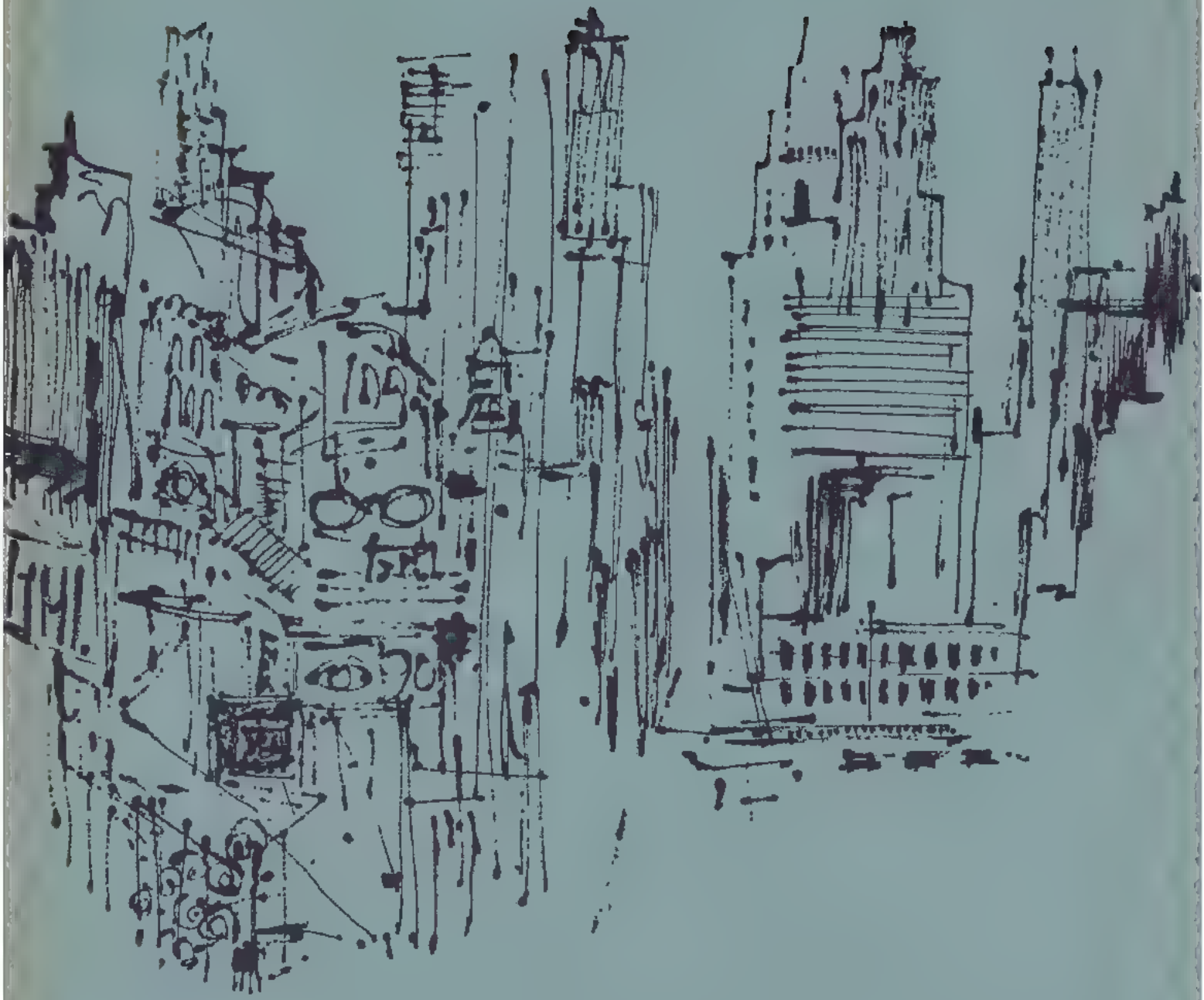
Wash the clams very well under cold running water. Place them in a large pot with 1 pint cold water. Cover the pot and bring water to a boil. Remove clams from fire as soon as shells open. When clams are cool enough to handle, remove meat from shells and set it aside. (Clam broth remaining in pot may be used for another purpose.) Bring 1 quart water in a saucepan to a rapid boil. Lower the tomatoes into the boiling water for 20 seconds. Remove tomatoes, and immediately rinse in cold water. With a paring knife remove skin and stem ends. Cut the tomatoes in half. Gently squeeze out seeds and excess juice. Cut the tomatoes into small dice. Smash the garlic with the flat side of a heavy knife. Remove garlic skins. Heat the oil and garlic in a heavy saucepan until garlic turns brown. Remove garlic from oil. Add the onion, green pepper and mushrooms to the pan. Sauté slowly until onion turns yellow. Add parsley and tomatoes. Simmer slowly 2 or 3 minutes longer. Add salt and pepper to taste. Boil the linguine until just tender. Drain the linguine, then return it to the pot and add the tomato mixture and the clams. Stir well. This dish is usually eaten without parmesan cheese.

TAGLIATELLE WITH FRIED RICOTTA
(4 portions)

(Tagliatelle is the Italian name for noodles. They may be the regular yellow egg noodles or the green type which are made with spinach.)

(continued on page 132)

SIX NEW
POEMS
AND A
PARABLE
BY CARL SANDBURG



SKYSCRAPERS STAND PROUD

The skyscrapers stand proud.
They seem to say they have
sought the absolute
and made it their own.
Yet they are blameless, innocent
as dumb steel and the dumber
concrete of their bastions.
"Man made us," they murmur, "We are
proud only as man is proud and we
have no more found the absolute
than has man."

LOVE IS A DEEP AND A DARK AND A LONELY

love is a deep and a dark and a lonely
and you take it deep take it dark
and take it with a lonely winding
and when the winding gets too lonely
then may come the windflowers
and the breath of wind over many flowers
winding its way out of many lonely flowers
waiting in rainleaf whispers
waiting in dry stalks of noon
wanting in a music of windbreaths
so you can take love as it comes keening
as it comes with a voice and a face
and you make a talk of it
talking to yourself a talk worth keeping
and you put it away for a keen keeping
and you find it to be a hoarding
and you give it away and yet it stays hoarded

like a book read over and over again
like one book being a long row of books
like leaves of windflowers bending low
and bending to be never broken

IF YOU HATE A MAN

If you hate a man let him live.
You may live to see him suffer.
He may live to see you suffer
Or in the slow sliding away of days
    you might both forget each other.

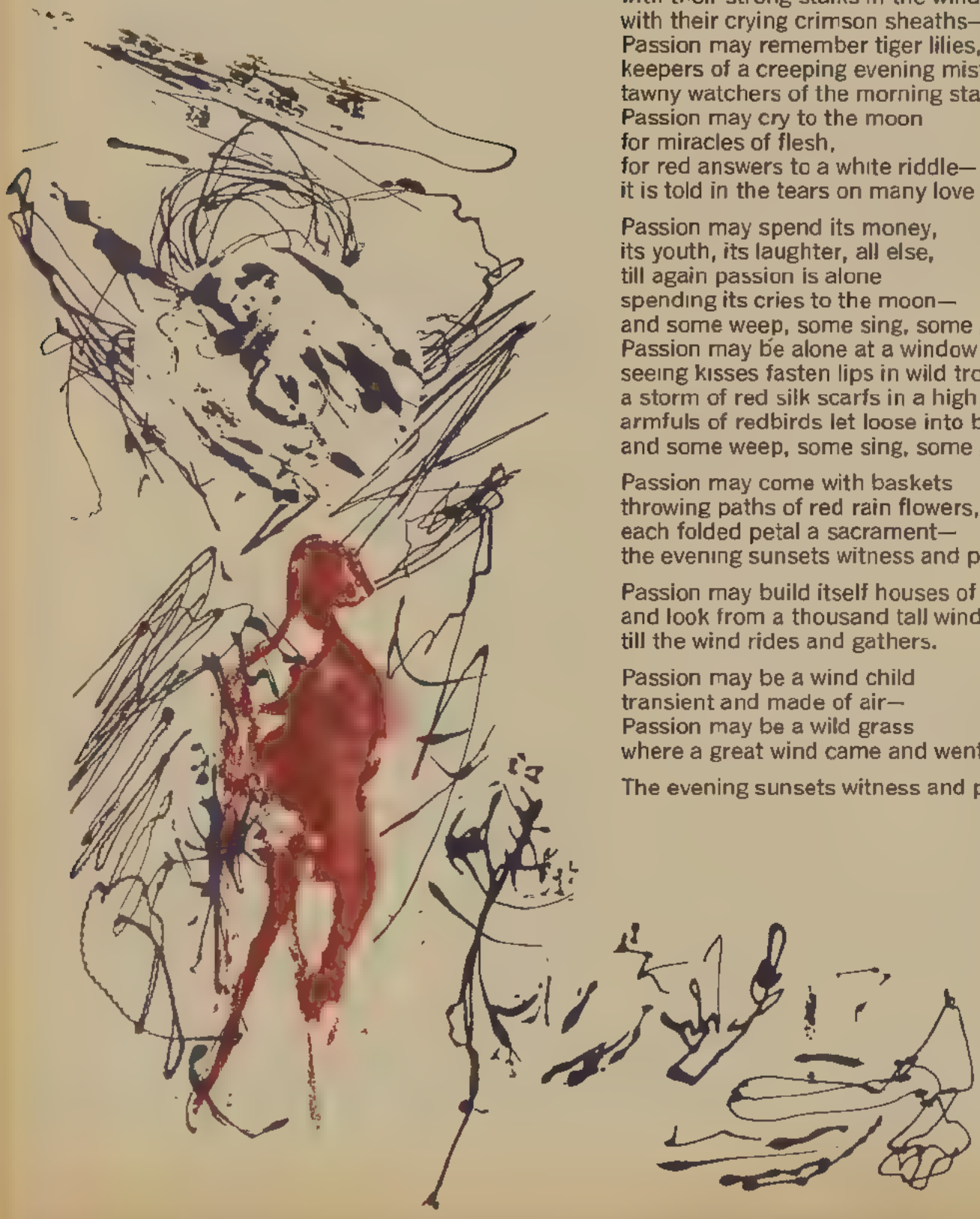
If you hate a man and you kill him
he will forget you and haunt you
unless you are poor at remembering.

If you hate a man and he kills you
at the same time you kill him
then the score is nothing to nothing.

        When death comes
one little room can hold
        the big dome of the sky
and the ocean looks easy to wade in.

DRAWINGS BY MISCH KOHN

THE EVENING SUNSETS WITNESS AND PASS ON



Passion may call for a partner
to share the music of its bones,
to weave shadows, rain, moonshine, dreams—
Passion may hammer on hard door panels,
empty a hot vocabulary of wanting, wanting—
it is all there in the fragments of Sappho.

Passion may consider poppies cheap
with their strong stalks in the wind,
with their crying crimson sheaths—
Passion may remember tiger lilies,
keepers of a creeping evening mist,
tawny watchers of the morning stars—
Passion may cry to the moon
for miracles of flesh,
for red answers to a white riddle—
it is told in the tears on many love letters.

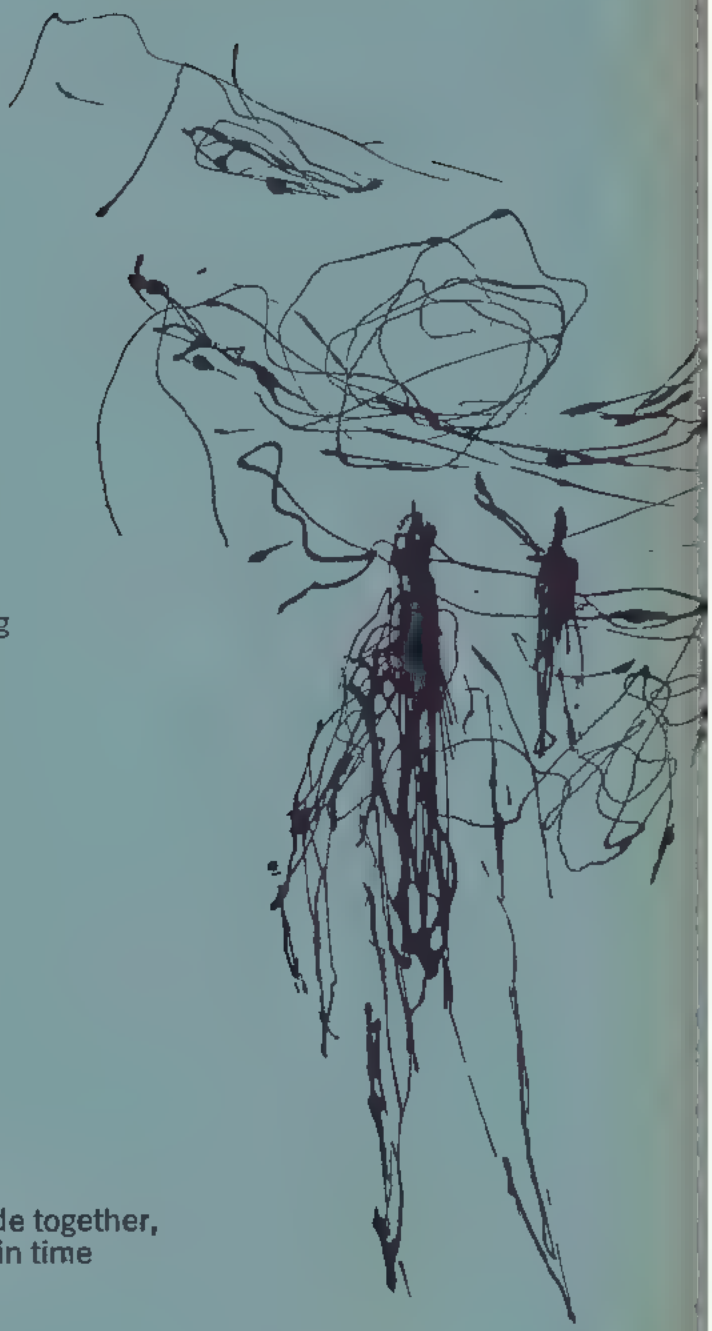
Passion may spend its money,
its youth, its laughter, all else,
till again passion is alone
spending its cries to the moon—
and some weep, some sing, some go to war.
Passion may be alone at a window
seeing kisses fasten lips in wild troths,
a storm of red silk scarfs in a high wind,
armfuls of redbirds let loose into bush and sky—
and some weep, some sing, some go to war.

Passion may come with baskets
throwing paths of red rain flowers,
each folded petal a sacrament—
the evening sunsets witness and pass on.

Passion may build itself houses of air
and look from a thousand tall windows—
till the wind rides and gathers.

Passion may be a wind child
transient and made of air—
Passion may be a wild grass
where a great wind came and went.

The evening sunsets witness and pass on.



HIGH MOMENTS

Keep this flower to remember me by.
So she told him, just to be telling.
Keep this, remember me, remember.
Fold this flower where you never forget.
Put me by where time no longer counts.
Then come back to a sure remembering.

Night itself, night is one long dark flower.
She said night knows deep rememberings,
All flowers being some kind of remembering
And night itself folds up like
many smooth dark flowers.

Find me like the night finds.
She measured herself so.
Keep me like the night keeps
For I have night deeps in me.

Flesh is a doom and a prison.
Flesh jails those only flesh.
Air speaks nevertheless,
spray, fire, air,
thin voices beyond capture
save only in remembering
the luster of lost stars,
the reach for a wafer of moon.

Let us talk it over long
and wear cream gold buttons
and be proud we have anger and pride together,
remembering high loveliness hovers in time
and is made of passing moments.

I have kept high moments.
They go round and round in me.

FATHOM THIS MURDER, SIR*

There is
the Authoritative Instant.
There is
the Moment of Freedom.
They are always killing each other.

*This is the gist and essence of a talk with my Quaker friend Lloyd Lewis: I know what it means but I can't explain it.

POETRY AND LIBERTY

A poet from Omaha, Nebraska—or it may have been Pawhuska, Oklahoma—arrived in Washington, D.C., on the Potomac, sent for the AP, UPI, Reuter's, Tass, and gave them a statement startling in its implications:

Poetry is dead? Yes, quite so.
Either so—or poetry is dying.
Take it from there on.
Always poetry dies and returns.
And along with poetry liberty is dying.
These two always die together.
Born into life by like seeds
They keep alive by like struggles.
Is freedom a corpse now?
So we hear.
And is freedom dying, always dying,
and from its death returning, returning?
Always there are poets so saying,
Yes, so saying.
And you can take it from there on.

"We didn't come for a trial balloon," the reporters laughed. "You being a poet we expected something off the beam, a little screwy, bats in the belfry—you know." And the poet from Omaha (or was it Pawhuska?) pulled a statement he had held out on them. From beginning to end it read:

In both the light and heavy commodities market poetry prices have undergone a recession because of insufficient attention to the immediate requirements from day to day of the consumer demand. Our newly organized corporation, Amalgamated Poetry Associates, Inc., proposes for all retail establishments daily truck deliveries of fresh poetry packed in bright new cans with a money-back guarantee of satisfaction.

We are also installing a rapid delivery service daily of freedom in sealed tins, airtight and secure against any changes of weather, though for the benefit of such consumers as desire liberty in kegs, salted by the old fashioned fishermen's process, there will also be a complete accommodation. On the poetry cans we shall employ the slogan, "The customer is always right," while the motto emblazoned on the freedom tins and the liberty kegs will read, "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty caveat emptor."

By these modernized distribution methods we propose nothing less than to make the country poetry conscious and liberty awakened. The market will be stabilized through the consumer demand which will continue to insist on poetry—and liberty—as part of the daily regime. There will be no neglect of the psychological factor of buying habits in the national households. The effect on the small fry wholesalers who have hitherto controlled, if not dominated, the market, will be distinct and effective. The gluts of poetry car loadings which have occasionally embarrassed both producers and distributors, will be a thing of the past. The quality of poetry packs in the bright new cans will, we believe, prove an irresistible element mitigating consumer resistance. Our widespread and unified sales campaign in behalf of the freedom tins and liberty kegs will, we venture to predict, result in millions of consumers inquiring of each other, "Isn't it wonderful how liberty keeps so fresh and tasty, so crisp and wholesome, in those kegs?" or "How was your freedom today?"

Finally, the reports from our research divisions indicate undeniably that our poetry production department will be one of the marvels of the age, and an industry, hitherto characterized as one of the sweated trades, its exploitation conducted amid pauperizing conditions, will take its rightful place among the recognized institutions modernized in The American Way.

And this? This was rushed to the wires. This won front page streamers. On the air the commentators ate it up. On the stock market selling was brisk at the opening and the day's total revealed an unprecedented volume of Amalgamated Poetry Associates, Inc., unloaded. Prices at first naturally rocketed and later steadied down to a rise maintained by a substantial demand.

The poet from Omaha (or was it Pawhuska?) stood alone and meditated, "What this country needs is a good five cent poem," and "It would be nice if the poets could unscrew the inscrutable." Wrenching himself loose from this mood of persiflage and how-come-you-so, he mumbled from his first trial balloon:

And is freedom dying, always dying,
and from its death returning, returning?
Always there are poets so saying,
Yes, so saying.
And you can take it from there on.

it's mightier than the ballpoint

nostalgia **By GEORGE CLAYTON JOHNSON**

TAKE PEN IN HAND

THOUGH IT IS STILL SOLD in most department and drug stores for prices ranging from a modest fifty cents to a staggering $250, the fountain pen has been replaced as a common writing instrument by the ubiquitous ballpoint.

The ballpoint is a wonder of the age. It is efficient, inexpensive, easy to obtain, and nothing has ever existed that is better for filling out documents with carbons attached. It writes under water, under pressurization, and on top of Scotch tape and the seventy-cent spread. It will even write on paper, more often than not, but despite its near-perfection it is unloved. Like the little folded sheets of glossy tissue one finds in service-station rest rooms, it is accepted and used by almost everyone, but in very few hearts has it inspired genuine affection.

Why should this be? Because the ballpoint is merely a writing instrument and the fountain pen is a great deal more than a writing instrument: it is a means of expressing individuality; it is also a symbol of rank. Today we do not think much of the individual and we dismiss the concept of rank. Taking those lines in the Constitution more literally than the good gray authors of that document ever intended us to do, we appear to have resolved not only that all men are created equal but that they stay that way.

The nature of the ballpoint's principle (a steel ball rotates through a reservoir of special ink and thereby transfers a specific amount of ink from reservoir to paper as it is rolled on) guarantees that a line drawn by one man will have the same thickness and depth as that drawn by another, though one be a clerk and the other a king.

An object that has no personality of its own and that is incapable of taking on the personality of its owner inspires little pride of ownership, and thereby, little love or affection. Consequently, one is not overly dismayed at having some light-fingered passerby make off with his ballpoint (though why anyone should want to lift a ballpoint is a mystery). The victim knows perfectly well that he can get another at the nearest dime store for very little money that will be so like his vanished pen that he will be unable to tell the difference between them. Even a pencil has more personality.

It is difficult to imagine a poem, play or novel of enduring worth being composed with a ballpoint pen. In fact, it is a testament to the low regard we have for the ballpoint that the same principle used in its design was adopted by the manufacturers of deodorants for statues.

The fountain pen, on the other hand, is a direct descendant of the noble quill, the dashing image of which persists today in the very word "pen" (from the Latin *penna*, "feather") and in such terms as *nom de plume*. There is something about *nom de ballpoint* that just does not fill the bill. Until a generation ago, manuscripts or letters could be works of art. There is a name for that art, calligraphy, but it is among the lost arts. You didn't just pick up a new fountain pen and use it. You *learned* it, as you would learn a difficult musical instrument; and when you were proficient enough to extract its greatest potential, you felt you had accomplished something important. In most primary schools, penmanship is no longer being taught. With everybody using ballpoints, the best one can hope for is legibility—grace and character are out of the question, and art is quite impossible to achieve.

So is versatility. No ballpoint has ever been a fraction as versatile as a good, well-trained, properly treated fountain pen. Even an *im*properly treated fountain pen had it over the ballpoint because character could be achieved in the script through the gradual accretion of paper fibers, fuzz and other debris in the pen's tip. With care, your pen could last a lifetime. As your personality changed, you could express this process by purchasing different sized nibs or points. *Bold:* a broad nib or stub. *Put upon by the world:* a fine nib. *Conformist:* a medium nib.

If the pen broke, you sent it to the factory or to a local man for delicate repairs. One never seriously considered abandoning an expensive fountain pen because it had stopped writing. This is not true of the ballpoint. It is an item to be used, abused and tossed aside. Many ballpoints are unrefillable and are destined for the trash can from the moment of their manufacture.

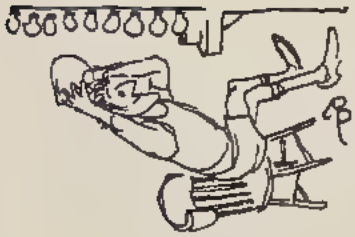
The filling of fountain pens was usually an adventure. You had to know exactly how hard to squeeze the little rubber bladder or how fast to pry out the device that would do the bladder-squeezing for you. The term "fountain pen" is descriptive of what could happen if you miscalculated. It would become a fountain indeed, geysering jets of jet-black ink permanently onto your newest palm beach suit.

With the ballpoint, there is no adventure. While you wait to be reminded to buy a refill, it manages to find a hiding place in the bottom of a drawer somewhere, and rather than look for it, you buy another. In that rare instance when you do have a refill handy, it is an absurdly dull and simple business to install, and by doing so you have changed the point as well as the ink supply.

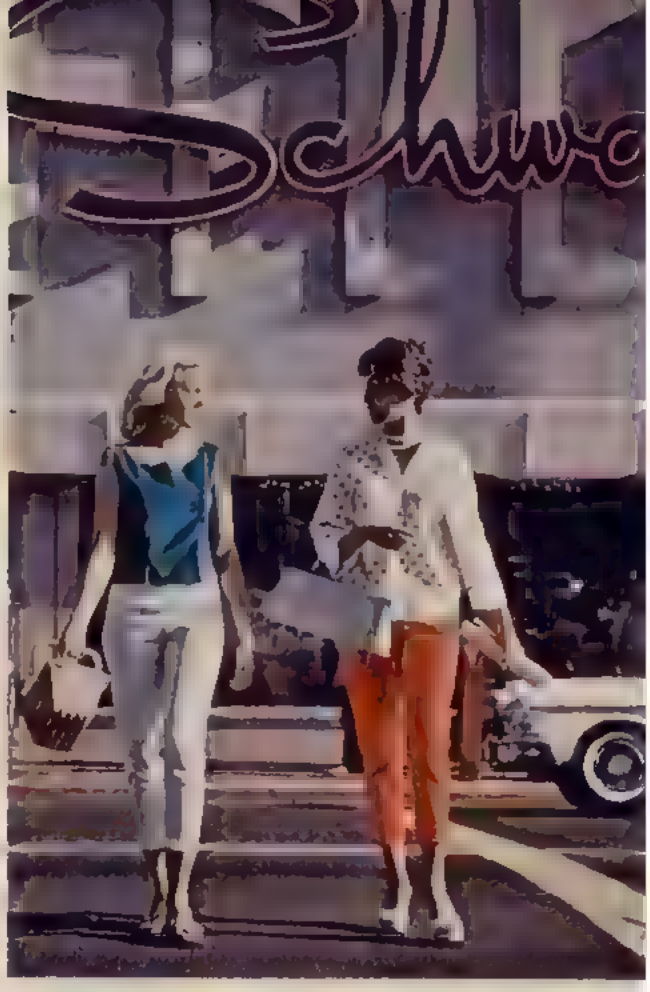
This would never do with the fountain pen. We were told that the fountain pen had a special point made of cosmium, platinum, gold, iridium or some other rare and precious metal. The tip was soft and would shape itself to the writing habits of the hand that used it. We learned that once this transformation had been wrought, no other person should be allowed to use it. By holding the pen at a different inclination or by pressing with a different weight, another person could ruin the point for our further use.

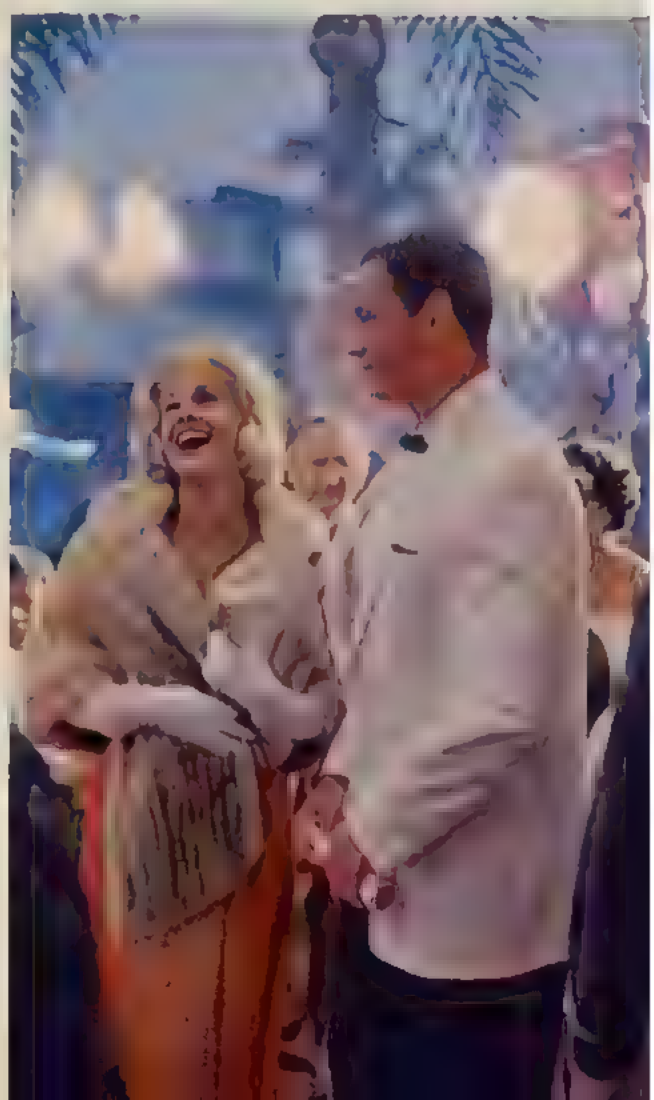
Perhaps this was not true, or perhaps it was only partially true. In any event, the notion served a valuable function. It gave us a sense of identification with the fountain pen and helped make it an extension of ourselves. We who believed it, who looked with suspicion at anyone who would suggest borrowing our fountain pen, were rewarded in a special fashion when we touched the pen to paper to sign our names. We put a little bit of ourselves on the paper and when we looked at what we had written we knew, as John Hancock knew, that *there* was a signature!

THE CHARACTER ACTOR



Below: Sweden's Ingrid Goude (left) rehearses with Carol Morris, Miss Universe of 1957. Right: attired in Hollywood fashion, dancer Alicia Mowot and singer Sally Grajedo leave Schwab's after sipping an afternoon Coke. Below, right: dressed to the nines, Alabama-born TV actress Asa Maynor attends movie premiere with date provided by studio.





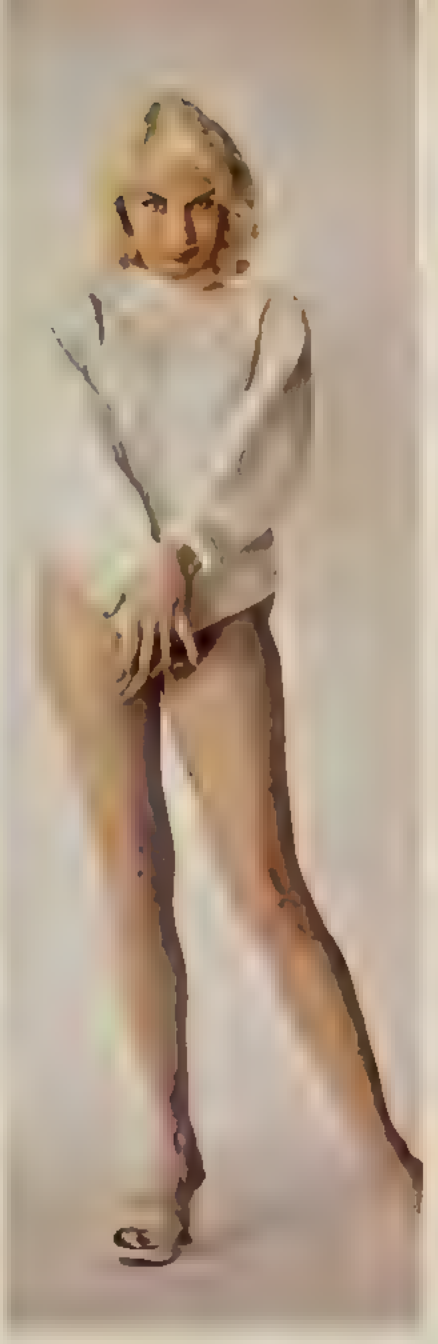
pictorial essay

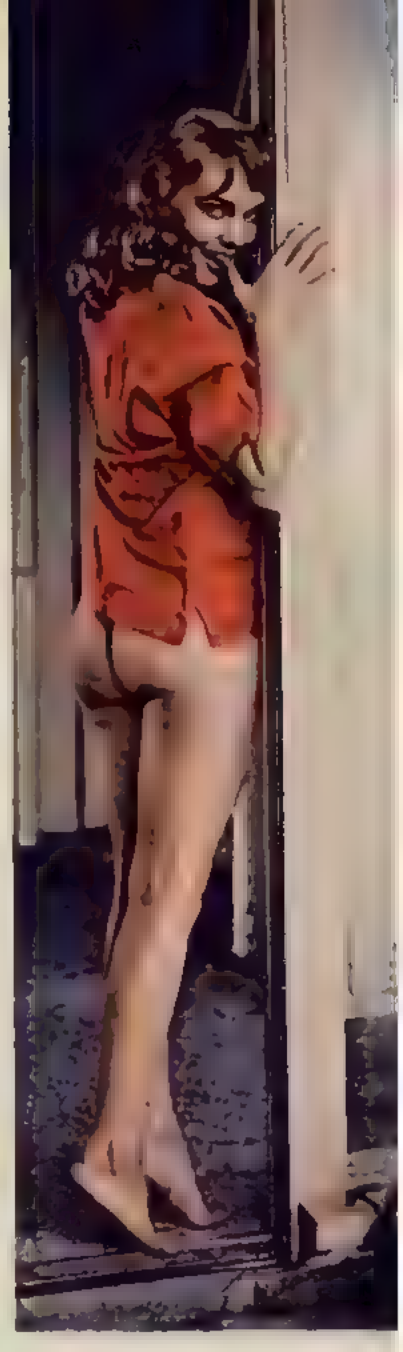
THE GIRLS OF HOLLYWOOD

those glamorous lasses and bless-'em-all chicks make flick city the mecca of beauty

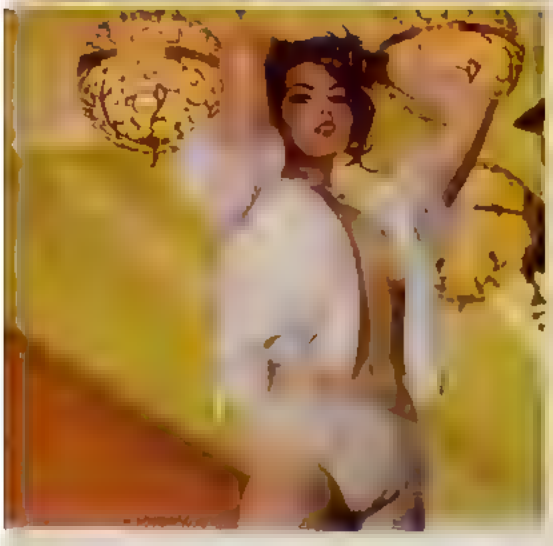
LIKE A GIANT, MYSTIC MAGNET projecting its lines of force over the earth, that sun-kissed strip of California coast known as Hollywood draws unto itself the most beautiful girls in the world. The statement is a cliché; it has become so because it is simple truth. The resultant concentration of pulchritude is unmatched, anywhere, in terms of quality, variety and sheer number — and in the ratio of girls to men, which is a gratifying three to one.

From the chic bungalows of Malibu to the artfully meandering mansions in the hills above Sunset Strip, from the glass-and-steel apartments of northwest Hollywood to the Spanish stucco hideaways in the

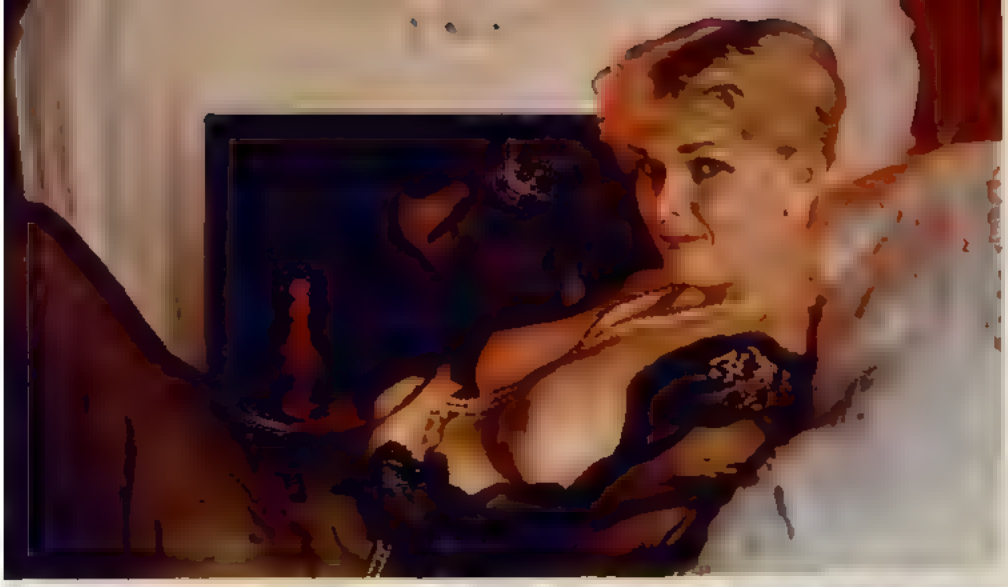




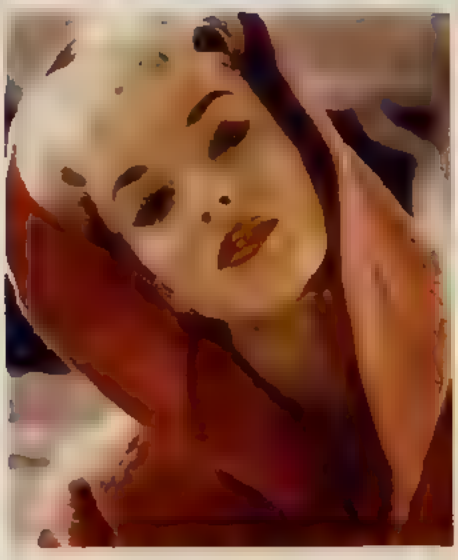
Top, l to r: Vonne Lester takes a sports-car spin after filming a *Richard Diamond* TV episode. Secretary-turned-actress Betty McGowan is active in TV and films, has appeared on the Steve Allen show. Dancer Shiri Everett, from Nichols, N.Y., is new to Hollywood. Bottom, l to r: Las Vegas-born Abby Dalton appears in TV's *Hennessy* series. Pert Susan Weld is a Los Angeles native and a USC student. Evy Norlund is a former Miss Denmark.

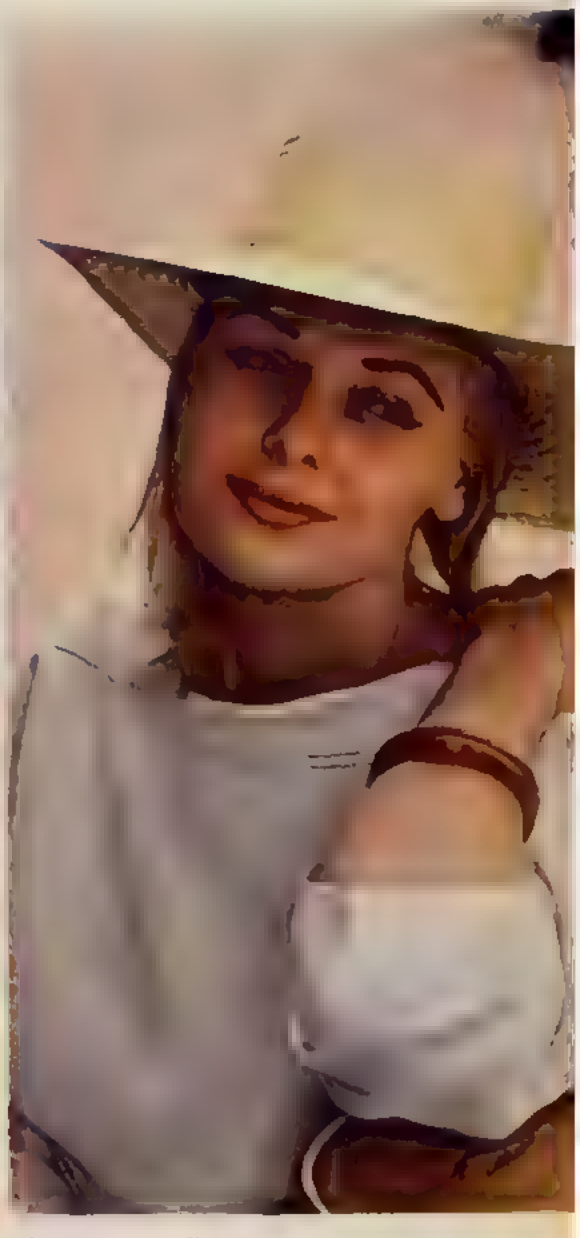


Beatniks are active on the Hollywood scene. Top left: a teenage member of the brigade, Tuesday Weld, first attracted attention in *Rally Round the Flag, Boys,* then went on to cop a feature role in *The Five Pennies* and a regular spot on TV in *The Many Loves of Dobie Gillis.* Now earning top dollar, Tuesday co-stars with Der Bingle and Fabian in her latest movie, *High Time.* Clockwise from Miss Weld: Maggie Ryan, actress hopeful recently named Queen of the Coffeehouses. Ann Atmar, a native Californian, devotes most of her time to pursuing the muses of acting and dancing. Dion Garrett, when she isn't relaxing around her apartment in lacy panties, spends her off-hours cavorting around Venice West's beatnik hangouts.

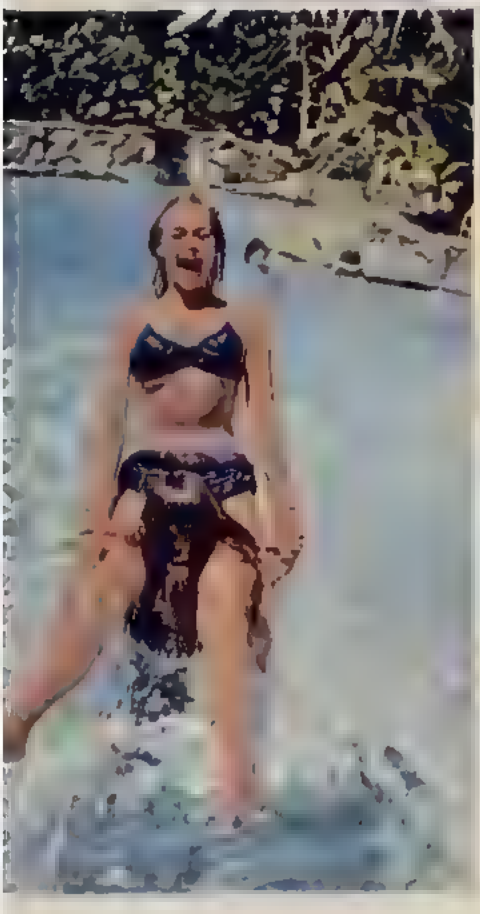


lush canyons, from street to street and shop to shop and pool to pool, beauty is basic, beauty is everywhere. The girls of Hollywood—glamorous, vigorous, healthy, young, eager and adventurous—number few who are native born, but the stamp of the place is soon on them after they arrive. This does not refer to their appearance: most of them strive to make the most of their individual best qualities. It does refer to their way of life, for whatever their origins, the odds are ten thousand to one that each of these lovely lasses has come to Hollywood alone, is in hopes of a film or TV career, must compete with her sister

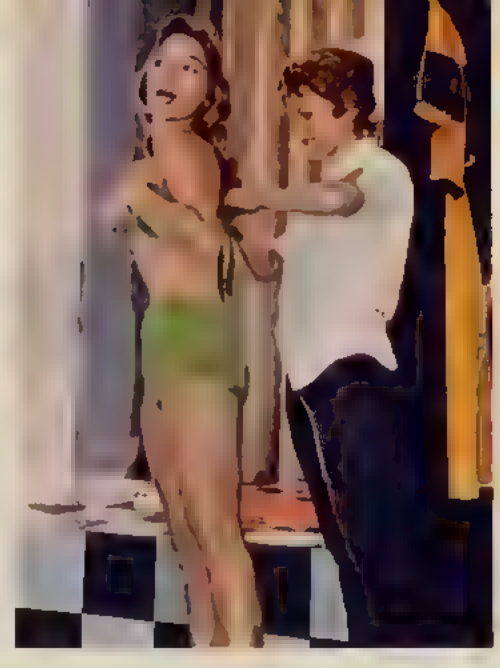




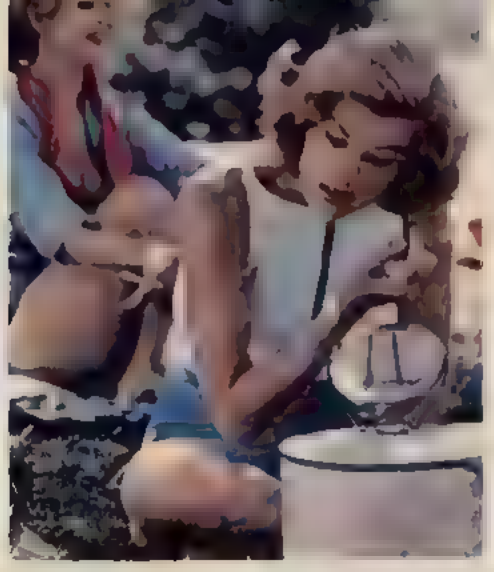
The elegant element of Hollywood is typified by pearl-fondling Sunny Dean, a pop vocalist from Kansas City, who luxuriates amid the white-on-white opulence of a bygone era. Fur-swathed Yvette Mimieux attends posh Deb Star Ball, sponsored by local hairdressers and make-up men. Hooded Venetia Stevenson plays female lead in *Studs Lonigan*. Long-tressed Frances McHale was a Dogpatch cutie in *Li'l Abner*, while straw-hatted Margo Moore livened up the filmic goings-on in *Hound Dog Man*.



Life in Hollywood includes plenty of sunning and swimming, in the ocean and back-yard pools, in brief bathing suits and sometimes less. Directly above: native Donna Brooks frolics in the cool waters, supports dancer-singer Caren Griffin and stands relaxed poolside. This dear Miss Brooks, California's entry in the 1958 Miss Universe pageant, has been on TV's *Have Gun, Will Travel*. In panel at right: Delilah Dane (top) soaks up the sun while dunking her pretty bottom; a former law student turned hopeful actress, she flies gliders and raises Afghan hounds for kicks. Peggy Jacobson (center and bottom) is a fresh-faced miss devoted to skiing and surfboarding, laughs at Deanne Wachter being borne to the surf on a lucky guy's shoulder; Deanne's an art major at USC.



The girls of Hollywood have a refreshingly Continental attitude toward nude and semi-nude mixed swimming. Above: poolside fun at a party thrown by a model agency finds topless Buni Bacon getting the heave-ho, while equally unencumbered Darryl Keene approves from the water. At right: Helene Robertson tries on a suit at a smart Hollywood sport shop, Jax. Below: Miss Melody Ward lolls and looks lovely in the altogether.

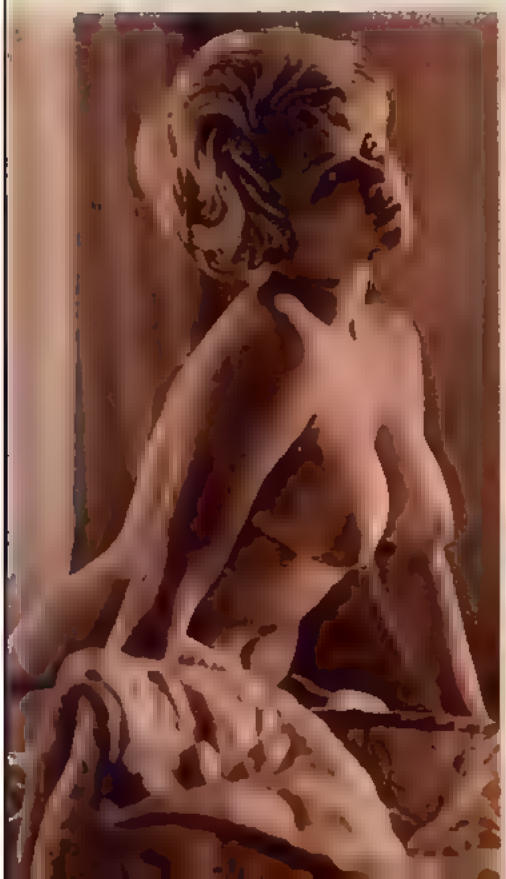


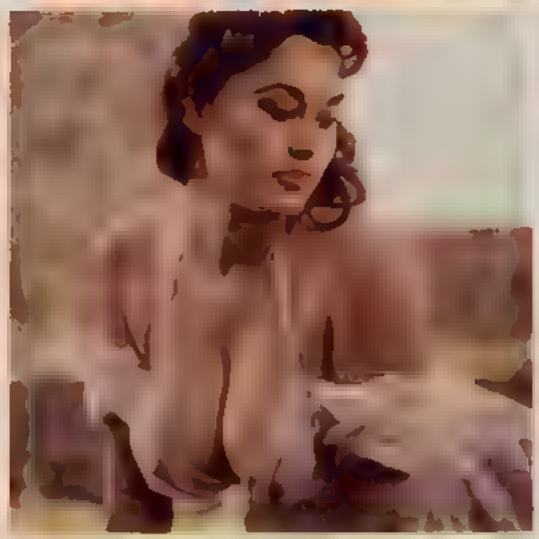
aspirants for attention—and must find some way to subsist until the ever-beckoning big break comes along. Inevitably, a pattern of life takes hold.

By day, they work as hat-check girls at Ciro's, or as waitresses at Schwab's (not forgetting that Lana Turner followed her sweater-sheathed bosom from a soda fountain to the champagne fountains of Beverly Hills), or they pose for photographers (remembering that M M. made the grade in just one calendar year). They are barmaids, manicurists, beauticians, part-time students at UCLA or a drama school, models, extras, hostesses, secretaries, cigarette girls, receptionists, car hops, script girls, you name it. And all are beautiful Even the pros of the

(concluded on page 108)

Top, l to r: actresses Cindy Gray and Barbara Gates chat over sodas. Carolyn Greene is an art student. Janet Lake (right) tidies her make-up while picnicking with a former Miss Oklahoma, Mariellen Smith. Style-conscious Hollywood girls dress to please men, not high fashion dictates. Left: another picnicker, Gloria Tennes, is a jazz harpist. Below, l to r: L.A. showgirl Terri Higgins relaxes undraped in her pad. Negligee-clad Donalda Jordan is content to be a secretary. Sports-car buff Maureen Dawson, L.A.-born, Florida-educated, came home to nurture an acting career. Glamorizing a familiar corner, June "The Bosom" Wilkinson was drawn to Hollywood from England, became a fast favorite with PLAYBOY readers. At right: another favorite featured before in these pages, Tina Louise, proof positive, if further proof be needed, that Hollywood remains the mecca of beautiful women.





THE 1961 PLAYBOY JAZZ POLL

CUT ALONG THIS LINE

LEADER

(Please check one.)

- ☐ Manny Albam
- ☐ Ray Anthony
- ☐ Count Basie
- ☐ Buddy Bregman
- ☐ Les Brown
- ☐ Ray Conniff
- ☐ Les Elgart
- ☐ Duke Ellington
- ☐ Gil Evans
- ☐ Maynard Ferguson
- ☐ Terry Gibbs
- ☐ Dizzy Gillespie
- ☐ Benny Goodman
- ☐ Lionel Hampton
- ☐ Ted Heath
- ☐ Woody Herman
- ☐ Harry James
- ☐ Quincy Jones
- ☐ Stan Kenton
- ☐ Michel LeGrand
- ☐ Henry Mancini
- ☐ Billy May
- ☐ Ray McKinley
- ☐ Gerry Mulligan
- ☐ Herb Pomeroy
- ☐ Johnny Richards
- ☐ Nelson Riddle
- ☐ Shorty Rogers
- ☐ Pete Rugolo
- ☐ Bill Russo
- ☐ _____

TRUMPET

(Please check four.)

- ☐ Nat Adderley
- ☐ Red Allen
- ☐ Cat Anderson
- ☐ Ray Anthony
- ☐ Louis Armstrong
- ☐ Frank Assunto
- ☐ Chet Baker
- ☐ Shorty Baker
- ☐ Ruby Braff
- ☐ Billy Butterfield
- ☐ Donald Byrd
- ☐ Conte Candoli
- ☐ Pete Candoli
- ☐ Don Cherry
- ☐ Buck Clayton
- ☐ Miles Davis
- ☐ Wild Bill Davison
- ☐ Sidney De Paris
- ☐ Kenny Dotham
- ☐ Harry Edison
- ☐ Roy Eldridge
- ☐ Don Fagerquist
- ☐ Art Farmer
- ☐ Maynard Ferguson
- ☐ Dizzy Gillespie
- ☐ Joe Gordon
- ☐ Bobby Hackett
- ☐ Al Hirt
- ☐ Harry James
- ☐ Jonah Jones
- ☐ Thad Jones
- ☐ Jimmy McPartland
- ☐ Blue Mitchell
- ☐ Lee Morgan
- ☐ Ray Nance
- ☐ Joe Newman
- ☐ Red Nichols
- ☐ Shorty Rogers
- ☐ Bob Scobey
- ☐ Charlie Shavers
- ☐ Jack Sheldon
- ☐ Muggsy Spanier
- ☐ Rex Stewart
- ☐ Clark Terry
- ☐ Joe Wilder
- ☐ _____
- ☐ _____
- ☐ _____
- ☐ _____

TROMBONE

(Please check four.)

- ☐ Fred Assunto
- ☐ Milt Bernhart
- ☐ Eddie Bert
- ☐ Bob Brookmeyer
- ☐ Lawrence Brown
- ☐ Georg Brunis
- ☐ Bobby Burgess
- ☐ Jimmy Cleveland
- ☐ Willie Dennis
- ☐ Wilbur De Paris
- ☐ Vic Dickenson
- ☐ Bob Enevoldsen
- ☐ Carl Fontana
- ☐ Curtis Fuller
- ☐ Tyree Glenn
- ☐ Al Gray
- ☐ Benny Green
- ☐ Urbie Green
- ☐ Slide Hampton
- ☐ Herbie Harper
- ☐ Bill Harris
- ☐ J. C. Higginbotham
- ☐ Quentin Jackson
- ☐ Conrad Janis
- ☐ J. J. Johnson
- ☐ Jimmy Knepper
- ☐ Kent Larsen
- ☐ Abe Lincoln
- ☐ Melba Liston
- ☐ Don Lusher
- ☐ Murray McEachern
- ☐ Lou McGarity
- ☐ Buddy Morrow
- ☐ Turk Murphy
- ☐ Kid Ory
- ☐ Tommy Pederson
- ☐ Benny Powell
- ☐ Julian Priester
- ☐ Frank Rehak
- ☐ Frank Rosolino
- ☐ Jack Teagarden
- ☐ Dickie Wells
- ☐ Kai Winding
- ☐ Britt Woodman
- ☐ Trummy Young
- ☐ _____
- ☐ _____
- ☐ _____
- ☐ _____

ALTO SAX

(Please check two.)

- ☐ Cannonball Adderley
- ☐ Al Belletto
- ☐ Earl Bostic
- ☐ Pete Brown
- ☐ Benny Carter
- ☐ Ornette Coleman
- ☐ Paul Desmond
- ☐ Eric Dolphy
- ☐ Lou Donaldson
- ☐ Herb Geller
- ☐ Gigi Gryce
- ☐ Johnny Hodges
- ☐ Lee Konitz
- ☐ John La Porta
- ☐ Charlie Mariano
- ☐ Hal McKusick
- ☐ Jackie McLean
- ☐ James Moody
- ☐ Lennie Niehaus
- ☐ Art Pepper
- ☐ Gene Quill
- ☐ Jerome Richardson
- ☐ Bud Shank
- ☐ Hymie Shertzer
- ☐ Zoot Sims
- ☐ Willie Smith
- ☐ Sonny Stitt
- ☐ Frank Strozier
- ☐ Phil Woods
- ☐ _____
- ☐ _____

TENOR SAX

(Please check two.)

- ☐ Gene Ammons
- ☐ Georgie Auld
- ☐ Don Byas
- ☐ Al Cohn
- ☐ John Coltrane
- ☐ Bob Cooper
- ☐ Teddy Edwards
- ☐ Frank Foster
- ☐ Bud Freeman
- ☐ Stan Getz
- ☐ Jimmy Giuffre
- ☐ Benny Golson
- ☐ Paul Gonsalves
- ☐ John Griffin
- ☐ Coleman Hawkins
- ☐ Jimmy Heath
- ☐ Bill Holman
- ☐ Illinois Jacquet
- ☐ Bobby Jaspar
- ☐ Richie Kamuca
- ☐ Yusef Lateef
- ☐ Warne Marsh
- ☐ Eddie Miller
- ☐ Hank Mobley
- ☐ Jack Montrose
- ☐ James Moody
- ☐ Vido Musso
- ☐ Dave Pell
- ☐ Bill Perkins
- ☐ Flip Phillips
- ☐ Paul Quinichette
- ☐ Sonny Rollins
- ☐ Zoot Sims
- ☐ Sonny Stitt
- ☐ Buddy Tate
- ☐ Sam Taylor
- ☐ Lucky Thompson
- ☐ Charlie Ventura
- ☐ Ben Webster
- ☐ Frank Wess
- ☐ _____
- ☐ _____

BARITONE SAX

(Please check one.)

- ☐ Pepper Adams
- ☐ Ernie Caceres
- ☐ Harry Carney
- ☐ Al Cohn
- ☐ Charles Fowlkes
- ☐ Jimmy Giuffre
- ☐ Lars Gullin
- ☐ Gerry Mulligan
- ☐ Pat Patricks
- ☐ Cecil Payne
- ☐ Ronnie Ross
- ☐ Tony Scott
- ☐ Bud Shank
- ☐ _____

CLARINET

(Please check one.)

- ☐ Barney Bigard
- ☐ Buddy Collette
- ☐ Buddy DeFranco
- ☐ Pete Fountain
- ☐ Jerry Fuller
- ☐ Jimmy Giuffre
- ☐ Benny Goodman
- ☐ Edmond Hall
- ☐ Jimmy Hamilton
- ☐ Woody Herman
- ☐ Paul Horn
- ☐ Peanuts Hucko
- ☐ George Lewis
- ☐ Matty Matlock
- ☐ Sam Most
- ☐ Art Pepper
- ☐ Pee Wee Russell
- ☐ Tony Scott
- ☐ Bill Smith
- ☐ Sol Yaged
- ☐ _____

PIANO

(Please check one.)

- ☐ Toshiko Akiyoshi
- ☐ Mose Allison
- ☐ Count Basie
- ☐ Dave Brubeck
- ☐ Ray Bryant
- ☐ Barbara Carroll
- ☐ Sonny Clark
- ☐ Cy Coleman
- ☐ Eddie Costa
- ☐ Duke Ellington
- ☐ Bill Evans
- ☐ Tommy Flanagan
- ☐ Russ Freeman
- ☐ Red Garland
- ☐ Erroll Garner
- ☐ Barry Harris
- ☐ Hampton Hawes
- ☐ Eddie Heywood
- ☐ Earl "Fatha" Hines
- ☐ Ahmad Jamal
- ☐ Pete Jolly
- ☐ Hank Jones
- ☐ Wynton Kelly
- ☐ John Lewis
- ☐ Ramsey Lewis
- ☐ Junior Mance
- ☐ Dick Marx
- ☐ Les McCann
- ☐ Dave McKenna
- ☐ Marian McPartland
- ☐ Thelonious Monk
- ☐ Phineas Newborn, Jr.
- ☐ Horace Parlan
- ☐ Bernard Peiffer
- ☐ Oscar Peterson
- ☐ Bud Powell
- ☐ André Previn
- ☐ Jimmy Rowles
- ☐ George Shearing
- ☐ Don Shirley
- ☐ Horace Silver
- ☐ Nina Simone
- ☐ Billy Taylor
- ☐ Lennie Tristano
- ☐ Randy Weston
- ☐ Teddy Wilson
- ☐ _____

GUITAR

(Please check one.)

- ☐ Laurindo Almeida
- ☐ Irving Ashby
- ☐ Chet Atkins
- ☐ Billy Bauer
- ☐ Billy Bean
- ☐ Kenny Burrell
- ☐ Charlie Byrd
- ☐ Eddie Condon
- ☐ Bo Diddley
- ☐ Herb Ellis
- ☐ Tal Farlow
- ☐ Barry Galbraith
- ☐ Freddie Green
- ☐ Jim Hall
- ☐ Bill Harris
- ☐ Joe Jones
- ☐ Barney Kessel
- ☐ Mundell Lowe
- ☐ Wes Montgomery
- ☐ Oscar Moore
- ☐ Tony Mottola
- ☐ Les Paul
- ☐ John Pisano
- ☐ Joe Puma
- ☐ Jimmy Raney
- ☐ Howard Roberts
- ☐ Sal Salvador
- ☐ Johnny Smith
- ☐ Warren Stephens
- ☐ George Van Eps
- ☐ Al Viola
- ☐ Chuck Wayne
- ☐ _____

BASS

(Please check one.)

- ☐ Don Bagley
- ☐ Norman Bates
- ☐ Joe Benjamin
- ☐ Ray Brown
- ☐ Monty Budwig
- ☐ Red Callender
- ☐ Paul Chambers
- ☐ Buddy Clark
- ☐ Curtis Counce
- ☐ Israel Crosby
- ☐ Bill Crow
- ☐ Richard Davis
- ☐ George Duvivier
- ☐ Johnny Frigo
- ☐ Squire Gersh
- ☐ Bob Haggart
- ☐ John Hawksworth
- ☐ Percy Heath
- ☐ Mort Herbert
- ☐ Milt Hinton
- ☐ Chubby Jackson
- ☐ Eddie Jones
- ☐ Sam Jones
- ☐ Scotty LaFaro
- ☐ Wendell Marshall
- ☐ Al McKibbon
- ☐ Charlie Mingus
- ☐ Red Mitchell
- ☐ Joe Mondragon
- ☐ Monk Montgomery
- ☐ George Morrow
- ☐ Oscar Pettiford
- ☐ Howard Rumsey
- ☐ Eddie Safranski
- ☐ Arvell Shaw
- ☐ Carson Smith
- ☐ Slam Stewart
- ☐ Leroy Vinnegar
- ☐ Wilbur Ware
- ☐ Doug Watkins
- ☐ Jimmy Woode
- ☐ Gene Wright
- ☐ El Dee Young
- ☐ _____

DRUMS

(Please check one.)

- ☐ Ray Bauduc
- ☐ Louis Bellson
- ☐ Art Blakey
- ☐ Roy Burns
- ☐ Frank Butler
- ☐ Candido
- ☐ Kenny Clarke
- ☐ Jimmy Cobb
- ☐ Cozy Cole
- ☐ Barrett Deems
- ☐ Joe Dodge
- ☐ Nick Fatool
- ☐ Vernell Fournier
- ☐ Chico Hamilton
- ☐ Louis Hayes
- ☐ Billy Higgins
- ☐ Red Holt
- ☐ Osie Johnson
- ☐ Elvin Jones
- ☐ Jo Jones
- ☐ Philly Joe Jones
- ☐ Connie Kay
- ☐ Gene Krupa
- ☐ Don Lamond
- ☐ Stan Levey
- ☐ Mel Lewis
- ☐ Shelly Manne
- ☐ Joe Morello
- ☐ Sonny Payne
- ☐ Buddy Rich
- ☐ Max Roach
- ☐ Ed Shaughnessy
- ☐ Art Taylor
- ☐ Ed Thigpen
- ☐ Ronnie Verrell
- ☐ George Wettling
- ☐ Sam Woodyard
- ☐ _____

MISC. INSTRUMENT

(Please check one.)

- ☐ Peter Appleyard, *vibes*
- ☐ Jo Basile, *accordion*
- ☐ Milt Buckner, *organ*
- ☐ Candido, *bongo*
- ☐ Buddy Collette, *flute*
- ☐ Bob Cooper, *oboe*
- ☐ Miles Davis, *Flügelhorn*
- ☐ Don Elliott, *vibes & mellophone*
- ☐ Victor Feldman, *vibes*
- ☐ Johnny Frigo, *violin*
- ☐ Terry Gibbs, *vibes*
- ☐ John Graas, *French horn*
- ☐ Lionel Hampton, *vibes*
- ☐ Paul Horn, *flute*
- ☐ Milt Jackson, *vibes*
- ☐ Fred Katz, *cello*
- ☐ Moe Koffman, *flute*
- ☐ Steve Lacy, *soprano sax*
- ☐ Yusef Lateef, *flute*
- ☐ Herbie Mann, *flute*
- ☐ Buddy Montgomery, *vibes*
- ☐ James Moody, *flute*
- ☐ Sam Most, *flute*
- ☐ Red Norvo, *vibes*
- ☐ Oscar Pettiford, *cello*
- ☐ Emil Richards, *vibes*
- ☐ Shorty Rogers, *Flügelhorn*
- ☐ Joe Rushton, *bass sax*
- ☐ Shirley Scott, *organ*
- ☐ Bud Shank, *flute*
- ☐ Jimmy Smith, *organ*
- ☐ Stuff Smith, *violin*
- ☐ Clark Terry, *Flügelhorn*
- ☐ Jean "Toots" Thielemans, *harmonica*
- ☐ Cal Tjader, *vibes*
- ☐ Cy Touff, *bass trumpet*
- ☐ Art Van Damme, *accordion*
- ☐ Joe Venuti, *violin*
- ☐ Julius Watkins, *French horn*
- ☐ Frank Wess, *flute*
- ☐ _____

MALE VOCALIST

(Please check one.)

- ☐ David Allen
- ☐ Mose Allison
- ☐ Louis Armstrong
- ☐ Chet Baker
- ☐ Harry Belafonte
- ☐ Tony Bennett
- ☐ Brook Benton
- ☐ Pat Boone
- ☐ Ray Charles
- ☐ Nat "King" Cole
- ☐ Perry Como
- ☐ Bing Crosby
- ☐ Vic Damone
- ☐ Bobby Darin
- ☐ Sammy Davis, Jr.
- ☐ Matt Dennis
- ☐ Fats Domino
- ☐ Frank D'Rone
- ☐ Billy Eckstine
- ☐ Buddy Greco
- ☐ Roy Hamilton
- ☐ Clancy Hayes
- ☐ Bill Henderson
- ☐ Jon Hendricks
- ☐ Al Hibbler
- ☐ Frankie Laine
- ☐ Steve Lawrence
- ☐ Tommy Leonetti
- ☐ Johnny Mathis
- ☐ Mark Murphy
- ☐ Johnny Nash
- ☐ Jackie Paris
- ☐ Jimmy Rushing
- ☐ Tommy Sands
- ☐ Frank Sinatra
- ☐ Jack Teagarden
- ☐ Mel Tormé
- ☐ Bobby Troup
- ☐ Joe Turner
- ☐ Muddy Waters
- ☐ Andy Williams
- ☐ Joe Williams
- ☐ Jimmy Witherspoon
- ☐ _____

FEMALE VOCALIST

(Please check one.)

- ☐ Ernestine Anderson
- ☐ Pearl Bailey
- ☐ La Vern Baker
- ☐ Mae Barnes
- ☐ Connee Boswell
- ☐ Joy Bryan
- ☐ Jackie Cain
- ☐ June Christy
- ☐ Chris Connor
- ☐ Barbara Dane
- ☐ Doris Day
- ☐ Frances Faye
- ☐ Ella Fitzgerald
- ☐ Eydie Gormé
- ☐ Toni Harper
- ☐ Lena Horne
- ☐ Helen Humes
- ☐ Lurlean Hunter
- ☐ Mahalia Jackson
- ☐ Etta James
- ☐ Beverly Kelly
- ☐ Teddi King
- ☐ Eartha Kitt
- ☐ Irene Kral
- ☐ Peggy Lee
- ☐ Abbey Lincoln
- ☐ Julie London
- ☐ Mary Ann McCall
- ☐ Carmen McRae
- ☐ Mabel Mercer
- ☐ Helen Merrill
- ☐ Lizzie Miles
- ☐ Jaye P. Morgan
- ☐ Anita O'Day
- ☐ Ruth Olay
- ☐ Patti Page
- ☐ Ann Richards
- ☐ Mavis Rivers
- ☐ Annie Ross
- ☐ Felicia Sanders
- ☐ Dinah Shore
- ☐ Nina Simone
- ☐ Keely Smith
- ☐ Jeri Southern
- ☐ Jo Stafford
- ☐ Kay Starr
- ☐ Dakota Staton
- ☐ Pat Suzuki
- ☐ Sarah Vaughan
- ☐ Dinah Washington
- ☐ Margaret Whiting
- ☐ Lee Wiley
- ☐ _____

INSTRUMENTAL COMBO

(Please check one.)

- ☐ Cannonball Adderley Quintet
- ☐ Louis Armstrong All-Stars
- ☐ Australian Jazz Quintet
- ☐ Chet Baker Quintet
- ☐ Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers
- ☐ Dave Brubeck Quartet
- ☐ Georg Brunis' Dixieland Band
- ☐ Kenny Burrell Trio
- ☐ Charlie Byrd Trio
- ☐ Barbara Carroll Trio
- ☐ Cy Coleman Trio
- ☐ Ornette Coleman Quintet
- ☐ Buddy Collette Quartet
- ☐ Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis Trio
- ☐ Miles Davis Sextet
- ☐ Wilbur De Paris Sextet
- ☐ Dukes of Dixieland
- ☐ Art Farmer–Benny Golson Jazztet
- ☐ Firehouse Five plus 2
- ☐ Red Garland Trio
- ☐ Erroll Garner Trio
- ☐ Stan Getz Quintet
- ☐ Dizzy Gillespie Quintet
- ☐ Jimmy Giuffre Quartet
- ☐ Chico Hamilton Quintet
- ☐ Eddie Higgins Trio
- ☐ Ahmad Jamal Trio
- ☐ J. J. Johnson Quintet
- ☐ Jonah Jones Quartet
- ☐ Barney Kessel Quartet
- ☐ Gene Krupa Quartet
- ☐ Ramsey Lewis Trio
- ☐ Lighthouse All Stars
- ☐ Shelly Manne and his Men
- ☐ Les McCann Ltd.
- ☐ Marian McPartland Trio
- ☐ Mitchell-Ruff Duo
- ☐ MJT plus Three
- ☐ Modern Jazz Quartet
- ☐ Thelonious Monk Quartet
- ☐ James Moody Septet
- ☐ Turk Murphy's Jazz Band
- ☐ Phineas Newborn, Jr. Trio
- ☐ Red Nichols' Five Pennies
- ☐ Red Norvo Quintet
- ☐ Oscar Peterson Trio
- ☐ André Previn and his Pals
- ☐ Max Roach Quintet
- ☐ Shorty Rogers' Giants
- ☐ Sal Salvador Quartet
- ☐ Bob Scobey's Frisco Band
- ☐ Tony Scott Quintet
- ☐ Bud Shank Quartet
- ☐ George Shearing Quintet
- ☐ Horace Silver Quintet
- ☐ Johnny Smith Trio
- ☐ Billy Taylor Trio
- ☐ Cal Tjader Quintet
- ☐ Toshiko-Mariano Four
- ☐ Art Van Damme Quintet
- ☐ Teddy Wilson Trio
- ☐ Kai Winding Septet
- ☐ _____

VOCAL GROUP

(Please check one.)

- ☐ Andy & the Bey Sisters
- ☐ Axidentals
- ☐ Al Belletto Sextet
- ☐ Blue Stars
- ☐ Cadillacs
- ☐ Jackie Cain & Roy Kral
- ☐ Edmond Sisters
- ☐ Four Freshmen
- ☐ Four Grads
- ☐ Four Lads
- ☐ Four Preps
- ☐ Gateway Singers
- ☐ Hi Lo's
- ☐ Honey Dreamers
- ☐ Ink Spots
- ☐ Mary Kaye Trio
- ☐ King Sisters
- ☐ Kingston Trio
- ☐ Lambert, Hendricks & Ross
- ☐ John LaSalle Quartet
- ☐ McGuire Sisters
- ☐ Mellolarks
- ☐ Mills Brothers
- ☐ Modernaires
- ☐ Moonglows
- ☐ Platters
- ☐ Signatures
- ☐ Kirby Stone Four
- ☐ Weavers
- ☐ _____

Name and address must be printed here to authenticate ballot.

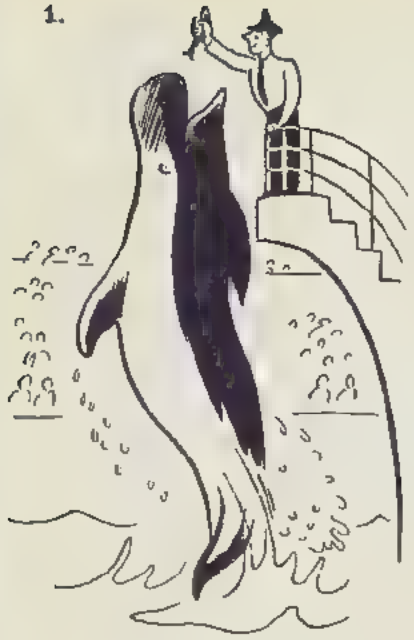
Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

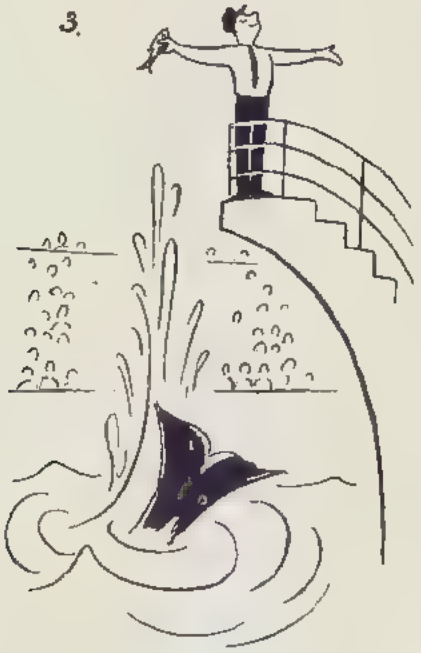
CUT ALONG THIS LINE

1.

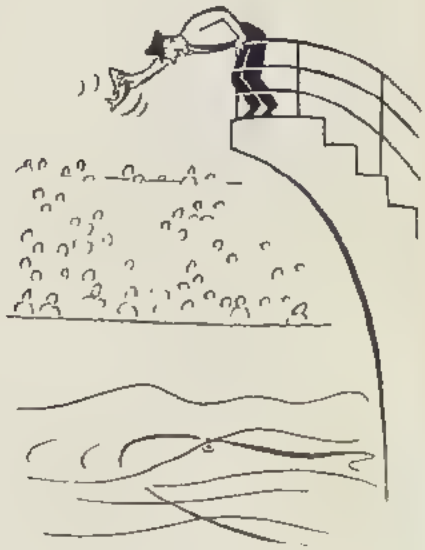


2.

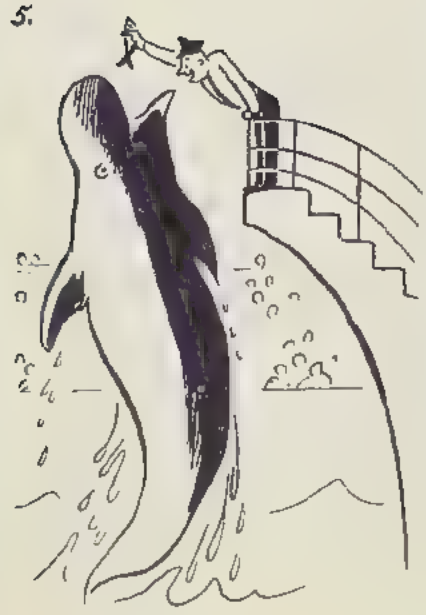
3.



4.



5.



6.

vote for your favorites for the fifth playboy all-star jazz band

WHO BLEW THE GREATEST JAZZ SOUNDS OF THE YEAR? On trumpet, did you dig Miles, Diz or Satchmo? On piano, Garner, Brubeck or Jamal? Did the strange new tones of Ornette Coleman's plastic sax excite you? Who led the rest in big band jazz and whose pipes pleased you most among the vocalists? You've had twelve months to dig and now it's time again to pay tribute to your favorites by voting them a place on next year's Playboy All Star Jazz Band — the dream aggregation, with every sideman one of the real greats of jazzdom.

This is the biggest and most important poll in jazz — and the only major jazz contest outside the music trade. The most popular jazzmen in each category — as determined by you and the other readers of this publication — will be honored with a seat on the 1961 Playboy All-Star Jazz Band and receive the coveted sterling silver Playboy Jazz Medal. So simply read the instructions that follow, check your favorite jazzmen in the space provided and get your ballot in before the countdown closes.

1. Your official jazz poll ballot is attached to this page. A Nominating Board composed of jazz editors, critics, representatives of the major recording companies and winners of last year's poll has nominated the jazz artists it considers to be the most outstanding and/or popular of the year. These nominations should serve solely as an aid to your recollection of jazz artists and performances, not as a guide on how to vote. You may vote for *any* living artist in the jazz field.

2. The artists have been divided into categories to form the Playboy All Star Jazz Band, and in some categories you may vote for more than one musician (e.g., four trumpets, four trombones, two alto saxes), because a big band normally has more than one of these instruments playing in it. Be sure to cast the correct number of votes, as too many votes in any one category will disqualify all of your votes in that category.

3. If you wish to vote for an artist who has been nominated, simply place an X in the box before his name on the ballot; if you wish to vote for an artist who has *not* been nominated, write his name in at the bottom of the category and place an X in the box before it.

4. For leader of the 1961 Playboy All Star Jazz Band, limit your choice to the men who have led a big band (eight or more musicians) during the last twelve months; for instrumental combo, limit your choice to groups of seven or less musicians. In all categories, vote for the artists who have pleased and impressed you the most with their music during the last year.

5. Please print your name and address in the space at the bottom of the last page of the ballot. You may cast only one complete ballot in the poll, and that must carry your correct name and address if your vote is to be counted.

6. Cut your two-page ballot along the dotted line and mail it to PLAYBOY JAZZ POLL, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Illinois. Ballots must be postmarked before midnight, October 31, 1960, in order to be counted, so get yours in the mail today. The results of the fifth annual Playboy Jazz Poll will appear in the February 1961 issue.

NOMINATING BOARD: Louis Armstrong, Chet Baker, Earl Bostic, Bob Brookmeyer, Ray Brown, Dave Brubeck, Miles Davis, Buddy DeFranco, Paul Desmond, Duke Ellington, Ella Fitzgerald, Four Freshmen, Erroll Garner, Stan Getz, Dizzy Gillespie, Benny Goodman, Lionel Hampton, Coleman Hawkins, Milt Jackson, J. J. Johnson, Stan Kenton, Barney Kessel, Lambert, Hendricks & Ross, Shelly Manne, Modern Jazz Quartet, Gerry Mulligan, Frank Sinatra, Kai Winding; Gene Lees, *Down Beat*; John T. Mehegan, *New York Herald Tribune*; Leonard Feather, PLAYBOY; Wilder Hobson, *Saturday Review*; Creed Taylor, ABC-Paramount Records; Jack Tracy, Argo; Nesuhi Ertegun, Atlantic; Sidney Frey, Audio Fidelity; Alfred W. Lion, Blue Note; Dave Cavanaugh, Capitol; Teo Macero, Columbia; Lester Koenig, Contemporary; Hal Mooney, Mercury; Don Gold, Playboy Records; Bob Weinstock, Prestige; Robert L. Yorke, RCA Victor; Bill Grauer, Jr., Riverside; Morris Levy, Roulette; Herman Lubinsky, Savoy; George Wein, Storyville; Norman Granz, Verve; George Avakian, Warner Bros. Records; Richard Bock, World Pacific Records.

SEEING IS BELIEVING

Ribald Classic

A freshly retold tale from the Hindu *Panchatantra*

IN A CERTAIN VILLAGE in India lived a carpenter whose wife, so neighbors said, was unfaithful. This preyed upon the carpenter's mind and he asked himself constantly, "How can I prove this thing, or disprove it, as the case may be?"

One day he hit upon a plan. 'My dear,' he told his wife, "I have taken a job in the next village and I shan't be home for several days. Please pack, therefore, a bag with enough provisions to last me that long." At this his wife's heart leaped with delight and she quickly made him his favorite dishes and hurried him from the house. Before he was out of sight she sent a message to her current lover telling him to visit her that very evening.

Now the carpenter waited in a nearby woods until nightfall and then slipped unseen into the house and hid under the bed. By and by there came in a handsome young man who undressed casually, as though he owned the house, and climbed confidently into the bed. A few moments later the carpenter saw his wife appear, lock the door, and disrobe wantonly in her lover's sight. As she wiggled into bed with her lover, the carpenter was barely able to restrain himself from leaping out and stabbing them to death. He forced himself to wait, however, for he still desired to be certain.

But his wife, as she stepped into the bed, had touched her husband's body with her bare toe, and she suspected immediately that he was hiding there. She did not know at first what to do, but as her lover held her close against him and was growing insistent in his passion, she made a sudden decision. Quickly she whispered in his ear, "Be still and let me speak, for there is great need. My husband is under the bed!"

The lover relaxed his embrace and the wife said, aloud, "You really mustn't touch me like that, young man, at least not yet."

'Is that so?" said the lover. "For what purpose did you invite me then?"

'Listen," said she. "This morning I prayed in the Temple of the goddess Gauri, and she sent a voice from the sky to say, 'I pity you, good wife, for in six months you will be a widow.' At this, I was plunged into despair, but I asked the goddess to tell me if there was a way to prevent this misfortune to my dear spouse. She replied: 'If you go to bed with another man and give your favors to him utterly, the threat to your husband will be dispelled and he will live a hundred years.' For this purpose, young man, I invited you, and for no other. Now, if you still desire me, take me, for in so doing you will help me to save my husband and will give him a life span longer than that of most men."

'So be it," laughed the young man, and he did his work with vigor.

When all was over and the two lay quiet, the husband emerged from under the bed. "Bravo, faithful wife!" he cried. "And you, young man, whoever you are, bravo to you, too! Now come, both of you, and let us celebrate this happy event with food and wine!"

—Translated by J. A. Cato

GIRLS of HOLLYWOOD

(continued from page 100)

city are lovely to look upon by comparison with those of other cities: the amateur competition and the strayings across the line to and from commercial sex by hopefuls in temporary need, ensure that this is so. But the line itself is shadowy to the point of near invisibility. A girl alone in a glamorous city, seeking a career and a good time, too, and susceptible to the aura of sexiness that hovers over Hollywood, may yield to blandishments for a fur coat, or rent money, or the chance of a screen test, or a dinner and a ride out Mulholland Drive in a sports car. It isn't always the legendary (though real enough) casting couch that invites a girl to dalliance with a purpose. With so many beauties about, no great fuss is made over any one of them and, as one would-be starlet put it, "sex isn't the worst way for a girl to attract attention." Yet, by contrast with the more calculating girls of Vegas, for example, Hollywood girls are as likely as not to accept — or invite — advances just because they dig a guy.

The girls of Hollywood are busy: they learn poise — and how to move and pose and pivot — at the Blue Book School; they answer every modeling call with the hope that some agent will spot them; they play bit parts at the Pasadena Playhouse, and as long as the klieg lighted skies over Hollywood sparkle and glow and explode with new stars year after year, they live in hope.

And meanwhile, they play. They have come to the city on gossamer wings to stalk the studio moguls, but they've also come for the fun and the glamor and the excitement that animate the Hollywood dream — and so they do what they can to make it come true. Ask one of them where she lives; she might say the Studio Club, or even the Y, or sharing an apartment with friends. But wherever they live, the girls are out and about, day and night, eager to see and be seen, eager for fun, anxious not to be lonely, not to miss anything that's going on in the golden glitter of day and the silver-sequined night. Hollywood may change, but the atmosphere that envelops each new arrival as she seeks to find her niche remains the same bubbly hedonism of the Twenties — and the girls adapt to it, first, and then joyously keep it alive.

The girls of Hollywood are omnipresent. They scent the breeze and glorify the scene, whether they be the svelte and slinky tall ones in mink, or the bouncy young chicks in leotards, or the Aphrodites in bikinis, or the beatnik babes trying masterfully to subdue the healthy glow of California living. Their god, as of now, is Brando, their credo, Method acting. Their high priests are producers, directors and agents, their bibles are *Daily Variety* and the *Hollywood Reporter*, their apostles are the columnists. But their ebullient spirits burst the confines of career seeking; life is to be lived to the hilt, dates are an antidote to doldrums, and men are scarce, not only because of that three-to-one ratio, but because a certain number of the male population is married, and another segment isn't especially interested in girls.

And so, though these girls probably despise Togetherness more than any others on earth, they do seem to congregate in predictable places. At high noon it may be a strip of beach at the end of San Vicente Boulevard, where bikinis are as numerous as sea shells, though the place bears the name of Will Rogers State Park. Later, it may be the somewhat seedy sanctuary of James Dean's old hangout, the Unicorn, or the Borgia elegance of a newer coffee house, Cyrano's.

Despite their love of the sun, most Hollywood girls are night people; come full dark and many will be strolling "Mascara Mile," that area of Sunset Strip bordered by La Cienega and Doheny Drive. A gaggle of gorgeous girls samples the delicatessen goodies of the Beverly Wilshire Drugstore — when they haven't a date to dine them out in style. The beats and bohemians take their after dinner coffee — and enjoy the camaraderie and jazz — at the Bit; the so-called Mort Sahl Set prefers Chez Paulette; Ash Grove, Cosmo Alley, Rondelay, or the Regency cater to somewhat similar tastes, while more organized goings on are enjoyed at Club Renaissance, which features West Coast jazz — and wailing gospel singers, or a performance of Sartre's *The Respectful Prostitute*, from time to time. Nights with a full moon the girls may hope for an invitation to go to Malibu's Positano to hear twelve-string folk blues. But though the Hollywood way is free and easy, girls must be over twenty-one to order a drink in its bars and bistros, and nighteries close at two — after which it's a party-at home scene, in beat pad or hilltop haven complete with barbecue-bar, palms and jacaranda trees, fragrant tropical blooms, hi-fi and free form pool.

Before two A.M. the girls of Hollywood may be found digging the pastry at Poopy's, the dalliance at Dino's, the eat-it-and-beat-it atmosphere of Topps'. And by dawn's early light, or just before, a lot of them will be completing the Strip circuit at the Gaiety, a "must" stopover because most of the show folk and all of the hopefuls who can make the scene forgather there for a final bite to eat. From cocktail time through dinner, though, a new man in town might do well to take his Hollywood date to the Zoo Parade, La Scala or Au Petit Jean in Beverly Hills — where the stars dine when they don't feel like dressing for Chasen's or Romanoff's — for the girls have a notion that there's always the chance that a columnist may spot a comer there, though as one of Tinseltown's scribes said, not many of the chicks "have the yeast it takes to rise into the big dough."

Daydreams are part of a Hollywood girl's daily life, dreams of a Spanish mansion with Algerian ivy and a Regency roof; of leopard-skin jackets from Teitelbaum's and orange capri pants from Jax; of Thunderbirds and thunderclaps of applause when they alight from limousines for a premiere at Grauman's Chinese Theatre; dreams of pools, patios, parties and poodles; dreams of cooing into microphones, finessing chattering micks, blowing a kiss to Louella, nodding to Jerry Wald, smiling at John Huston, giving Jule Styne an affectionate pat on the cheek.

The realities (posing at supermarket openings, flower shows, rodeos; being Miss 8 Ball for the L.A. Press Club, cobbling up a near-nude shocker of a costume to go to the Hollywood Publicists Association Ballyhoo Ball) don't impinge on the dream too much. Besides, each day promises new adventure, a closer approach to fulfilling the dream — and a chance to make at least a part of it come true. "Sugar and sex and stardom next, that's what little girls are made for" is their motto as they sally forth with the standard prop of the Hollywood girl in hand: a bikini in a hatbox - which comes in handy at a floodlit pool on some posh Beverly Hills estate (until someone douses the lights and all dunk in the altogether). The perennial bikini helps, too, for romps through motel pools during one of those peripatetic Hollywood parties which grow in numbers as the convivial celebrants move from house to house.

Parts of the dream can, indeed, be fulfilled by a confident and fun loving Hollywood girl who — chest high — launches herself into the glittering whirl, and the higher the chest and the more pronounced the cleavage, the better (though a few seasons ago Vikki Dougan backed her way into the limelight with her dimpled derrière).

For the most part it's a fun life the Hollywood girls lead, in spite of the chilling weekly visit some pay to "The Club," as they call the Unemployment Insurance Office. But that's soon forgotten. With their healthy tanned look, their penchant for mixing the casual with the elegant (leotards and mink), their extreme décolletages, their readiness to reap the rewards of hours a day spent grooming and pampering their young bodies, the girls of Hollywood — uniquely — come very close to fulfilling another dream not their own: the dream of all the frisky and romantic men who have made the Hollywood girl an amorous, glamorous ideal.

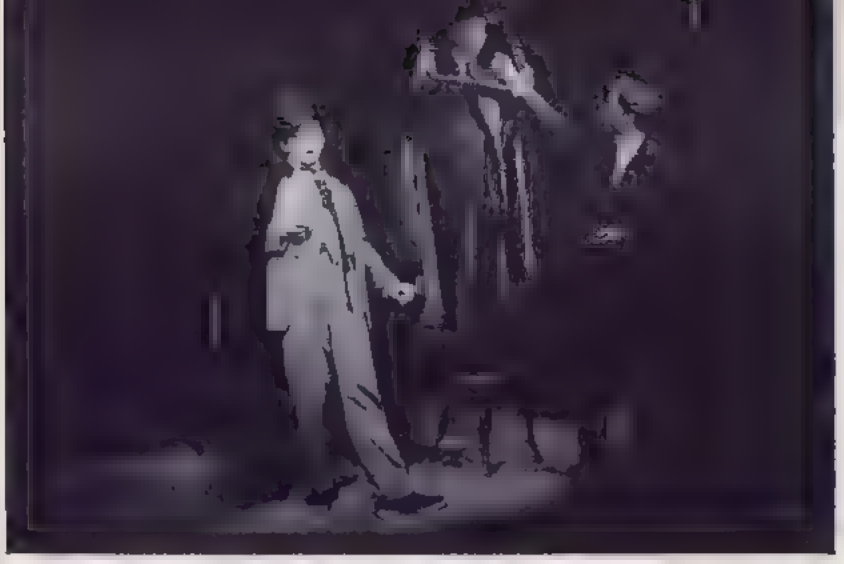
the second city

chicago's unique cabaret theatre presents satire that is second to none **entertainment**

NIGHTLY, ON CHICAGO'S NEAR NORTH SIDE, in a richly dark and curtained room – which partakes of the qualities of coffeehouse, nightclub and show lounge – a wildly enthusiastic audience gathers to watch a talented group of young performers who have brought the arts of the revue and of lightning improvisation to a uniquely high level of hilarious fun mixed with biting social commentary. This is The Second City—so named in wry rebuttal of A. J. Liebling's *New Yorker* attack on Chicago a few years back. In a short ten months the club has

A titanic slogan struggle for possession of the moon is waged by super-champion of democracy, Businessman (Eugene Troobnick, right) and his Communist counterpart, Collectiveman (Severn Darden). Businessman wins by using an irresistible secret weapon – magic phrase, "The Thinking Man's Filter."

Satirizing current popularity of the compact car, terrific squeeze is undergone by Second City troupe (front — Mina Kolb and Andrew Duncon; middle Troobnick, Howard Alk and Darden; rear — Paul Sand and Barbara Harris). "Gee, you get a whole new view of the world from down here," Miss Kolb intones. "I never saw a truck from underneath before."



Dorian Gray is a parody of Wilde's story. At left, Dorian (Darden) cries that he'd sell his soul to remain as young and beautiful as his portrait (Troobnick), painted by the romantic artist (Andrew Duncan).

Gray then indulges in abandoned orgies, injecting morphine directly into the eyeballs of his girlfriends (Miss Kolb, front; Miss Harris, rear), while the portrait watches in growing disgust.

Realizing that the portrait is turning ugly as his vices, Gray tries to destroy it, is himself destroyed as convulsions seize him. The portrait resumes its former expression of indescribable beauty.

gained a national reputation for presenting the best satire to be seen in the U.S.A. today, taking Liebling's label and blowing it right back at him.

Ladies and gentlemen," an actor will say from The Second City's tiny stage "we want you to give us ideas – from current events, your daily lives, the dark recesses of your minds — which we will dramatize for you Just call out whatever comes to mind"

The audience, munching juicy hamburgers on black bread or sampling a coffeehouse range of decoctions and a bar's range of drinks, is attentive

Charles Atlas skit closely follows the classic advertisement.

At the beach, Bully (Duncan) mocks Ninety-Seven-Pound Weakling (Sand), while Weakling's Girl (Miss Kolb) reacts.

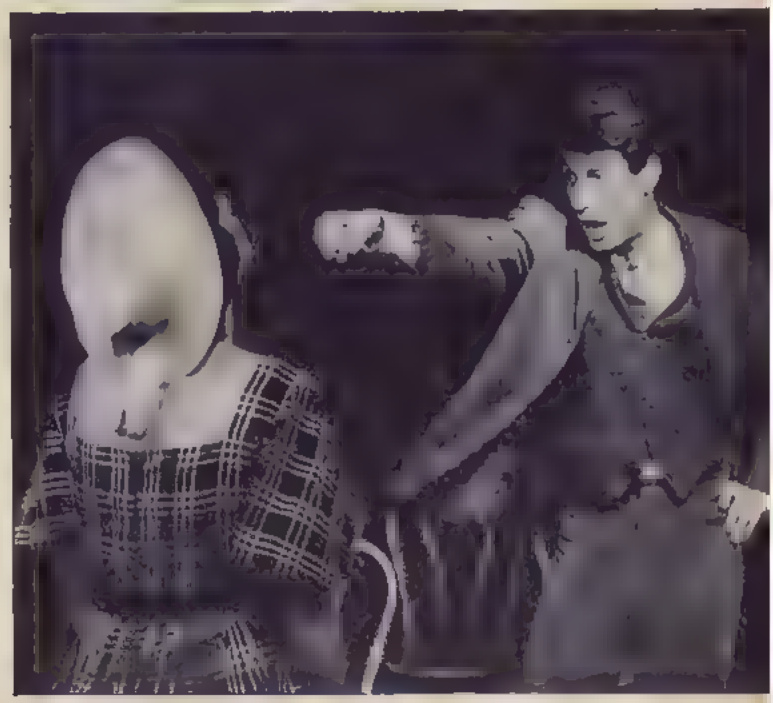
Bully flicks sand in Weakling's eye, then knocks him out when he objects.

The frustrated Weakling, determined to build his body, rages momentarily.

He sends for a muscle-building course and successfully masters its exercises.

Back at the beach, Bully reappears.

When former Weakling challenges him, Girl goes into gales of laughter. Weakling uses new muscles to respond in the only manner proper for a self-respecting male.



POW!

No, George, don't!" cries wife (Miss Kolb) to husband (Duncan) packing to leave her. "I know I've annoyed you and nagged you and been cold, but I'll change, George. Honest I will — you'll see; things will be just like they used to be. Oh, remember how things used to be, George?"

George, remembering, begins to think twice about his decision to leave.

He forgivingly starts to embrace his wife, who draws away with,

"No, George, don't!"

When they go off together, the husband—determined to show Lola what a scoundrel Mack is—disguises himself as a woman, bribes Mack away from his wife.

Satirizing both German play and movie, *Der Dreigroschenengel*, or *Threepennyangel*, begins as sarcastic narrator (Duncan) explains that femme fatale Lola Lulu (Miss Harris) is married to fumbling Professor Ausgespielt (Troobnick).

Thirsting for revenge against Mack, Lola in turn disguises herself as a man and vies with Mack for her husband's affection.

She toys with Herr Professor, treats him like dirt.

Enter gigolo, Mack the Zipper (Sand).

Mack is finally driven off and husband and wife are reunited with their positions reversed (?) as she (he) starts treating him (her) like dirt (schmutz).

Mack charms Lola by slapping her around, blowing smoke in her face.

but not especially responsive at first. Then someone calls out:

"Richard Nixon!"

"Western Union!" somebody else shouts.

"Seek and ye shall find'"

"OK," says the actor, "give us just a moment." The Second City's group of eight actors and actresses huddles briefly, and returns with a scene called *The Nightmare of Richard Milhous Nixon*. In it, the Vice-President is discovered at a somewhat moody breakfast with Pat ("Get down, Checkers! Goddamn dog. I have a busy morning ahead of me, dear. I have to take my statesmanship lesson from Robert Montgomery"). *(continued on next page)*

Preparing to leave his house and face his public, Nixon gets confused amid the welter of faces he has donned to meet various occasions. He changes in a frenzy from one face ("No! This is my Russian Supermarket face!") to another ("No, dear!" says Pat. "That's your Venezuelan face. It's all crushed on one side!"). At last, fitting his New Liberal face into place, he sallies forth and is dismayed to be mistaken for Governor Rockefeller. Blackout.

Applause — and then the lights come up to reveal a pair of actors, as man and wife, sitting in their living room. This is to be the *Western Union* scene. A knock on the door is heard.

"Yeah," says the man. "Who is it?"

"Western Union."

"Oh." He moves to the door, opens it and fishes in his pocket for a tip. "Western Union? Here's your tip."

"Thank you," says the messenger to the man. He clears his throat and feelingly delivers his message:

"*Happy Birthday to you,*
Happy Birthday to you,
Happy Birthday dear Emma,
Happy Birthday to you."

The man turns to his wife. "Emma," he says, "it's for you."

The troupe is not always content with the challenge of rapid improvisation alone, so they may ask the audience to name a "manner" in which, for example, *Seek and Ye Shall Find* should be done.

"Victorian!" a patron suggests. The lights change to greenish gloom. An actor peers from the wings, then emerges and pantomimes (on the completely bare stage) clawing his way through tropical jungle and swamp, fighting off snakes, crocodiles, wild animals. Finally he breaks through into a clearing, spies another actor in a pith helmet.

"Dr Livingstone, I presume?" asks the first man.

"Yes," replies the other.

"Doc," says the first, opening his jacket and pointing, "right here, I got this funny pain in my side. . " Blackout.

What has undoubtedly gone a long way toward making The Second City a ringing success is the infectious labor-of-love element the actors communicate to their audiences during every show. Long association together on the stage, and a real party-like joy in their work have given The Second City actors an ensemble enthusiasm and ability that is in sharp contrast to stand-up (and sit-still) comics who act not, neither do they sing — since The Second City's comedic effects are wonderfully visual. As for the revues that have made the supposedly hippest cities of both coasts (New York and San Francisco) known for their sophisticated, intimate entertainment, The Second City again offers a positive contrast; for this talented troupe does not merely touch on subjects tabooed by mass media (thereby extracting laughs of recognition for their daring), nor just satirize them with verbal quips, but deploys its dramatic skills to explore them in depth and with coruscating wit. Fresh characterizations, fresh lines, fresh situations night after night make for a spontaneous zeal that whips through on-stage and off-stage enthusiasts alike, and patrons return time after time in the happy knowledge that they're sure to see something different with each visit.

Improvisation is the heart of The Second City — which is both the name of the club and the name of the resident acting troupe. Other skits are written, rehearsed and perfected before performance, but even most of these are based on earlier impromptu scenes suggested by the audience.

The idea of presenting improvisations to a paying audience didn't originate with The Second City, of course; it's as old as theatre itself. The Chicago slant can be traced to David Shepherd, who initiated "instant theatre" at The Compass in the early Fifties. His fun-poking approach to ad-lib satire didn't win enough friends to keep The Compass pointing, but it did nurture the then unknown talents of Shelley Berman, Mike Nichols and Elaine May. The majority of The Second City's cast, also,

at one time or another, was active with The Compass.

The three owners of The Second City are perhaps unique in the annals of the nightclub business for being, in one way or another, directly connected with what happens on the stage. Paul Sills directs and doubles as writer. Though he insists that the director's job is simply to "keep the actors from assassinating each other" or "to protect the audience from the performers," the smoothness and mastery of detail shown by the group bespeak the sure hand of a canny director. Bernard Sahlins keeps tab on the business side of the club and manages to script scenes besides. The third owner, Howard Alk, is a member of the resident cast, as are Severn Darden, Andrew Duncan, Barbara Harris, Mina Kolb, Paul Sand and Eugene Troobnick. All are professional actors of dedicated integrity who find in this milieu the fullest satisfaction. Darden has perhaps the most varied show business background, ranging from Shakespearean roles to nightclub monologs, but the others have experience wide and wild. Duncan has acted in Germany; Miss Harris had an important role on a *Playhouse 90* presentation; Sand worked with Marcel Marceau in Paris and this country; was Judy Garland's dance partner in her cross-country theatre tour, and is currently on view in MGM's *The Subterraneans*. In addition to an impressive theatrical background, Troobnick was, until very recently, an Assistant Editor of PLAYBOY. Juggling both jobs at once finally became impossible, and he returned to his first love, the footlights. Completing the personnel is Bill Mathieu, the company's on-stage pianist and composer, who played trumpet and arranged for the Stan Kenton band before joining The Second City entourage.

"Production" at The Second City depends solely on the group's verbal and pantomimic skills. With no props save an occasional hat, cane or other costume accouterment and no furniture except a few unadorned chairs, the cast of The Second City manages to convey to the audience the illusion of a factory production line, the African veldt, a luxurious apartment, the interior of a space ship, or even — when it's called for — the entire universe.

These days, political satire reigns at The Second City, and the group draws a head on both parties. Balancing the Nixon scene already described, *The Nightmare of John Kennedy* finds him about to address the Democratic National Convention when he discovers, in terror, that he's nude. "Never mind," brother Bob counsels, "go out there and show them your boyish charm."

A Southern Senator puts on blackface and sings a minstrel song:

"How I love to pick ol' massa's cotton,
Oh, it's fun to work your fingers to the bone
How I love to go
To the picture show
And sit down in a special place that I can call my own . . ."

Then, having smugly concluded his song, he discovers to his horror that the blackface won't come off.

The majority of the company's satires are directed at Man as an irrational animal whose sense of humor is one of the few sturdy threads in the tightrope he is walking. To express this, the company uses a favorite device — the Man-in-the-Street interview.

Spoofing *Life*'s dignified discussion of The National Purpose, the interviewer asks man-in-the-street whether he thinks there is too much emphasis, in our country, on consumer goods.

MAN: "There certainly is. I think we're getting away from our sense of purpose of the past, even the very recent past."

INTERVIEWER: "The recent past?"

MAN: "Yes. Take, for example, the early Thirties."

INTERVIEWER: "Well, but that was the time of the Great Depression, sir."

MAN: "Exactly. You didn't find any Beat Generation whining about its own emasculation in those days. I can tell

anything in Adlers!

Take the SC' for example. This is the famous wool sock that's guaranteed not to shrink. It comes in white and eleven different solid colors. At fine stores everywhere or write: The Adler Company, Dept. P100, Cincinnati 14, Ohio.

"Better not give me another raise too soon—I don't want my mother to start worrying."

you. Why, the arts exploded! Look in any post office!"

INTERVIEWER: "Yes, but . . ."

MAN: "You didn't find people bumbling aimlessly around wondering what it was they wanted out of life either. I can tell you. Everybody in those days knew exactly what it was he wanted!"

INTERVIEWER: "And what was that, sir?"

MAN: "Why, more consumer goods, of course."

On the international level, to point a spotlight at the semantic sillinesses on which our fates seem perpetually to hang, the troupe presents Businessman, a skit which, along with others of the group's best, was written by Roger Bowen, a Compass alumnus now living in England. In it, Businessman (Organization Man with Superman's powers) battles for possession of the moon with his Soviet bloc counterpart, Collectiveman. Their method is to pelt each other with catch phrases from their ideologies:

COLLECTIVEMAN: "Take this! The irresistible historical momentum of the workers' movement! Shmek!"

BUSINESSMAN: "Yes, but you take this! The eight-hour day! Pow! And collective bargaining! Zowie!"

COLLECTIVEMAN: "A temporary setback only. Here is the destruction of the world market by the state trading principle of selling far below cost! Potch!"

BUSINESSMAN: "Hardly felt that. But here is the devaluation of world farming by the dumping of American agricultural surpluses!" (hitting below belt) "Squish!"

COLLECTIVEMAN: "Didn't expect that!"

When they run out of catch phrases, they clash with their respective scientific achievements. Collectiveman, reduced to "jet-propelled tractors" as his final weapon, is ultimately vanquished when Businessman slugs him with "The Thinking Man's Filter!"

Like any group gathered to watch satire, the audience at The Second City—which ranges from rebellion-driven Beats to chauffeur-driven elites—enjoys most those scenes that pinpoint their own foibles and fancies. A Great Books Discussion Group, starting out to dissect *Oedipus Rex*, winds up gossiping about an older woman living with a man young enough to be her son. Trying to seduce her boyfriend, a girl discovers he's allergic to the dinner she's prepared, to her cat, even to her perfume. Determined, she removes these barriers, only to find, when they finally clinch, that *she's* allergic to his beard.

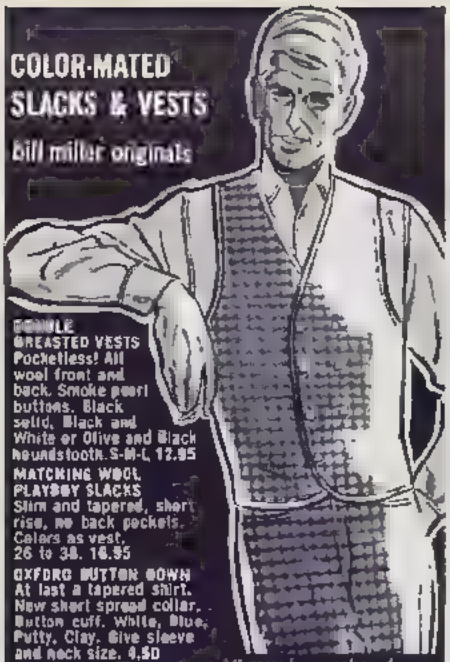
The future of The Second City seems to be as bright as its material. At this writing, it is a pleasant irony to note that one of Broadway's biggest producers is negotiating with The Second City, with the object of opening a second Second City in the first city of New York.

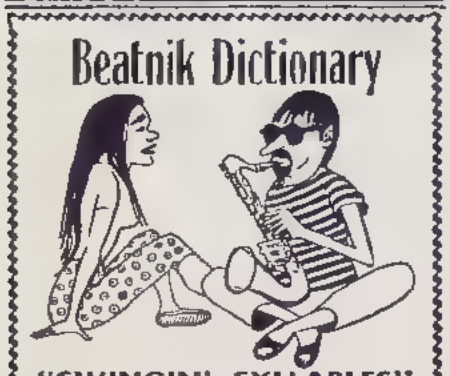
Here's the bold-male look that women admire! Yours in rich natural wool, loomed in America—styled with Continental deftness and a touch of swagger. Only wool wears so well. Only wool wears and protects so faithfully. Here, for cold-weather comfort, Woolrich fashions the Bush Coat—a he-man's sport coat of luxurious 100% pure wool. Cold-weather spectating and week-end activities call for the Woolrich Gridiron Coat with chill-proof all-wool lining, snug-hug collar and masculine drop shoulders. And for golf, skiing, knock-about wear, you'll want the Woolrich Popover—in loud shoutin' big blanket plaids with Italian-style collar and new Continental V-bottom—also fleecy, 100% wool. All at your Men's Store, Ivy or Campus Shop.

WOOLRICH WOOLEN MILLS
WOOLRICH, PA.

NATURAL WOOL

WW 10 Jointly sponsored with the American Wool Council





FOOT IN THE DOOR

(continued from page 82)

voice. "Accent on the second syllable. But too many people call it *Pizzanee*."

"It bowls me over," said Mr. Gordon. "Are you allowed to have lunch with people?"

"Mr. Lopez will sell you the cuff links," the girl said, lowering her lovely melting eyes.

A young man wearing a pinched suit in the style of a foppish Londoner came out with a tray of twisted metal cuff links and said, "I'm Lopez. These are from Mexico." Mr. Gordon selected a pair and Mr. Lopez said, "I've made a lunch reservation for the three of us." Mr. Gordon felt excited over the spontaneity of the adventure that seemed to be unfolding and with a strange thrill fluttering at the base of his spine went along with his two new friends. The scent of the girl kept him bewildered through the first course and then it occurred to him that he had heard her voice before. "Didn't you call and tell me Merz was dead?" he asked.

She lowered her eyes and Mr. Lopez, eating with exquisite manners, said, "I asked her to call. Now look, I'm doing them with you from now on, only they'll be slightly different. Not really in spirit, but the ante goes up quite a bit. Now here's the first. You can have Lisa here any weekend you like, on into the interminable future, and we get your hair."

Mr. Gordon's hand instinctively passed up to his forehead and he asked, "All of it?"

"You get a fringe around the ears and the crescent on the back of the head, you know the way it sets up. We give you a premature gray speckling if you like, to soften the contrast. It's better if you keep it short and, for whatever it's worth, we do foot all haircut bills from then on. Your wife doesn't ever get to know about Lisa."

"Look," said Mr. Gordon, "I don't want to act the prude and say the idea is horrible and I don't want any girl I have to pay for. The only thing that irritates me is how you can set it up right in front of her that way."

"I don't care about her," said Mr. Lopez. "She helps me sell cuff links."

The air was full of Lisa, and Mr. Gordon said, "Do you mean one weekend or all weekends forever?"

"As many as you like."

"I should probably be figuring this out to myself, but I have to talk to someone," said Mr. Gordon. "What do I need my hair for if I can have her anytime I want automatically? Now look, Lopez, there is one thing. I'm sorry about asking this, Lisa, but I'll just get it in and then I'll never do anything as crude as this again. There's nothing wrong with her? I mean, she doesn't get epileptic fits or anything I should know about? Or limp? That's silly. Actually I don't mind a limp in a girl, and it's funny I should bring that in here. All right, I'll go along."

"I don't write them down either," said Lopez. "Would you like some other cuff links?"

"I'll take one more pair," said Mr. Gordon, tremulously taking the girl's hand.

The hair came out gradually in Mr. Gordon's comb and was gone within a month. Not until the last few dropped out did Mr. Gordon think of exercising his option, and on that day he bought a Homburg and dropped around the boutique. He had a horrible fear, for one second, that Lisa would no longer be there and that he would have to travel the earth, hairless, to find his booty. But she was there, warm and sweet, with the scent of Pizanie floating about her ears, her bosoms high and impeccably separated.

Lopez came out with a tray from India and Mr. Gordon gave him two-fifty. Lopez asked him into a private office then and said, "Today's involves getting away from it all, leaving your job and doing whatever you want to do. Freedom. It's the only thing you don't have, not a fortune, but enough income to be able to thumb your nose at it all."

"As it stands I'll have to go into that stinking office right to my grave," said Mr. Gordon. "I make a good living but I need to have every nickel to do what I'm doing. All right, what do you take? Paralysis for my sister? A nervous breakdown for Dad? Shoot. This is going to be good."

"A single evening with your wife."

"You can't have a single evening with my wife. Who gets it, you?"

"No," said Lopez.

"What do I care who gets it? That's beside the point. I can't let you have that. I know, I know, I'm a hypocrite. I'll sell out my Uncle Lester and throw away my kid's nose and yet I make a big fuss over a single, meaningless act of the flesh. I'm not going along, that's all. That's one deal I won't make and I'm not even going to explain it."

"You'll never have to do a day's work in your life."

"You mean just one time with one man?" said Mr. Gordon.

"That's all," said Mr. Lopez.

"When?" asked Gordon.

"You bring her to a Twenties party Saturday night. You can have her as a flapper and you as a Harvard cheerleader. Lisa and I will be there as a Twenties gangster and his moll."

"This is one I don't feel happy about at all," said Mr. Gordon.

"Do we have an agreement?" asked Lopez.

"Yes," said Gordon.

During the week Mr. Gordon rented a costume for his wife. She said it was

PLAYBOY PROUDLY PRESENTS

THE GREATEST PACKAGE OF JAZZ EVER ASSEMBLED!

Never before in the history of jazz have so many of the greatest stars been brought together in a single package. Through the cooperation of the entire recording industry, THE PLAYBOY JAZZ ALL-STARS, VOLUME THREE, includes *all* the winners in the third annual Playboy Jazz Poll—PLUS *all* the All-Stars' All-Stars chosen by the musicians themselves. There are 32 separate featured performances on three 12" LP records—by the very biggest, most popular names in jazz—including highlights from the nationally acclaimed PLAYBOY JAZZ FESTIVAL. The three album package opens with a five minute introduction by humorist Mort Sahl and ends with the playing of *Playboy's Theme* by Cy Coleman, from PLAYBOY's television show, PLAYBOY'S PENTHOUSE. In between is more than two hours of solid jazz enjoyment by the greatest jazz talent blowing today. Ella Fitzgerald's festival performance is very nearly worth the price of the entire volume by itself—*Down Beat* called it "the most electrifying of her career"—"think of the best you have heard from her and double it." This is the single most important jazz package of the year and an absolute must for every real jazz collector.

ALBUM A Mort Sahl • Count Basie • Coleman Hawkins Shelly Manne • Stan Getz • Four Freshmen • Erroll Garner Jack Teagarden • J. J. Johnson • Chet Baker • Bob Brookmeyer

ALBUM B Ella Fitzgerald • Stan Kenton • Benny Goodman Ray Brown • Hi-Lo's • Jimmy Giuffre • Louis Armstrong Barney Kessel • Dave Brubeck • Miles Davis

ALBUM C Oscar Peterson • Dizzy Gillespie • Kai Winding Earl Bostic • Gerry Mulligan • Lionel Hampton • Paul Desmond Milt Jackson • Frank Sinatra • Sonny Rollins • Cy Coleman

All three records beautifully boxed with a handsome 32-page booklet containing biographies, up-to-date discographies and more than two dozen full-color photographs of the artists. Available in Stereophonic or Monophonic High Fidelity on PLAYBOY's own label.

Stereo (3 LPs) $16.50. Mono (3 LPs) $13.50.

Send check or money order to:

PLAYBOY JAZZ • DEPT. 360

232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Illinois

CAPTURE THE STRENGTH AND DELICACY OF EVERY SOUND
NEW SONY Sterecorder 300

4 TRACK & 2 TRACK STEREOPHONIC RECORDER

Here, through your fingertips, you take complete control of sound, blending it to magnificent perfection.

A great symphony to record? With this superb instrument you are a professional. Touch your stereo level controls — feel that sensitive response. Dual V.U. Meters show precision readings as you augment the strings, diminish the brass. The richness of that low resonance is captured with your bass boost. The strength and delicacy of every sound — now yours to command.

Four track and two track, stereo and monophonic, recording and playback, the SONY STERECORDER 300 is truly the ultimate in tape recorder engineering. $399.50, complete with two dynamic microphones, two extended range stereo speakers all in one portable case. For custom mounting, $349.50.

Other world-famous Sony tape recorders start as low as $89.50.

SONY SUPERSCOPE The tapeway to Stereo

For literature and the name of nearest franchised dealer, write Superscope, Inc., Dept. 2, Sun Valley, California.

INTERNATIONAL DRINKING TEAM HIGHBALL GLASSES

Official for Drinking Bouts!

[illegible] everyone on this team has [illegible] of fun [illegible] Write [illegible] of liquid event [illegible] water soda, tonic [illegible] DRINK TO VICTORY!

[illegible] a barware masterpiece fired for permanence [illegible] 2-tone embossed gold with white [illegible] for all indoor athletes! SET OF 8 $5.95

MATCHING ACCESSORIES FOR YOUR TEAM!

[illegible] Set of 8 $5.95
[illegible] Set of 8 $6.95
[illegible] $4.95
[illegible] Mixer Stirrer $7.95

[illegible] guaranteed. Send check [illegible]

DECORGLASS, INC., Dept. P-1
1780 PACIFIC ST., BROOKLYN 33, N. Y.

FRONT
BACK

beautiful and maybe he could buy it for her after the party. The party itself was dimly lit and all of the people were in costume, although some of them had spoiled the theme by showing up in flamenco dress. It was thick and loud and wild and Mrs. Gordon was immediately snapped up for the dance floor, leaving Mr. Gordon standing alone in his cheerleader uniform. Lisa and Lopez came over then. She made a lovely moll, one with perfectly separated bosoms and the scent of Pizanie about her throat. "Look, I'm not going along," said Mr. Gordon, glancing over at his wife on the dance floor. She was dancing with one of the flamenco fellows. "I can't even stand it when she dances with someone. Look, I can't go through with it. Who's the one she has to be with?"

"I told you that wasn't important," said Lopez.

"Will you point him out?" asked Mr. Gordon.

"Yes," said Lopez, and Mr. Gordon put his arms around Lisa and led her to the dance floor. Fifteen minutes later, Lopez tapped him on the shoulder and said, "She's with him now." Mr. Gordon looked up and saw his wife dancing with a slender, muscular man in a Twenties tank suit. They spun around. It was Merz. He seemed a trifle younger and somewhat better looking.

"You said he was dead," Mr. Gordon said to Lisa.

"Under my orders," said Lopez. "Don't blame her."

"Well, that settles it," said Mr. Gordon. "Now I'm definitely not going through with it. Not till Hell freezes over."

"We have an agreement," said Lopez through thin lips.

"I don't care," said Mr. Gordon. "Not Merz. Maybe someone else, but not him. That's where I draw the line. I don't care what I said."

"It has to be Merz," said Lopez. "It's all arranged."

"Now look," said Mr. Gordon, running his hands over his bare dome. "I don't know whether I have the strength to argue with you or what, but I am not going through with this and that's that. I knew I shouldn't have started on this one. Now look. I'll give you this much. Inside of blouse, upper thigh, and heavy necking, but that's it. Not the whole deal. Never the whole deal. Not with Merz."

"I can't account for what happens when you change them," said Lopez.

"Well, I don't care," said Mr. Gordon, folding his arms. "That's it and that's the way it's going to be."

"All right," said Lopez. "But I can't guarantee what's going to happen when you fool around with the packages. They're packaged one way for a reason."

"He wasn't even supposed to be alive,

said Mr. Gordon, encircling Lisa's waist with his arms and picking up the music.

In a short while, he saw Mrs. Gordon and Merz pick up their coats and slip out the door. He kept dancing and at the end of the evening Mrs. Gordon came back alone and went into the powder room. Lopez came over and slipped a piece of paper into Mr. Gordon's cheerleading blazer. "It's a check that comes to sixteen hundred dollars, which is the store's gross weekly income. That's the way we have it set up, only you'll get it from now on in monthly payments. It's fairly steady and of course if the store should fail, we're in supermarkets, clothing, and you should have no cause for anxiety. I'm taking Lisa now, but of course you can pick her up any weekend, beginning Friday nights at 6:45 and ending at the dinner hour Sunday, let's say eight."

Mr. Gordon was quite anxious for the following week and neither quit his job nor picked up Lisa. The following Saturday morning Mrs. Gordon came to the breakfast table fully dressed and said, "I've got to go away and I don't think I'm coming back, and there's no need for you to talk patiently with me. It's going to be for always with this man and there isn't a thing in the world anyone can say to me to stop me. I don't know about the children. I just know I have to go. There was a brief time when it seemed if we could only get it out of our systems we could have forgotten each other, but it wasn't possible and now we have to go away together and take a lifetime because it isn't ever going to get out of our systems."

"Merz?" said Mr. Gordon.

"That's his name," said Mrs. Gordon, "but there isn't any use in your saying it a funny way or trying to cut him down because I need him and must have him."

Mr. Gordon's face went cold and after his wife left, the shock carried him through the day and he remained rigid, like a sliding pond, as the children played all over him. What he was certain was going to hit him never did, somehow, and he got through the following week with only occasional spasms of nausea. On Friday evening at 6:45 he went to Lisa's apartment and the second she opened the door he bit her earlobe and inhaled her and undressed her and had her before the clock said seven. There had been a moment at the door, when he had feared a kind of quiet resignation on her part, but such was not the case and she made love to him with frenzy and hunger and they stayed together through the night. In the morning she sat up and stretched in a nightgown and yawned and the nausea came back to him. "That Pizanie stays right on all through the night," he said.

"So many people call it *Pizzanee*," she said languorously.

"I don't like it in the morning when I want eggs," he said. "I'm not even sure I want it in the afternoon or any time before 6:45. And even then, I'm not sure any more," he said. Dressing quickly, he hollered, "*PIZZANEE, PIZZANEE, PIZZANEE. IT SHOULD BE CALLED PIZZANEE*," and then flew out the door.

He went to a private detective's office and told the man he wanted to find his wife and Merz. After twelve minutes of phone calls the detective traced the pair to Las Vegas and said to Mr. Gordon, "You owe me forty-three dollars."

"How do you get that?" asked Mr. Gordon.

"I just do," said the detective.

"All right," said Mr. Gordon, paying the man. "I have unlimited funds."

A jet liner took Mr. Gordon to Las Vegas the same evening. He felt very giddy traveling without luggage, without preparation. In Las Vegas he checked the rosters of the big hotels for Merz' name and couldn't find it. Then he went to the smaller hotels that weren't on the Strip and found a listing for a couple named Merzedes. Taking the stairs two at a time he pounded on the door of the room until Merz opened it up, wearing a pair of BVDs. He had grown a goatee in the beatnik style and his hair was unruly. The room was sultry and had no air conditioning. Inside, Mr. Gordon could see his wife in a pair of panties he recognized and a monogrammed blouse.

"Look Merz," said Mr. Gordon, "my foot is in your door. The whole thing's off. I have got to have her back. I don't care whether she wants to come or not. She'll get used to me again and forget you, even if it takes fifty-two years. But she's my wife and I've got to have her back and there's no power on earth can stop me, I don't care who's behind this."

"I can't do it," said Merz.

"Why not?" said Mr. Gordon, with fists clenched.

"Because I took asthma, a bleeding ulcer and let a Long Island train wreck have six of my grandchildren for your wife, that's why. It was under a special incentive plan for us employees."

Mr. Gordon understood perfectly and went away.

*"What does *#%*!!@! mean?"*

Famous ALFRED SHAHEEN, Honolulu
and *Margie Douglas*
MARGIE'S MAGIC NECKLINE
in a vital eye-catching
BEAU DRESS

New bell skirt in soft box pleats. ALFRED SHAHEEN fabulous silk-like Fabric, 50% Arnel, 50% Cotton. Adjustable Shoulder bows. Black, Pearl-beige, Red, Blue. 8-18. $14.95 *postpaid*

MONOGRAMMED WITH YOUR OWN TWO INITIALS IN ORIENTAL SCRIPT *(no exchanges on monogrammed goods)*
4% sales tax in California

SEND FOR MARGIE'S NEW FREE FASHION FOLIO
Mail *Margie Douglas* DEPT. PB
854 So Robertson Blvd., Los Angeles, California
$10.00 deposit with all C.O.D.s

WIDE WALE CORDUROY VEST
$10.95 by *Hylo*

This Autumn sees an updating of vests—new, bold, and more important than ever before with rounded cut-away front and slanting pockets. Gold, red, bronze, charcoal or black. Sizes 36 to 46 regular; 38 to 44 long.

Broadstreet's
10 Men's Stores in New York, New Jersey & Chicago

BROADSTREET'S, 525 Madison Ave., New York 22

CORDUROY VEST $10.95	QUANTITY	SIZE	COLOR

☐ check ☐ charge ☐ c.o.d.
NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
CITY ..... ZONE ... STATE .....
Add 35c for postage and handling outside delivery area

BOOK OF TONY

(continued from page 46)

old factory, in the family for three generations, had been milked bone-dry.)

"I was wrong about the old goat," Tony said to me. "Somehow I figured he'd live to be seventy at least and here he's whisked off in his prime, at sixty-nine." He laughed. "It's just like he told me—you can always be wrong about people."

That you can. And I was wrong about Tony. I'd made up my mind that he'd grown to like being a tycoon, junior grade; that he'd forgotten, or at least set aside, his old purpose of being able to live for pleasure and privilege alone. But he hadn't forgotten. It had all been in the book: marry the girl to get to the father; warm the old boy up not for what he could provide alive, good as that might be, but for what he could provide dead, if he would. And he had provided. The strings that had been tied around Doris' inheritance had been cut and the stuff was lying there all over the place.

"You know the sensation?" Tony said to me. "It's like a dream I used to have when I was a kid. I was standing in a cellar and there was a coal chute coming in one window; and coming down the coal chute there was a river of vanilla ice cream, sliding, slowly, like white lava, and I had to eat it faster than it came in, so I wouldn't drown in it. Well, that's the sensation, buddy."

He ate, I'll say that for him. And he didn't have to improvise ways and means of doing it, either. He had it all down in the book. It was all planned.

Take the private car, for example. Who has a private railroad car today? Well, Lucius Beebe, OK. Who else? It used to be, in the days of the dedicated spenders, when they were really sending it in around the turn of the century, everybody who was anybody had a private car. It used to be one of the cachets that marked the difference between a really rich millionaire and somebody who just had a lot of money. You had the Pullman company run you up a little old land-yacht, with a full kitchen, a bar, a few boudoirs complete with double beds, none of this berth nonsense, a fireplace, any other trifling convenience you felt like, a burrow at the front end for the help to scuttle into when you didn't want them around, the whole thing done up in mahogany and rosewood and Spanish leather. Tony had had the plans for his drawn up a long time, since he was thirteen for all I know, and the stone-cutters were still chipping away at the old man's monument (a simple twenty-ton slab of rose marble, "J. R. Hollis, 1886-1955. He Builded Better Than He Knew") when he had American Car and Foundry working three shifts a day on it. It cost a hair

SING A SONG OF SICKNESS a pocket full of wry

insures hilarious party fun

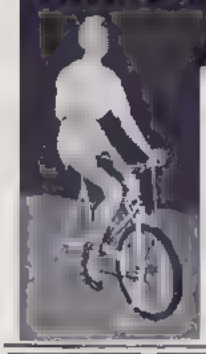
The "Smash Flops" team does it to you again 12 sick ballads for hi-fidelity fun. At the Annual Get Together of the KKK and NAACP; That Big Sporting House in the Sky, Watch World War III on Pay T-V; It's Fun To Be Hazed; Send The Girls Over There, I Saw Adolph Today . . . and others of equal good humor
Send $4.98 by check or money order to. P.S.-60
PIP RECORDS
1350 N. Highland Ave., Hollywood 28, Calif.
No stamps or C.O.D.'s accepted.

authentic & original HOLLYWOOD
DIRECTOR CHAIRS

These are the same Director Chairs that have been sold to all major Hollywood studios for over 30 years. Smart, functional, and sturdy (5 year structural guarantee), this hardwood chair will add prestige and sophistication to your game room or bachelor apartment. Fabulous for boats, tennis courts, patios, etc. In white, black, or natural wood, and white, black, natural or red canvas. Your choice of imprint: Director, Producer, or Cameraman (exp. chg. coll. from Racine, Wis.) $18.75

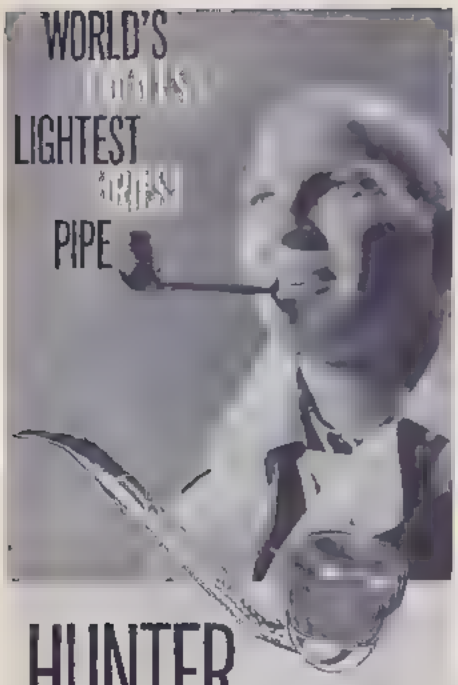
Send check or M. O. (no COD's please) to:
LINDSAY SOUND STAGE PROPERTIES
1308 N. Mansfield, Hollywood 28, Calif.

EXERCISE to FEEL BETTER—
make it FUN with a
HEALTH BIKE!



Biking is recommended by doctors as excellent exercise for legs, abdomen, heart, lungs. Use Health Bike *in privacy—at home!* Has *speedometer* for fun, plus knob to adjust resistance. Finest quality—*at new low prices!*
Money-back Guarantee.
WRITE for Free Folder!
Battle Creek EQUIP. CO.
BATTLE CREEK 5, MICHIGAN

FORGET HELL! You'll NEVER forget this REBEL MUSIC BOX LIGHTER
Precision music box strikes up DIXIE each time you light up. with COL BEAU SHOUTIN' FORGET HELL! on one side and the REBEL FLAG on t'other. Both sides in full color. ORDER NOW and get the BEAU LITE, $5.95 ppd.
Send check or Money Order to . . .
The HOUSE OF BEAUREGARD INC.
600 Sudekum Bldg.
Nashville 3, Tenn.



HUNTER *by Falcon*

Needs no pipe cleaner. Needs no drying-out. Never smokes hot, never a bitter slug. Weighs 1 ounce. Finest interchangeable imported briar bowls. **Hunter,** by Falcon—straight or bent shank stem in black, brown, anodized aluminum, gift cased $5. **Falcon**—straight aluminum stem, gift cased, $3.95.

D.M.W., Inc., 4117 N. Kilpatrick, Chicago 41, Ill.

Why trade a "large evening" for a hangover?

get Hangover Chaser

Remember the way the bird-boys chased a hangover? Shoot yours down the same way—by breathing pure oxygen. It's the push-button way to a clear head. No more throbbing, clanging, dismal morning-afters, when the cat keeps stomping his feet.

Party till your heart's content. But keep HANGOVER CHASER handy. Only $1.98 (plus 25c for postage & handling)

Send check or money order
AERO SPACE LABORATORIES
Box 9227, Prairie Village 15, Kans.

NOW! Enjoy *JYMBAR*

FOR SLIMMING—STRETCHING—FUN!
FOR ADULTS AND CHILDREN—INSTALLS IN DOORWAY—

Wonderful exercise for arms, legs, abdomen, back, chest. Install or take down in a jiffy! Safe—holds up to 400 lbs. Doesn't harm door frame. *Used as ballet barre.* Extends 24" to 38". Top-quality!

WRITE TODAY for Free Folder —or order postpaid. ONLY

Money-back Guarantee. $8.95

Battle Creek EQUIP. CO.
BATTLE CREEK 4, MICHIGAN

under $600,000 and I won't attempt to describe it to you except to say that a friend of mine, a curator at the Smithsonian Institution, told me that in his considered opinion, it was the most luxurious land-transportation machine in recorded history. It had all the ordinary things that *anybody* would think of, like carpeting hand-woven in France and solid-gold champagne faucets in the wall, and then it had *special* features, too: for example, ultrasmall television cameras hidden in the ceiling light fixtures in each bedroom.

Not many people knew about them, and in a way I'm surprised that I did because as time went on Tony cut me in a little less, but he did tell me about the cameras. It was during my first trip on the car. (You pay the railroad twenty fares and they hook it onto the end of whatever train you like.) We were going to Arizona, Tony and Doris, my girl and I and two other couples. We'd left Grand Central at five in the afternoon and it had been a fairly big night. At nine next morning Tony and I were the only ones up. I saw him at the end of the car, sitting on the back of his neck, nursing a glass of yellow tomato juice, watching the track unreel. I plopped down beside him and he buzzed the kitchen for juice for me.

"You sleep good?" he asked me.

"Like dead," I said. "This thing puts out a nice ride."

"Little old gyroscopes underneath," Tony said. "You may be interested to know, buddy," he went on, "that you and Adele made the record last night. I thought you'd never quit and let me go to sleep."

"Again?" I said. "Slower?"

"Like for duration," he said.

I squeezed my head-bones. "Forgive me," I said. "I thought I was sober, but I'm misjudging people again. Obviously, I'm still stoned, because I don't know what the hell you're talking about."

So he told me. I just looked at him.

"You sore, buddy?" he said.

"Why, no," I said. "Those of us who know and love you could never really get sore at you, Tony. I might want to kill you, is all." I thought about it for a while. "Doris, too?" I said finally.

"Doris doesn't really like the idea," he said. "The girl's a doll, but a little on the square side sometimes. She went to sleep."

"Well, either you dig the late, late show or you don't," I said.

I found the gimmick that night and thumbed a wad of chewing gum over the lens.

Well, that was the private car. Then there were the two planes, one just an ordinary Aero Commander like Eisenhower's, for hacking around in, and the other a DC-8 redesigned to be nice for about twelve people instead of a hun-

Now . . . fully wired!
completely assembled!
ready to plug in!

famous

HEATH HI-FI

Yes, the famous Heath electronic units—first in performance, quality and dependability—are now available to you not only in the regular build-it-yourself kit form, but as *fully wired, completely assembled* equipment. You unpack, plug in and begin immediately to enjoy the finest in electronic performance.

The same high quality that has always distinguished each and every Heath tuner, speaker, amplifier and turntable is now yours with the added convenience of topnotch, rigidly inspected factory assembly.

A new, special Heath brochure has been prepared to show you just which items in the extensive Heathkit line are available to you in the new *fully wired, completely assembled* form.

There's a free copy waiting for you. Just fill out and mail this coupon and we'll be happy to send you a copy without charge or obligation—or see your nearest Heath dealer.

HEATH

HEATH COMPANY
Benton Harbor 38, Michigan

( ) Please send the special Heath wired products brochure.
( ) Please send the full Heathkit catalog

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE____ STATE_____

2¼" FILTER IN
MEDICO FILTER PIPES

Medico's 2¼ inch filter gives you the protection every modern smoker is seeking—protection from irritants! When Medico's filter turns brown, throw away nicotine, tars, juices and flakes trapped inside—they never reach your mouth. Over 2 billion Medico filters sold. No wonder Medico is the largest selling pipe in the world.

MEDICO V.F.Q.
$2.95

10 FOR 10¢

Other Medico Pipes

STANDARD	1.95	GUARDSMAN	3.50
MEDALIST	2.50	WHITEWALL	3.50
VENTILATOR	2.50	CREST	from 5.00
EBONY	2.95	HOLDERS	1.00

MEDICO®
FILTER PIPES

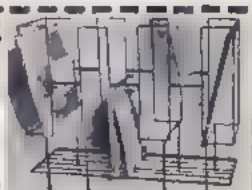
BAR BIRDS
COCKTAIL CALENDAR

Bar stool bird-watchers' delight! A calendar for tipplers who sometimes forget the date. Mad characters ranging from the Beatnick Bongo Bird to the Cockeyed Rooster who likes egg in his beer. Plaster this (!) affectionately near home or office oasis and always know when it's tomorrow, or at least next week. Audubon never saw these 12 specimens! Yes, 1961 calendar is reliable.

ppd. $1

GREENLAND STUDIOS Dept. PL-10
3735 N. W. 67th St. - Miami 47, Florida

SORTS
200
RECORDS



Black wrought-iron cabinet is just waiting for your collection to grow into! "Shows-off" 200 LP albums. Ten compartments to file records by symphonies, operas, ballets, jazz, folk, theater and show music. Sturdy 25"x22"x12" Fully assembled! Remit $9.95 or chg. Diners' Acct. Exp. chg. collected on delivery. AIR-MAIL MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE! $9.95
©Leslie Creations • Dept. 2F46 • Lafayette Hill, Pa.

dred and ten. There were twenty automobiles beginning with Aston Martin and ending with Zil. (Sure, he got a Zil, don't ask me how. "Just like Khrushchev's," he said.) There was the town house in New York and one in Berkley Square and one on the Avenue Foch; there was the place in Sussex and the château near Nimes and the cottage (cottage!) in Montego Bay. Tony kept on eating, fighting to keep that vanilla ice cream from rising above his knees. Van Cleef and Arpels knew him well. Harry Winston was like a brother to him. ("Harry, it's a *nice* little stone. I'm not knocking it, Harry. Sure, I know. But, Harry, you said you were sending me a *big* gem!")

It didn't bother Doris to see Tony spend money. She loved him. He was her man. He was almost as nice to her after they were married as he had been before, really very nearly, and by his lights he was a rock of fidelity. I know for a fact that they'd been married a year before he had so much as one other girl. I suppose he'd planned it that way. I can see him, getting eager, but marking off the months and weeks on the calendar until a year had passed, or whatever.

• • •

I know it's hard to believe, but it's a fact that money is a limited source of kicks. It's demonstrable: look around at the really rich. The dopes among them keep living it up, running from Jamaica to Monaco to St. Moritz like rabbits scuttering from burrow to burrow, spending it as if tomorrow had been torn off the calendar; the brighter ones sooner or later give all that up and start looking for power, and the brighter they are the sooner they do it. Tony was pretty bright, and he had to come to it.

He drifted in to see me one day, laughing.

"The girl at the desk asked me who I was," he said.

"New," I said. "Been here about six months, is all. What brings you to our gilded sweatshop?"

"I've been thinking about Dodsworth," he said. He stood at the window, looking down Park Avenue, shiny in the rain. "You remember Dodsworth?" he said without turning.

"Sure."

"Dodsworth was a dope. Also, he was a United States Senator."

"So?"

"I, on the other hand, am not a dope."

I didn't say anything. I just sat there and let the idea seep down through the brain cells. I suppose he'll want Lyndon Johnson's office, I said to myself.

Tony went on. "I'm not a born politician like, for example, Jack Kennedy, and I'm a lot younger, but, in balance, I have considerably more money than he has, and more than his old man has, if it comes to that, and I'm a better planner."

"Kennedy isn't really a bum at it," I said.

"Didn't say he was. I'm just better, right?"

"Am I supposed to leap to my feet and say, 'Right, chief'?" I said. "Because if I am, you're plugged into the wrong circuit."

He turned around then. "No, buddy," he said, giving me the big smile, "that's not what you're supposed to do. You're supposed to tell me what you think."

"I think you're out of your skull," I told him. "But if you want it, you can get it, I imagine."

"I want it."

"As a general rule," I said, "you're supposed to start a little short of the United States Senate. How about you do a warmup in some easy job, mayor of New York, for instance?"

"An old-fashioned concept," he said. "We have to think big. Like the jokers who run commercial aviation in Russia. They went from two-engined airplanes to jets: they skipped the big four-engine plane, leap-frogged it. I'll leap-frog the mayoralty and the state legislature and all that jazz."

"How does this notion look to Doris?" I asked him.

He shrugged impatiently. "Doris wants what I want, buddy," he said. "Like in the book. The Book of Ruth, for example: Whither thou goest, and so forth."

"That's nice," I said.

He picked up his topcoat.

"If you're going to dedicate your life to the service of the people," I told him, "you'd better run down to Barney's and turn that thing in on a simple Republican tweed."

"You think so, buddy?" he said.

"Didn't you tell me that stuff was *shatusa*, and doesn't the Indian government forbid the export of what little *shatusa* there is?"

"I see your point," he said.

"What did you tell me that coat cost?" I asked.

"I didn't," he said, "but it was like three thousand."

"I can see it now," I said. "One photograph of the candidate wearing his three-thousand-dollar topcoat, climbing into his Zil limousine, and it's good-bye Charlie. You *got* to be a U.S. Senator?"

"Get a big office Monday," he said. "New building somewhere. Put a fake name on the door. Hire some people. Buy some brains. Phone me."

"Yes, Mr. President," I said.

You think he was stabbing for the moon? You do? It's people like you that are what's wrong with this country. You don't take the trouble to find out the score, you don't look up the rules of the game. For example, we had a little

"They could at least have hanged us in effigy!"

IT'S A PIP! IT'S A PIPO!

Men in the know smoke a PIPO pipe. New scientific design guarantees a cool smoke. Made in Holland of aged Algerian Briar with a comfortable hand-cut bit. Compact 4" shape fits neatly in the pocket of new slim suits. A PIPO'S a pip of a gift on a hand some zippered suede carrying case with 3-initials.

Select from 5 finishes:

Plum or Sandblast 4.95 — Leather Covered 6.00
Virgin 7.95 — Plum (Meerschaum lined) 10.00

Order your Pipo today. No charge for initials on case or postage.

Swan Ries & Co.

Tobacconists since 1857 • 131 South Wabash
Opposite Palmer House • Chicago 3
Send for our free booklet "Adventures in Pipe Smoking"

free!

Pickering's TECH-SPECS...a handy pocket-sized guide that helps you plan your stereo hi-fi system for space...from pickup to enclosure. Send for your copy today—address Dept. PB-10.

Pickering & Co., Inc.
Plainview, New York

SAY PLAYBOY!

Here's the FLASK-ASH

This sophisticated ceramic mosaic design ash tray will handsomely grace the most debonair college man's desk. Dual purpose is served, for within the FLASK ASH® a full half liter of the nectar of the gods, the fruit of the vine or other potent libation can be concealed. Satisfaction Guaranteed. $7.95.

The CAMPUS SHOP BOX 500 OMAHA NEBR.

RUMCAKE
pipe tobacco

a unique blend with no artificial flavoring — with a delicious flavor which is both unusual and distinctive — cured in pure honey and rum

Postpaid — check quantity — 8 oz $3.25 ☐ 16 oz $6.00 ☐

Send Check or Money Order — Conn. Residents add 3% sales tax

blended, cured and packaged at

THE OWL SHOP
268 COLLEGE ST., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

SEND FOR FREE ILLUSTRATED CATALOG!

package deal at PRO Inc.: $50,000 for the cover of *Time*. It wasn't unique with us. I imagine that if you dropped around to see Len Jolberg or the right man at K & H they'd be willing to discuss a similar proposition. I'm not saying you can *buy* a *Time* cover. You can't, not for $50,000 and not for $500,000. Harry Luce is not up for purchase and as far as I know, neither is anybody who works for him. But for $50,000 we could give any reasonably equipped client a fair shot at getting his mug on *Time*. No guarantee, of course, but we made it a lot oftener than we didn't. Over a period of twelve months the guy just became prominent, is all. He would turn up here and there making a lot of speeches, and they'd be great speeches. Articles under his by-line would show in important magazines, and they'd be solid, original, brilliantly written pieces. A book by him would appear, if briefly, on the best-seller lists. A small but respectable college would give him an honorary doctorate. The governor of his state would solicit his service on an investigatory commission. Odds and ends like that for a while, and then, suddenly, when the progress chart his account executive ran indicated that the time had come, we'd let off the H-bomb: a superficially brilliant, novel, controversial plan for saving the land from the ravaging Slobbovians or something of the sort. And then, just maybe, the editors of *Time* in solemn conclave assembled would decide that our boy was the best of a thin lot of candidates for the issue of February 31 or so.

Takes a little planning, a lot of work, is all.

So who should be surprised when Anthony Lintner, boy pol, came crawling out of his gold-plated hole, blinking shyly in the sun? It wasn't long before fatheads from one end of the land to the other were hanging on his words, his, you should excuse the expression, just as if he knew what he was talking about. I want to tell you that inside six months he was in orbit, and old Senator Glastonbury, who had nothing going for him but seventeen years of reasonably honest service to the constituency, was noticing that he slept better if he took a little Seconal with his toddy.

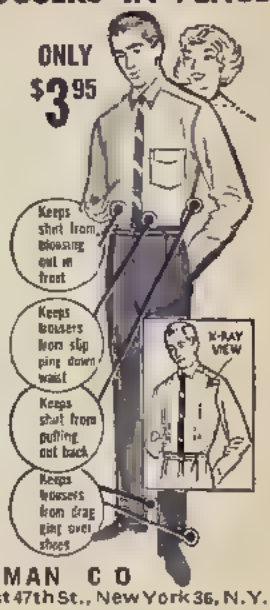
I'll say one thing for Tony, he never believed his own publicity. When I showed him the first honest editorial suggesting that the country needed hands like his at the helm (when I say "honest" I mean that it wasn't a straight plant, the guy who wrote it believed it was his own idea), Tony laughed.

"If you didn't see it happen, who could believe it?" he said. "Right by the book. Right down the line. It's like having your own crystal ball, buddy. Like we know what's going to happen six months from now, and we're the only

NEW INVISIBLE SUSPENDERS FIT UNDER YOUR SHIRT

KEEPS SHIRT TUCKED IN
HOLDS TROUSERS IN PLACE

New Invisible Suspenders fit under your shirt without showing! Amazing hook device attaches shirt to trousers, keeping your shirt neatly tucked in so it won't blouse out and bag over your belt, while it holds trousers firmly in place so they won't slide down around your tummy dragging sloppily over your shoes. As easy to put on as ordinary suspenders. Keep your clothes fitting neatly all day with that well-groomed tailored look. Only $3.95 (2 for $5.95). Money Back Guarantee. If COD fee extra. Mail order to:



PARK AVENUE MAN C O
Dept. P-24, 31 West 47th St., New York 36, N.Y.

PLAYBOY ACCESSORIES

PLAYBOY's familiar rabbit in bright rhodium on gleaming black enamel, attractively packaged in felt bag.

earrings	$4.50	cuff links	$4.50
bracelet	$3	tie tack	$2.50
the set	$7	the set	$6.50

PLAYBOY PRODUCTS, dept. 459
232 east ohio chicago 11, illinois

SAWYER'S

SLIDE VIEWERS

Table-top or hand model, there is a Sawyer's 2x2 slide viewer perfect for you. Para-Vue I (above) lighted table-top model, $6.95. At leading photo, gift, drug and department stores—wherever color film is sold.

Nono-Vue $1.00
Para-Vue III $1.95
Para-Vue II $2.95
Para-Vue IV $5.95
Bi-Lens $6.95

SAWYER'S, INC. Portland, Oregon

Somewhere on the Cornish coast, a red-faced fisherman wishes that he had a sweater as warm and ruggedly handsome as this wool beauty. The high V-neck and unusual pattern are just his meat. Or fish. You'll wear it in natural, taupe, gold, firegold, shale alpine. About $17.00

CORNISHMAN III

himalaya

40 E. 34th St., N.Y.C.

Berg's ..... Spokane, Wash.
Parks ..... Savannah, Ga.
Wild & Co. ..... Ann Arbor, Mich.
Harold's ..... Norman, Okla.
Sundberg's ..... Glenview, Ill.
Eagleson's ..... Sacramento, Calif.
Bill Baker's ..... Eugene, Ore.
Levine's ..... State College, Pa.
Robert's ..... Springfield, Ill.
Edw Miller ..... Hempstead, N. Y.

people in the country who do." A little later the warm, sentimental side of him showed. "You know," he said "I wish old man Hollis had lived to see it. After all, he had it coming. He was the first customer, so to speak, he bought the first package, and it's a shame he can't see what kind of a store I'm running now. Too bad." He shook his head sadly. "You know, Doris tells me the old goat had a secret yen, all his life, to be governor?"

"He just didn't plan things right, did he, Chuefie?" I said

"Don't be unkind, buddy," Tony said "Old Hollis did the best he could with what he had to work with. Limited talent, that was his problem. He lacked foresight like."

Sure he did.

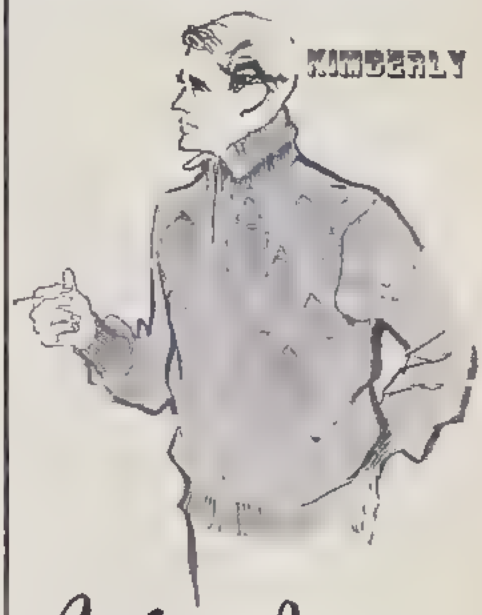
The nominating convention was set for June 28 that year, and it was on a Monday, May 17, that I got the word. I got a phone call from a lawyer named Homer Barnet: Jones, Pitcairn, Barnet and Wolfe. He wanted to know when I could drop around to see him about a matter of some little importance. I made it that afternoon.

It was a Wall Street outfit Barnet was sixty or so. He had white hair, white piping on his waistcoat, a Phi Bete key on the fat-linked watch chain and he spoke with grave, fatigued courtesy

"If you would be so good, sir," he said, handing me a clipped sheaf of about fifteen photostat sheets. I read. The first page was a letter to Barnet from J R. Hollis. It was a letter of instruction, ordinary except that the signature had been witnessed It was short and to the point: ". . . wishing to safeguard my daughter Doris . . . candidly, for the furtherance of my own ego . . . suspicion of insincerity . . . you will engage competent surveillance on a twenty-four-hour basis, seven days a week for two full years beginning on the day after my interment . . . remarks indicating basic, rooted disrespect for me or my memory . . . mistreatment of my daughter or infidelity to her . . . rash or profligate use of her funds, or use obviously intended to further sensual purpose . . . fraudulent or cynical or deceptive attitudes calculated to further his career . . . you will, in the light of your best judgment, make private disclosure to my daughter, or, if the circumstances warrant, private disclosure to Mr Lmtner either directly or through any agency you choose, or, if need be, public disclosure through any media you consider suitable . . . monies left over from the fund provided for this purpose to be placed at the disposal of my trustees for assignment to a charitable institution or institutions . . ."

The rest of the pages constituted a précis of the results of the two years of twenty-four-hour-a-day surveillance. I

Praise the Lord for the harlequin shape. The dutiful diamond has been used profusely across a heavy wool cardigan with a zip front and convertible collar. The collar converts to a turtle-neck whenever you desire. Onyx blue, olive, natural, gold, slag copper. About $20.00



himalaya

40 E. 34th St., N.Y.C.

Plaza Men's Shop..El Paso, Tex.
Woody's ..... Manhattan, Kan.
Cobey's ..... Highland Park, Ill.
Alex Rice ..... Montgomery, Ala.
Neils ..... Brooklyn, N. Y.
Miller's ..... Williamstown, Mass.
Boyds ..... St. Louis, Mo.
Wallachs ..... New York City, N. Y.
The Kings Kloset..Portland, Ore.
Olympia, Wash.

save on stereo hi-fi

send for the 1961 ALLIED CATALOG free

SAVE MOST! Here's your complete money-saving guide to Hi-Fi, including products available only from ALLIED. See how you save on our recommended complete Stereo systems. Choose from the world's largest stocks of famous-name amplifiers, tuners, changers, speakers, enclosures, period-style equipment cabinets, tape recorders, accessories; save most with KNIGHT® deluxe components. Build your own—save even more with our exclusive Hi-Fi KNIGHT-KITS®. For *everything* in Hi-Fi *and* Electronics, get the FREE 444-page 1961 ALLIED Catalog!

only $5 down on orders up to $200

ALLIED RADIO

ALLIED RADIO, Dept. 120-K
100 N. Western Ave., Chicago 80, Ill. free

☐ Send FREE 1961 ALLIED Catalog.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____

read them, my scalp tingling as my hair tried to stand straight up. I don't know who had done the job, but they hadn't learned their trade by home study of a mail-order course, I can tell you that. Apparently Tony hadn't lighted a cigarette that they hadn't noticed. Of remarks indicating disrespect to the sacred memory of J. R. Hollis, 218 on 170 known occasions; of infidelity, 49 known instances with eight women, of profligacy, 1091; of fraudulent or cynical attitudes designed to further his career — well, obviously they owned at least six people in PRO Inc. body and soul, and clearly the office had been wired up like the switchboard at the FBI. Senator? If that stuff got out? In a square election, he couldn't have made secretary of the Little Neck P.T.A. I don't know what the job might have cost. Using three operatives a shift, nine a day, bare minimum, transportation, expenses, bribes, photographs, every electronic gimmick known to man — oh, say $2500 a week.

Tony Lintner was dead. It remained only to bury him.

"You understand, sir," Barnet was saying in his whispery baritone, "you have read a synopsis. The full report amounts to many hundreds of pages. It is, of course, available to you, and to Mr. Lintner, for perusal in this office."

"What are you going to do with it?" I said.

Barnet held his hands fingertip to fingertip, as if he were praying for guidance.

"As to that," he said, "you will have noticed that the letter of instruction gives us wide discretionary powers. We are not *bound* to public disclosure, if we can achieve Mr. Hollis' plain purpose in another fashion. It has occurred to us to suggest to Mr. Lintner that he deny himself further access to Mrs. Lintner's funds, that he agree to a dissolution of the marriage, and that he withdraw himself from the public eye."

"Isn't that blackmail?" I said.

"My dear sir," Barnet said. "We are acting here as executors under the clear instructions. There is no remote question of illegality."

There wasn't, either.

I must say, Barnet and his boys were gentlemanly about it. Tony got the same Chesterfieldian treatment that I'd had. He could arrange the matter with Doris as he chose, telling her anything he liked, so long as he did it within a week. He chose to tell her that he was fed up with her and had been for a long time; fed up with her old man's money and fed up with life in the gilded fleshpots. He was off to the blue horizon, he told her, to find himself, to ferret out the true Tony Lintner. It was a ghastly thing to do to her, but maybe the other way would have been worse. I don't know.

He sold PRO Inc. I had some vague notion that he might turn it over to me, sort of a going-away present, token of past services, that sort of thing, but he hadn't planned it that way. I guess he felt that he'd need every dime he could get to soften his descent to a slightly different standard of living. I went with him to Idlewild. Rio, one way.

"What are you going to do?" he said.

"I don't know," I said. "I've got no plan."

"You never did have, did you?" he said.

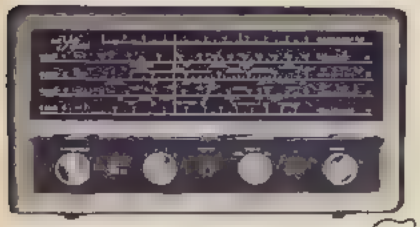
"No," I said. "I never did."

It was true. I just let things roll along. I did think that somebody ought to help Doris over the hump, over the bad first few months, and I tried. After all, I knew the girl pretty well, and she knew me pretty well. She said she appreciated it, and we just went along. We didn't even plan getting married. It just happened. I think she may have liked the idea of being close to someone who'd been close to Tony. And I didn't see any reason why not: I'd read the letter and I knew that old Hollis hadn't made any unusual testamentary arrangements for Doris' second husband, should she have one. My tastes are simpler, too. I sold the private railroad car, complete with seeing eyes in the bedrooms, and the house in London, too. Who needs that climate anyway? I bought a mile of beach in Hawaii instead.

I haven't a clue where old Tony is now. He could be dead, and I rather think he is. I've never suggested that to Doris, of course. I know she's still fond of him, or of his memory. She keeps his picture in her bedroom still. I don't mind. After all, he was my friend, too, in a way. I even get a kick out of it once in a while. I look over at him and I say to myself, "You dig the late, late show, Chiefie?"

"Could you tell me who ordered the spaghetti alla Bolognese?"

IT'S FUN TO BE AN ARMCHAIR ADVENTURER!



With a NATIONAL NC-60 SPECIAL Shortwave Radio Receiver you can cross the six continents in the comfort of your favorite chair, visit foreign lands, eavesdrop on aircraft, ships at sea and radio hams. Enjoy standard broadcast too, with this powerful new radio receiver. Suggested price only $59.95. Write for literature and name of nearest dealer.

JOIN . . . THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF ARMCHAIR ADVENTURERS

SEND 50c for membership certificate and exciting new book on Shortwave Listening. Tells when, where, how to listen, provides log for listing countries you hear. SEND 50c to

National RADIO CO., INC.
MELROSE 76, MASS.

A wholly owned subsidiary of National Company, Inc.
Export: AD AUREMA, INC., 85 Broad St., New York, N. Y., U.S.A.
In Canada: CANADIAN MARCONI CO., Toronto 17

FOR **TALL MEN ONLY!**
SHIRTS WITH YOUR EXACT LONG SLEEVE LENGTH

PERFECT FIT in your big size! Sleeve lengths to 38, neck sizes to 18½! Ivy League stripes, plaids, solid tones, whites in Sport and Dress styles. New wash-and-wear fabrics! Bodies cut 4" longer than ordinary shirts! Not sold in stores — by mail only! We are America's best-known specialists for BIG MEN ONLY! Finest quality at amazingly low prices! Satisfaction Guaranteed! Write for FREE Catalog!

BIG FREE CATALOG!
Shoes, size 10AAA to 16EEE! Fine quality in smartest new dress styles. Also sport and work shoes, boots, sox, slippers. All FOR BIG MEN ONLY! A postcard brings you big color Catalog, FREE! Write today

KING-SIZE, INC. 4500 BROCKTON, MASS.

SHOES FROM ENGLAND
at a fraction of their American retail price!

$10.95

DELIVERY IN 10 DAYS FROM RECEIPT OF ORDER
Includes all import charges

STEVEN WILLIAMS, LTD.
40 Chatham Road, Short Hills, N. J.
Gentlemen: Please send me your free catalog.
Name_____
Address _____
P100

NAME?

(continued from page 61)

gested that he must be leading a double life: "I just found a $100 check in your bank statement, dated January 12, Washington, D.C. You told me that on that day you were aboard the Essex in the South China Seas." It had been a bank error for both Sherrod and Sherwood banked at the Corn Exchange's Sutton Place branch.

Clare Luce, the actress who established her Broadway reputation in *The Gay Divorcee* and *Of Mice and Men*, had no scrapbook problems, beyond mere clipping and pasting, until Clare Boothe married Henry Luce. The news clipping services began mailing to Clare Luce, the actress, all the press items about Clare Boothe Luce, the playwright wife of the magazine publisher.

Both ladies once toured Europe at the same time and Miss Luce received not only the diplomatic invitations intended for Mrs. Luce, but also her alimony checks. One night the actress chanced to see a TV panel show emanating from Washington, where her photograph was used in a quiz and she was identified incorrectly, as the American Ambassador to Italy. She immediately telephoned the network, and was assured that an apology would be forthcoming. The network apologized the next day, but to Mrs. Luce.

It was in Toots Shor's restaurant that Clare Luce insisted that she might seek a way of eliminating the confusion by changing her name, legally, to "Clare Luce, The First." This was her right, she said, because she was Clare Luce long before Clare Boothe married Henry Luce. "And just for the hell of it," the actress sighed, "I'd like to marry a man named Boothe."

"I know what you mean, honey," she was told by Toots Shor, who was born Bernard Shor. He told her he'd adopted the name Toots on the day George Bernard Shaw announced that he preferred to be known as Bernard Shaw. "I figured," said Toots, "that he was older and entitled to the name; so I changed mine."

A similar decision in a way, was made by a young English actor, A. G. Andrews on the night he saw a play in which the leading role was played by Mr. A. G. Andrews. The younger A. G. Andrews learned that the older A. G. Andrews had been born in Brooklyn during an American tour by his English parents who then brought him back to London where he eventually established a reputation on the stage. The older A. G. Andrews returned to Broadway and spent his declining years at the Actors Home on Long Island. This was long after his younger namesake had decided: "With one A. G. Andrews already prominent I can't expect to make my own reputation

LPBR 5092 SDBR 1092

the priceless sound of Everest at one price for stereo and monaural 398 *suggested retail list price*

EVEREST
Product of Everest Records, Division of Belock Instrument Corp.

SID'S a grimlet. Sid's no toy.
Sid's the id of a grown-up boy.
A snide idea of the Inner You.
An ear to tell your troubles to.
A Freudian friend to share psychoses,
A safety valve for your neuroses,
An effigy to stick with pins.
A fellow rogue who loves your sins.
A head with eyes and feet, no kidney.
A ball of fur...
a Snid named Sidney.

SID THE SNID

Black, of course..$1.95

© Snid, 1960

SNID – P.O. Box 32, Sausalito, Calif.
Enclosed is $1.95. Please send one SNID. Postage prepaid. Money-back guarantee.

NAME_____
ADDRESS_____
CITY_____ ZONE____ STATE_____

"Gee—you'd think the guy had never seen a bikini before."

WHY TRAVEL ALONE?

Join a Bachelor Party Tour for single men and women: Europe, South America, Mexico, Hawaii, Jamaica, Bermuda, Puerto Rico, Nassau Cruise, College Tour of Europe, California & Las Vegas, Florida, New York, Special Christmas & New Year's Tours, the Orient, and Around-the-World. Travel with your own age group: 21-33, 28-48, 45-65. See your travel agent or contact Bachelor Party Tours Inc., Dept. PL10, 444 Madison Ave., N. Y. 22, N. Y.

BACHELOR PARTY® TOURS!

Plaque in Light or Dark Oak
Popular size 6" x 7"
$6.50 inc. freight
Any size made
Descriptive Brochure sent free

Heraldry for the Home

Records of over 50,000 Family Arms held. U.S. Colleges Clubs, Associations, etc.
Heraldic Mural Decoration for Colleges, Churches, etc.
IDEAL XMAS GIFT
Blazer Badges, Auto Badges, etc.
Any design copied

CASTELL & SON
Montpellier Walk, Cheltenham, England

THE PLAYBOY COLLEGE BUREAU'S student representatives may not be ready to retire by June, but they will have picked up *some* extra loot by promoting the magazine and gained valuable experience in public relations merchandising and reporting. Reps do such jobs as contacting local retailers for national advertisers, gaining publicity for PLAYBOY, setting up PLAYBOY Parties—we've a big party kit available to campus groups for such affairs. Alas, some colleges have no rep. In college? Interested? Write for full information PLAYBOY COLLEGE BUREAU
232 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Ill.

under this name." That was how Arliss George Andrews came to change his name to George Arliss.

Although Paul Douglas, the United States Senator from Illinois, and the late Paul Douglas, the Broadway and Hollywood star, had the same name, the legislator suffered confusion only over another Broadway and Hollywood star. It was during the war, when he was serving as a captain in the Marine Corps. He flew in from the Pacific, on leave, then went to Washington to see his wife, Emily Taft Douglas, who was a member of the House of Representatives. He learned she was attending a session at the House, and he therefore applied for admission to the Family Gallery: "I'm Captain Douglas. I've just arrived from overseas. I'm anxious to see my wife. She's making a speech on the floor of the House today." The attendant looked at him scoffingly, and said, "Aw, everybody's pulling that line today." The mix-up was solved when Captain Paul Douglas met Captain Melvin Douglas, who had just flown in from the Pacific to see his wife, Representative Helen Gahagan Douglas, who was making a speech on the floor of the House of Representatives that day.

In New York, incidentally, I have an unlisted telephone number — but the Manhattan directory *does* list a Leonard Lyons, who is a successful furrier. When Charles Poletti was Governor of New York, he had occasion to telephone me. His secretary searched the Manhattan directory, telephoned the home of Leonard Lyons, the furrier, who was out. She left a message for him to call the Governor at the Executive Mansion in Albany. Governor Poletti eventually reached me and complained that my unlisted phone number undoubtedly had cost him a potential vote: "The furrier, Leonard Lyons, called me back and said it apparently was a mistake, after we started to talk. It cost him a long distance toll charge."

I, however, benefited from this confusion one afternoon, when I was trying to verify a story about a fur coat ordered by the Shah of Iran for his former wife, Saroya. The coat was of sable, a gift to the Shah from the Soviet Government. The story I'd heard was that because the Shah had reneged on an oil deal, the loyal members of the Furriers Union were refusing to work on the coat. I telephoned the furrier who had been entrusted with this royal assignment and my call was put through immediately. "Hello, Lenny," the furrier began, and answered my questions about the labor dispute over the Shah's sables — fully and frankly, before he discovered that the caller was *not* Leonard Lyons, a New York furrier, but Leonard Lyons, a New York newspaperman.

now in the new MARTINI OLIVE

The Headliner *Leather* Sports Jacket

Whichever you prefer... butter soft suede or fine imported kidskin CALIFORNIAN has styled a jacket that will give zest to your wardrobe... man-sized leather faced shawl collar, twin stitch trimmed slash pockets on each side, luxuriously lined; the suede in Martini Olive or Coffee, about $50. The Kidskin in Martini Olive and natural $55.

The better stores feature CALIFORNIAN Leather Sportwear Fashions... write and we'll tell you where.

CALIFORNIAN

CALIFORNIA SPORTWEAR CO.
1024 South Maple Avenue,
Los Angeles 15, California

Playboys
Plan for your future!

FLORIDA ACREAGE

5 ACRES
IN
COLLIER COUNTY
FLORIDA
$1. DOWN $10. PER MO.

FULL PRICE $695

- NO INTEREST
- NO TAXES 'TIL PAID
- NO CLOSING COSTS

30 DAY MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

MAIL THIS COUPON—TODAY!

SUNRIDGE ACRES PL 10
927 LINCOLN ROAD
MIAMI BEACH 39, FLORIDA

Enclosed is $ ... as my reservation deposit on 5-acre Collier County Tract at the full price of $695 for 5 acres. Send contracts, map and data. If not satisfied after receiving complete details, my deposit will be promptly refunded.

NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
CITY & ZONE ..... STATE .....

AD 66CO2—2

PLEASURES OF PASTA

(continued from page 84)

Special tomato sauce (recipe above)
¾ lb. tagliatelle
1 lb. ricotta cheese
2 egg yolks
⅛ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon freshly ground nutmeg
¼ cup flour
¼ cup bread crumbs
2 tablespoons salad oil

In a mixing bowl combine the ricotta cheese with the egg yolks, salt, nutmeg, flour and bread crumbs. Mix very well. Cook the tagliatelle, following the directions on the package. While it is cooking, preheat an electric skillet to 350°. Add the salad oil to the skillet. Drop the ricotta mixture by teaspoons onto the skillet. Brown each small cake on both sides. Drain the tagliatelle. Divide it among four hot dinner plates. Place the fried ricotta on the tagliatelle. Pour tomato sauce on top. Pass grated parmesan cheese at table.

LASAGNA
(6 portions)

1 lb. lasagna
Special tomato sauce (recipe above)
1 lb. chopped beef
2 tablespoons olive oil
2 tablespoons butter
1 medium-size onion, minced
2 tablespoons minced fresh parsley
¼ teaspoon marjoram
½ cup dry red wine
1 lb. ricotta cheese
½ lb. mozzarella cheese, cut into small dice
¼ lb. bel paese (or use port du salut) cheese, cut into small dice
Grated parmesan cheese
1 egg, beaten
Salt, pepper

Heat the olive oil and butter in a heavy saucepan. Add the onion. Sauté until onion turns yellow. Add the beef and continue to sauté, stirring frequently, until meat turns brown. Add the parsley, marjoram and red wine. Simmer until wine has almost evaporated. Add tomato sauce. Simmer 15 minutes more. Season with salt and pepper to taste. In a mixing bowl combine the ricotta cheese, mozzarella cheese, bel paese cheese, ¼ cup grated parmesan cheese and egg. Mix well. Boil the lasagna, following the directions on the package. Butter a large shallow baking pan or casserole. Place a layer of lasagna on the bottom. Spread with a layer of the cheese mixture. Cover with the meat sauce. Continue making layers in this fashion until all ingredients are used. Sprinkle the top layer with parmesan cheese. Bake in moderate oven, 375°, for 30 minutes.

Winsberg's
Kingston Shop...
where the young executive selects fine traditional apparel, certain to win her approval. Bring her along!

stop in for your get-acquainted gift for Playboys

Winsberg's
820 NORTH CLARK STREET
CHICAGO 26, ILLINOIS

PRIVATE CLUB
APPLY FOR MEMBERSHIP
Ye King's Inn
EVERY MAN A KING
EVERY WOMAN A QUEEN
204 E. SUPERIOR ST. CHICAGO, ILL.

© Wm. T. Cornell 1960
BIDU-BIDE
"Better than poker..."—Hunt
"More chance to bluff..."—Hardy
Game for 4 Players $20.00 Postpaid
Order from
"Ancient Order of Damfool Dice Throwers"
BIDU-BIDE CLUB of AMERICA
6440 S.W. 105th St., Miami, Fla.

Al Farber's
STEAK ROOM
THE "EYE-OF-THE-BEEF" and CHARCOAL BROILED STEAKS
BELDEN-STRATFORD HOTEL
2360 N. Lincoln Park West. Reservations Diversey 8-6610
CHICAGO

Meet at our famous piano bar
acorn on oak
Your host — Jerry Razmussen
Open 12 noon till 4 am.
116 E. OAK CHICAGO DE 7-9313

VERMICELLI WITH EGGPLANT AND ANCHOVIES

(4 portions)

¾ lb. vermicelli
1 (3-oz.) tin anchovies rolled with capers
1 lb 4-oz. can Italian plum tomatoes
3 tablespoons olive oil
1 bay leaf
½ teaspoon oregano
1 large onion, minced
1 green pepper, minced
¼ lb. fresh mushrooms, sliced thin
1 quart (4 cups) peeled, diced eggplant
Salt, pepper

Drain anchovies and chop them fine. Drain tomatoes, saving the juice. Cut tomato meat into dice. In a heavy sauce pan heat the olive oil. Add the bay leaf, oregano, onion, pepper and mushrooms. Sauté slowly until onion turns yellow. Add the eggplant, tomatoes with their juice, and anchovies. Simmer, keeping the pan covered, until eggplant is tender. Stir frequently. When the eggplant is tender, remove the lid and continue to cook until juice from tomatoes has evaporated. Add salt and pepper to taste. Cook the vermicelli until just tender. Add the eggplant mixture to the vermicelli. Stir well. Pass grated parmesan cheese at table.

MANICOTTI WITH CHEESE

(4 portions)

12 manicotti, parboiled 5 minutes
1½ lbs. ricotta cheese
3 eggs
½ lb. mozzarella cheese, cut into small dice
1 tablespoon chives, chopped fine
¼ lb. sliced prosciutto ham, cut into small dice
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
Grated parmesan cheese
Special tomato sauce (recipe above)

Preheat oven at 375°. In a mixing bowl combine the ricotta cheese, eggs, mozzarella cheese, chives, ham, salt and pepper. Mix well. Stuff each piece of manicotti with the cheese mixture. Place the manicotti on a lightly greased shallow pan or casserole. Pour the tomato sauce over the manicotti. Sprinkle with grated parmesan cheese. Cover the manicotti with aluminum foil. Bake for 20 minutes. Remove aluminum foil and continue to bake for 15 to 20 minutes or until cheese browns.

Once you've polished off a pasta feast you'll thank the trusty Italian minds that made it possible. While you're at it, thank Thomas Jefferson, too. He was the first American to import a spaghetti-making machine from Italy. Which, we guess, makes spaghetti-eating in the grand Jeffersonian tradition.

Like the rainbow following the rain... color comes to climate-conditioned

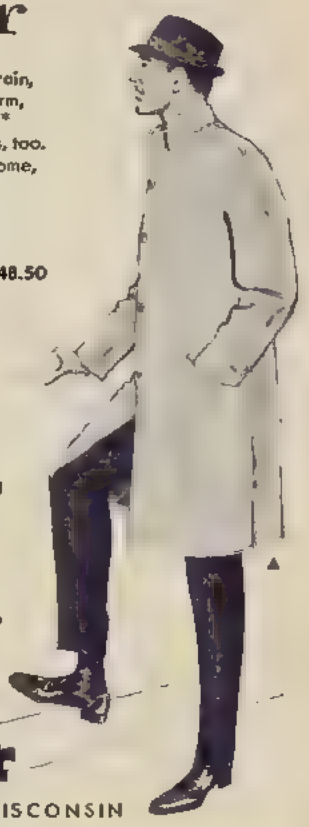
Rainfair

■ **REGENT**—Spans the seasons—rain, snow, clear or cold, with the warm, zip-in lining of fabulous "Orlon"* acrylic pile. Warm sleeve liners, too. Detachable pile collar. A handsome, hardy combination of 65% "Dacron"* polyester, 35% fine combed cotton. Completely wash-and-wear, even the lining. Olive, Oyster-Tan or Black. $48.50

STORMLINER—Handsome and practical as the Regent. Same luxurious pile liner and collar. Tailored of hardy, washable combed cotton. Olive or Oyster-Tan. $39.95

▲ **CORVETTE**—Tailored to your youthful taste. New, shorter Continental length with buttoned side vents. Water-repellent cotton poplin with warm, nylon suede lining, insulated sleeve linings. Oyster-Tan with bright red lining, Olive or Smoked White with gold lining. $27.50

*DuPont Trademarks



Rainfair

RAINFAIR, INC. • RACINE, WISCONSIN

Your own set of 4 crystal clear snifters each 3½" tall as shown only $3.00 shipped direct to you from Europe (Germany). Send $3.00 check or money order to CHANTRÉ, Box 4550, Chicago 6, Illinois and pay postman 15¢ U.S. Customs handling charges when glasses arrive.

LET JOY BE CONFINED *(cont'd from page 45)*

A disgusting – and pernicious – aspect of the new sex books, the ones that come in the plain, unmarked wrappers, is their mathematical and clinical make-up. In the good old days you were certain that such a book would be full of juicy, fast-moving case histories. This was something everyone could enjoy and, possibly, learn from. But what do you find nowadays? Graphs! Tables! Statistics! Surveys! This whole splendid source of vicarious sexual enjoyment has been sterilized by the Enemy.

In the field of fiction, the Enemy's strategy has been just the opposite: a relentless realism. Gone are the days when Henry James could produce a delicious sense of evil by suggesting that a man and a woman were lovers from the fact that he remained seated while she was standing. Modern novels leave absolutely nothing unsaid: sexual encounters are mapped out like diagrams for a do-it-yourself outdoor barbecue, and the result is that, since nothing is secret any more, nothing is really very exciting. When *Lady Chatterley's Lover* can be sent through the mails and a novel like *Lolita* can make the best-seller lists – in other words, when a story of sexual perversion becomes an accepted item for mass consumption – the plot to de-dirtify sex has come pretty close to total success.

And the scoundrels are attempting to assure their victory by undermining the coming generation: a horde of clean-sex moppets is being bred right under our noses. Instead of getting out, as they should, and writing dirty words on fences, these youngsters are sitting in the classrooms and being brainwashed with audio-visual propaganda about the miracle and beauty of parturition. Miracle and beauty be damned! These kids are having the ground cut right out from under them; their little unformed emotions are being warped beyond repair. When the time eventually comes for them to make with the old parturition-producing business themselves, they'll get about as much bang out of it as a C.P.A. making out an income-tax return. Things have come to a sorry pass when even the carefree sex life of children is reduced to a commonplace routine.

Obviously, our basic problem is to restore sex to its status as a furtive, difficult, and therefore highly desirable pursuit. Drastic measures are needed, and only the most drastic will do.

Legislation regulating dress is called for. Bathing suits must revert to the style of the early 1900s: women in swimming must again look as if they had fallen into the water on their way to a funeral. All such affairs as beauty contests, bare-bosom floorshows, and movies featuring half-naked sexpots are *out*. No more of that subversive, reactionary stuff.

A tightening of censorship is absolutely imperative. There must be a complete suppression of any hint of sex in magazines, books, TV, advertising, and all other mass media. This magazine, for instance, must be put out of business. Right away! Or, if it is allowed to survive, at least the Playmate must go, unless all she shows is her head looking over the rim of a hot-water heater or an oil drum.

A dedicated underground must be organized. Legions of phony Anthony Comstocks must roam our cities, crying out against the White Rock Label, putting pants on statues in museums, bribing children to gape at girls playing tennis. They must denounce with righteous zeal any public hint that the two genders are not identical in every respect. This will work wonders in arousing the public to the realization that they must be missing something pretty nifty.

If the campaign of suppression and undercover work is energetically carried out, a salubrious development will take place: the growth of a flourishing black market in sexualia. 1955-vintage Maidenform ads will sell for $50 apiece and speakeasy-type bookstores and girlie shows will spring into being behind doors with peepholes in them. The whisper of "Joe sent me" will once again resound throughout the land. Sex will be well on its way toward regaining the clandestine quality that is its very essence.

With the sexual interests of the country revitalized in this fashion, there is every reason to believe that the politicians will get into the act. Party lines will accommodate themselves to the new and burning issue. Democrats will favor a more liberal attitude toward sex; Republicans will orate that the present way is best. However the elections turn out, sex will again be imbued with controversy and excitement.

Indignant people of the world, let's stick together on this thing! This is no time to shirk our responsibilities. Sex is the greatest pastime that the human race has ever discovered. Let us restore it to its former glory! Let's put it back under cover where it belongs.

HUNTING

(continued from page 75)

preserve operator raises and conditions game birds that are just as strong on the wing as their totally wild brethren. Upland game is usually released into the field at dawn each day; a goodly number of these birds escape the gunners and daily become more wary and full of tricks. And the pens are large enough so that the birds get plenty of exercise before their release.

The wily ringneck pheasant seems to be the most popular bird available at shooting preserves. Next in line is the bobwhite quail followed by an exotic import that is rapidly gaining favor—the chukar partridge. Both quail and chukar hold better for good dog work than the ringneck, but all three—along with the wild turkey—provide the hunter with an exciting day in the field. Most clubs offer the sensible option of taking home the birds you've shot, or leaving them there and accepting in exchange the same number of birds already cleaned, wrapped in cellophane and flash frozen.

Public shooting preserves operate under several different plans. One is a "day shoot"—that is, you pay for only the game you bag in one day. Another is the pay-in-advance plan. Here a specified number of birds are released and it's up to you to collect what you paid for. Charges vary from $5 to $8 for pheasants, $2.50 to $3 for quail, $3 to $4 for chukar partridge and from $4 to $5 for ducks.

Private shooting preserves are restricted to members and guests they may wish to bring. In most cases, birds are guaranteed each member, the number depending on the annual membership charge, the hunter's advance estimate of the number of birds he'll want in a season, and the plushness of the club and its facilities. Club memberships range from a low of $150 on up to $2000 and more a year.

A typical, average-cost private club is Richmond Game Fields in Richmond, Illinois, a scant forty-five miles from the heart of Chicago, mostly over superhighway. Richmond was originally open to the public on a day shoot basis, but after three years it was converted to a private club.

Managing Director Charles Terry explains his operation this way: "We spent three years experimenting at Richmond Game Fields, testing the types of cover that would best hold birds. We tried all kinds of feed planting. We were seeking the best conditions for birds to live in the natural state. With our plan of controlled release, we are now able to provide hardy birds in sufficient number to assure a good bag and yet test the skill of hunter, guide and dog."

At present, Richmond has over a

COMPARE and You'll Proudly Wear Richman's

Mr. Rich: Excuse my staring, but you're wearing my suit! **Mr. Man:** Right...with the same reversible English challis vest! **Mr. Rich:** Big investment for an undergrad, isn't it? **Mr. Man:** *Best* investment I've made. Just $35 at Richman's. **Mr. Rich:** The things you learn in college these days. **Mr. Man:** Economics major, sir.

Compare and you'll wear Richman's all-wool Ivy suit with the vest that reverses to imported English wool challis... best of what's new in fashion. Very sporty. And another very outstanding value from America's largest maker-seller of men's clothing.

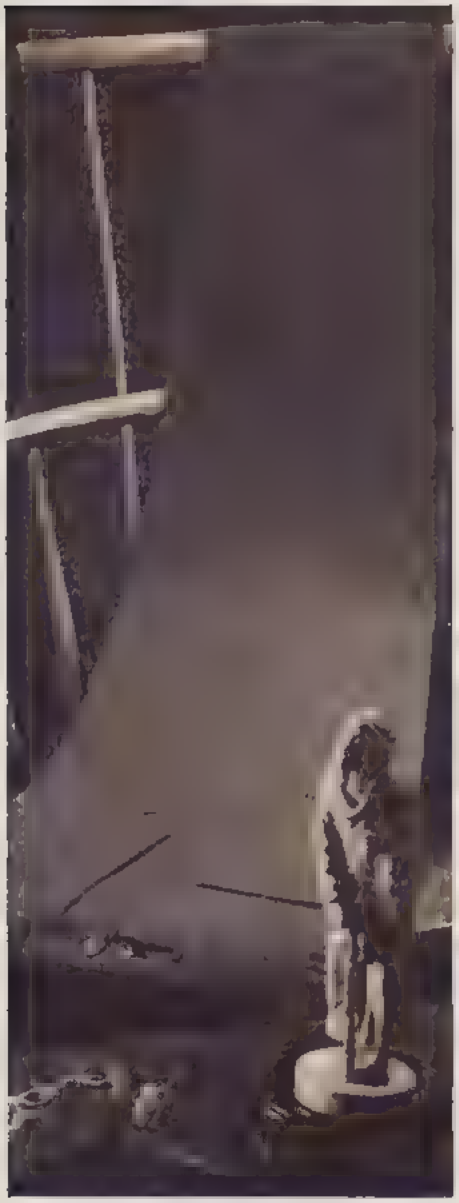
For a wonderful buy you can always rely on **Richman's**

For your nearest store, write Richman Brothers, 1600 E. 55 St., Cleveland, Ohio.

to most men, slacks are slacks, but when they're

Masterbilt

they're master built!



Look to the Expert for the casually correct masterpiece. Wonderfully wearable for Fall! Masterbilts! A reflection of perfection in the new fabrics, patterns and colors. For men and young men.

Masterbilt Slacks

At better stores. For nearest, write:
H. SIEGFRIED & SONS, INC.
St. Louis 3, Mo. • Since 1897

thousand acres devoted entirely to upland game—pheasants, quail, turkeys—where hunting is as authentic as in more primitive areas. Duck shooting is made to simulate the kind of pass shooting you find on the Canadian plains. The terrain offers the hunter a variety of wilderness scenes: rolling fields, lakes hidden in quiet valleys, wooded hillsides, hedgerows, brush and river. Ammunition may be purchased right at the club; the hunter may use his own gun or borrow one. A guide and first-rate hunting dog—if desired—are provided for each hunter or hunting party.

Costs at Richmond are fairly representative. An urban huntsman may enjoy a five-month season, with a guaranteed bag of forty pheasants, for about $350, no more than the average cost of one week of hunting in a distant state. Also, he gets double the bag allowable in many wilderness states for five straight days, and he can hunt as frequently as he desires, bring as many friends as he likes, and never be away from his apartment overnight.

Across the nation you'll find others—more than one thousand in operation today. The Maier Pheasant Farm and Shooting Preserve, Bremen, Indiana, is an example of the day shoot preserve. It is open to the public and hunters can bang away at pheasants all day long, with shoots planned for mornings and afternoons. Suffolk Lodge Game Preserve, Brookhaven, Long Island, New York, is almost within sight of Manhattan skyscrapers. Begun in 1950, this is one of the fine preserves on the Atlantic Seaboard. Pheasant, duck, quail and chukar partridge shooting are offered, with a September through February season. Operating as a private club is Flying Feather Game Fields, Oakfield, New York, where pheasants are featured. On the West Coast you'll find Mt. Whitney Game Bird Club, in Lone Pine, California, a private club. Operating on a day shoot basis and open to the public is Mars Hunting Club, Los Angeles, California. Only one hour from L.A. is Hidden Valley Gun Club, Arlington, California. This is a truly plush private club with memberships costing up to $2000. In California, private clubs are more numerous than public shooting preserves, while in New York the opposite is true.

But coast to coast—and points between—you can now find near most urban centers private clubs or day shoot preserves made to order for the urban Nimrod and very likely the equal of the finest gunning available anywhere in the U.S.A.

For further information on shooting preserves, write to Playboy Reader Service, 232 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Illinois.

Model 7 Stereo Console

World's finest preamplifier

The man who cherishes really fine possessions will never cease to enjoy the precision, sureness, and ease with which this instrument responds. His stereo component system, based on Marantz, has started off with a technical superiority well above those employing conventional good makes.

Briefest examination, inside or out, will disclose that the Stereo Console is distinctly alone in its category of quality. A comparison at your authorized Marantz dealer will show you the difference.

SENSITIVE ½ millivolt for 1 volt output!
QUIET 0.8 microvolts equ. noise input!
UNDISTORTED 02% 1.M @ 2 volts output!
PRECISE RIAA curve accurate to ½ db!

NOTE- The model 8 Stereo Amplifier (35 watts per channel) is a perfect playmate for top performance

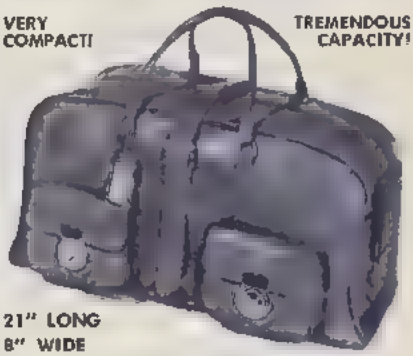
WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET 41U TO

marantz

25-14 BROADWAY, LONG ISLAND CITY 6, N. Y

DASHING CONTINENTAL
FLIGHT BAG
IMPORTED WATER BUFFALO LEATHER

VERY COMPACT! TREMENDOUS CAPACITY!



21" LONG
8" WIDE
12½" HIGH
Weighs about 4 Lbs.

$40.00 Includes postage and Fed. Excise Tax.

Magnificent bag is all-leather from tough, durable water buffalo hide imported from India. Lined with sheep's leather. Two outside utility pockets great for cameras, film, cigarettes—items you want fast, without having to open bag. Strong snap locks, zipper lock. Extra long, strong handles. Sturdy wrap-around strap.

Appropriate for travel everywhere, bag's dashing Continental design is popular with foreign correspondents, sportsmen, world travelers, as well as everyday folk who want the finest in luggage.

Amazing capacity. Holds full week's wardrobe including extra suit, shirts, shoes, robe, haberdashery, etc. without crushing! Supple leather conforms to shape of what you pack in bag. Truly tops, made for years of distinctive service. Leather is rich walnut brown with dark brown piping. Makes an impressive gift. Limited quantity available—send $40 today to:

Leather by Kramer
Dept. P-2, 968 E. 101
BROOKLYN 36, NEW YORK
Est. 1933

FASHION

(continued from page 58)

ing. The possibilities of dark tones combined in a subtle manner are being explored — sensibly — as a change from classic black, a valid trend as opposed to the garish use of oriental brocades.

Sports jackets, as we've indicated, will be reverting—somewhat to their founding influence, which is British. This means a slightly wider and notched lapel, more use of flapped hacking and patch pockets, center or side vents, three buttons, some waist suppression, more shoulder tailoring. Outsized glen plaids and district checks head the list of patterns, with a revival of tartan plaids strong. The homespun look — accomplished by combining many colors in a weave — will also be favored, and more and more rep silk linings will be used to dress up sports jackets. Each wardrobe should have at least one jacket for spectator wear, and one or more in muted, richer blends for less casual occasions.

The dress-shirt picture will feature new colors: linen and ivory (a civilizing subdivision of olive and gold). Construction improvements will include more tapering and more pullovers. Collars will still be tab, tabless, round eyelet, small and medium spread and buttondown, but expect the buttondown to be shortened and the spread collar narrowed. With an eye to the stripes and plaids in upcoming suitings, the shirt makers are working toward fashions that are softer and less strident than before. In dressier dress shirts, the modified spread collar will be your best choice. A revival of the contrasting collar and cuff on a solid body shirt will be welcome for after-five wear and as a break from the traditional white shirt, and there will be a good range of solid and soft colors in this style. Blue will make a strong comeback here, with pastel lime and lemon also worthy of notice.

The trend in cut-and-sewn sport shirts is toward textured materials: tweedy cottons, plaid hopsacks, plaid oxfords, humble-looking homespuns and brushed cottons and rayons with a worsted suiting "hand." As to color, the so-called solids (which are actually compounds or yarn-dyed effects) are a safe bet and a good one. Look for the growth of the very new winter batiks, and for prints on cotton hopsack as well as broadcloth and regular oxford. Wovens (as they're ungrammatically called) are also making strides with newly colored district checks and plaids, twill weaves, and a revival of tartan checks. Fly fronts will grow in popularity. Collars will be shorter and have more spread. "Engineered" placket treatments will be very big. Pullovers, tapered cuts and shorter buttondown collars are highlights.

Your knit-shirt supply will be im-

FOR THE
INCOMPARABLE
EXPERIENCE!

Look alive! These are no ordinary breeds . . . but truly thorobreds in any sportscar stable. Take the wheel and for the first time an automobile becomes a part of you—you'll sense immediately an eagerness to respond that captures the hearts of sportscar enthusiasts everywhere. Both products of the international symbol in motoring perfection . . .

12 month factory warranty on BMC cars. Literature and overseas delivery information on request.

Sold and Serviced At Nearly 100 Authorized Dealers In the Midwest!

MIDWEST DISTRIBUTOR
S. H. ARNOLT INC.
NUFFIELD SALES DIV., 2130 N. Lincoln Ave., Chicago 14, Ill.; AUSTIN SALES DIV., 415 E. Erie St., Chicago, Illinois

HE'LL BE SO
CRAZY

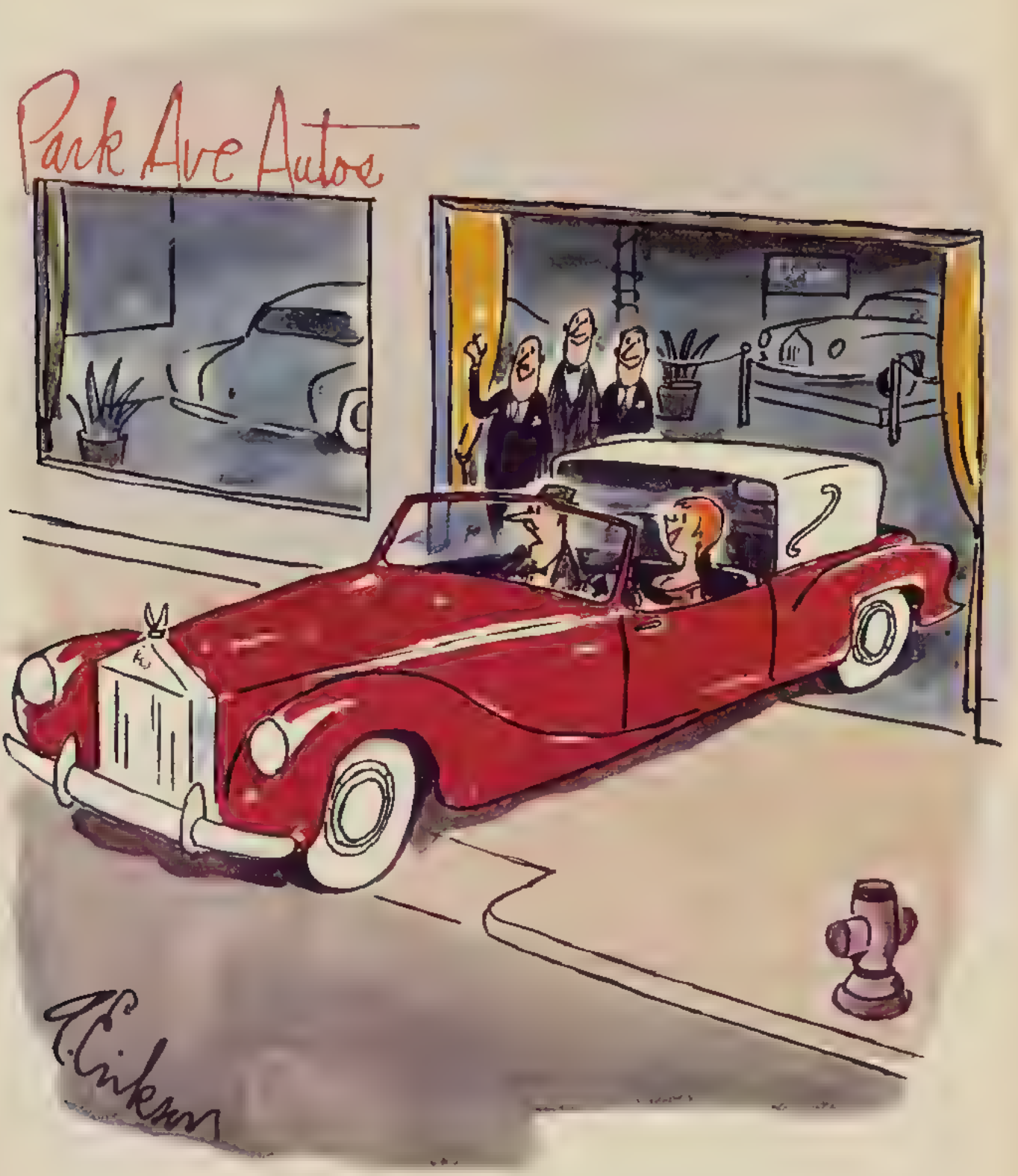
ABOUT THIS COAT . . . he may even wear it into the shower . . . but that's perfectly all right because it can take it. A Wash and Wear wonder from outer shell to miracle Arctic Therm lining . . . 3 layers of weight-free washable warmth. Neat, modified shawl collar; raglan sleeves for easy he-man fit; hacking pockets, and the new Continental length. In the most asked-for colors: Tobacco, Charcoal, Burnt Green, Natural. Sizes 36-46. Ask to see North Trail's "Active" sportwear for men that go places and do things. At your favorite men's store.

Shell: 65 Dacron / 35 Pima Cotton
Collar 25 Nylon / 75 Durene Cotton

THE TOUCHDOWN BY

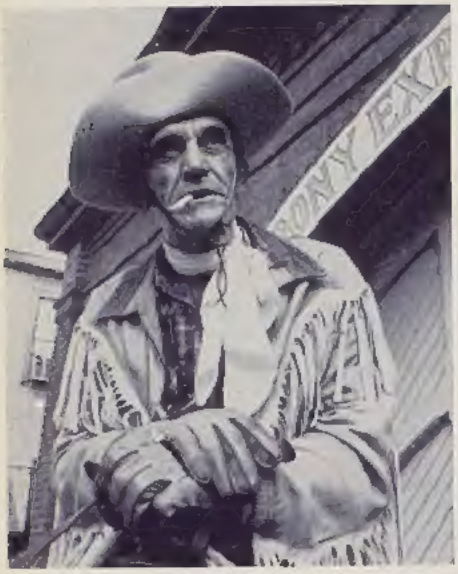
made in the Great North Woods Country of Green Bay — long noted by outdoor men for its warmth and ruggedness.
NOW, the same superb workmanship and traditional ease of fit in crisp, Continental styles . . . in new luxurious fabrics.

GREEN BAY CLOTHING MFR'S. INC., GREEN BAY, WISC.



"You realize, of course, that this will mean sacrifices for both of us!"

The 1960 Ride of the PONY EXPRESS



Tex Cashman (a McCormick drinker) who rode west from St. Joseph, Missouri in the recent re-enactment of the Pony Express ride to Sacramento.

We sure are proud that our founder, Major Ben Holladay, owned the Pony Express. We're mighty happy the U.S. Government issued a special Pony Express Commemorative stamp and even sponsored a re-run of the Pony Express along the same trails as 100 years ago. (What a long way the mail service has come since then.)

Funny thing about Bourbon distilling. It didn't need improvement. It reached the peak of perfection just about 100 years ago. We still make McCormick Sour Mash whiskey (only 25 barrels a day) the same way Ben Holladay made it back in Pony Express days . . . in fact, we still use the same pure Limestone Spring Water, from Ben's original Weston, Missouri spring . . . one of the few remaining.

Will you join our salute to the Pony Express? We'll be happy to send you a card certifying you as an Honorary Pony Express Rider. We have a few Pony Express first-day stamp covers left in which we'll mail your membership card. Any stamp collector will be mighty happy with this.

The card will entitle you to first crack at McCormick whenever your dealer is able to get some.

MAKE ME AN

Honorary Pony Express Rider

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

MAIL TO: ▶ McCORMICK DISTILLING CO.
ROUTE NO. P10 WESTON, MISSOURI

proved by the adoption to these shirts of knitting stitches already used in sweaters. Velours, sheared and sueded cloths, brushed and bouclé types, along with winter versions of terry knits, are going to be widely shown. Look, too, for self collars, made from the same fabrics used in the body. Rib-knit collars will be fuller and may extend into the plackets. Continental one-piece collars will still be strong, as will shawl collars in trimmer, narrowed versions.

If you're planning to revise or expand your tie wardrobe — an excellent notion — there's good news for you, for there will be a wider choice than in seasons past. Prints have lost their hold, except in conversational prints — which will continue to gain adherents. Tie shapes are just a bit wider; the extremely narrow tie is disappearing. New stripe patterns in bright colors will supplement the usual reps and challis. Jacquard grounds will figure large for dressier clothes.

Most men are under-equipped with belts. The coming season will be a good time to rectify the lack. The belt wardrobe should be a full and varied one. Fabric belts will offer even more color and variety than heretofore. Hopsacking and braids in slightly wider widths will come into their own. Leather will make news on the color front, too: look for belts in soft golds and ivy green. Remember, however, that while your belt collection may be extensive and colorful in materials and buckles, the basic black or brown leather belt and uninvolved buckle should not be neglected. The classic simplicity of a quality leather belt is the foundation of this element of the gentleman's wardrobe.

As to gloves, the gentleman's choice will reveal the general increase in consciousness of the demands of urban elegance, and the differentiation in degrees of formality that Continental styling has made possible. Pigskin is not an all-purpose glove material. Pigskin and capeskin in their new bulkier versions have the right look of vigor for casual and country winter wear; they look smart and are right either as is or lined, and will be available in regular sizes, in stretch gloves, and with interesting contrasts of palm and back. The urban scene will call for the smartness of a thinner glove in black or gray; the well-dressed man will want a few pairs of both.

A final news note is the emergence of a suit that might be thought of as bridging the gap between formal business attire and the old-fashioned cutaway. If you're a guest at — or the host of — a party whose written invitation does not specify black tie, but does call for an R.S.V.P., you may want to sport this dressy combination of a solid, double-breasted jacket over striped trousers.

"I WON'T WEAR A THING BUT TOWNE AND KING!"

says "RAIN CHECK" EVANS, bench jockey

LOWER CAMPUS, ORE., Sept. 1 — Coach Kilroy credits Evans with nine wins in the last ten games because of his timely heckling of umpires and opposing pitchers. As a Psychology major, he knows just where the verbal needle slides in easiest . . . keeps the home team in stitches, too. The best kind of stitches, that is, in Towne and King's Shaker stitch, looped-on Crew-neck Pullover. Naturally, 100% virgin wool, three knockout color combinations . . . . . $15.95.

TOWNE AND KING, LTD.

Coordinated Knitwear

595 Broadway, Redwood City, Calif.

the RUGBY collection of muted plaid sportcoating

The proprietor has assembled an array of muted colorings of imported shetland and tweeds sure to please the most discriminating gentleman. These natural shoulder odd coats matched with our worsted whipcord, narrow leg, plain front trousers complete a most desirable outfit.

Sportcoats . . . . . $39.50 Trousers $15.50

Above coats available in muted plaid grounds of Navy, Grey, Olive and Brown.

A second establishment is now open at 1022 N. Rush St., Chicago. Both Rugby Shops offer the same pricing policy and offer Rugby shoppers fine quality and extreme values.

the RUGBY SHOPS

SIX EAST RANDOLPH ST., CHICAGO 1
1022 NORTH RUSH ST., CHICAGO 11

PLAYBOY READER SERVICE

Write to Janet Pilgrim for the answers to your shopping questions. She will provide you with the name of a retail store in or near your city where you can buy any of the specialized items advertised or editorially featured in PLAYBOY. For example, where-to-buy information is available for the merchandise of the advertisers in this issue listed below.

Baracuta Coats....14
"Botany" 500 Suits....33
Brentwood Shirts....15
California Sportwear....131
College Hall Suits....31
Cricketeer Suits....12
H.I.S. Sportswear....3rd C
Hidepruof Slippers....23
Kaywoodie Pipes....18
McGregor Sweaters....4th C
MGA "1600"....7
Northwoave Suits....2nd C
Paris Belts....25
Phonola Phonographs....20-21
Plymouth Coats....30
Reeves Soundcraft Tapes....19
Ricoh Auto "35" Camera....32
Sheaffer Pens....29
Sony Stereocorder 300....120
Triumph TR-3....1
Truval Shirts....13
Van Heusen Shirts....27
Woolrich Coats....117
Worsted-Tex Suits....22
YMM Slacks....36

Use these lines for information about other featured merchandise.

_____

_____

Miss Pilgrim will be happy to answer any of your other questions on fashion, travel, food and drink, hi-fi, etc. Be sure to enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope with your inquiry. If your question involves items you saw in PLAYBOY, please specify page number and issue of the magazine as well as a brief description of the items.

PLAYBOY READER SERVICE
232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Ill.

USE CONVENIENT GIFT SUBSCRIPTION ENVELOPE PAGE 37

SEND **PLAYBOY** EVERY MONTH

☐ 3 yrs. for $14 **(Save $7.60)**
☐ 1 yr. for $6 **(Save $1.20)**
☐ payment enclosed ☐ bill later

TO:
name
address
city zone state

Mail to **PLAYBOY**
232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Illinois
106

PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

TAKE YOUR CHRISTMAS CHEER this year at an English country inn, a nifty spot for reliving Dickensian days without forsaking modern comforts. Drive down from London in the crisp, clear afternoon of Christmas Eve — perhaps to The Swan at Bibury, Gloucestershire, or The Cock Inn, at Harpenden in Hertfordshire — and enter through a holly-sprigged door into a dark-paneled taproom aglow with firelight and warm welcome. There'll be a groaning board awaiting your pleasure, visiting carolers from the village, mulled ale, and dancing in the parlor after dinner. Stay with the festivities until the day after Christmas — Boxing Day, it's called — when servants and tradesmen are given their annual tips, or "Christmas boxes." That's when the local Hunt traditionally meets to pursue reynard — all red coats and black caps, gleaming horses and spotted hounds — first crowding into the inn's courtyard for a stirrup cup before turning away to the sound of the horn and dashing across fields and hedges. Overseas visitors are often welcome to ride with the members, and there's nothing quite like it for pure exhilaration. Get the innkeeper to phone the Hunt Secretary for you.

Just sixty miles from Nice, there's another of those about-to-be-discovered ski resorts that we're so fond of. It's called Auron, has two good hotels (Collet and Pilon), a fine restaurant (Le Rustic), and an assortment of tows, lifts, runs, rinks and fresh-faced young females. Still another inside ski resort we're happy to report on is Schuls in the Swiss Engadine, which should be taken over by the smart set not too long after you read this. Meanwhile, you can enjoy gentle prices at comfortable inns and partake of the specialized sport of the area: high plateau cross-country skiing, from Alpine hut to Alpine hut, in the care of an experienced mountain guide. That, of course, is in addition to the regular downhill runs, one of which is a full five miles long.

For stateside sun-and-snow, try Santa Fe, New Mexico. The Ski Bowl — just sixteen miles out of town and an easy trip via scheduled Volkswagen buses — boasts rope tows, a double-chair lift and two new Poma lifts that handle twelve hundred skiers an hour. There's swimming at in-town spots like La Fonda Hotel and at plush ranches, like Bishop's Lodge, on the outskirts.

December is also one of the very best months for visiting Eighteenth Century Williamsburg in Virginia. The Colonial carryings-on at Christmas time include carolers in the streets, dancing on the green, bonfires in the yards and plenty of punch in your glass. They'll burn the Yule Log at Market Square and hold a Holly Ball on December 27 at the Williamsburg Lodge. There'll be candlelight concerts, food like you've never tasted, and parties galore — in the taverns, at the Inn and in the exhibition buildings. All in all, it's a mellow turning back of the years. Book in advance.

For further information on any of the above, write to Playboy Reader Service, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Illinois.

NEXT MONTH:

ACAPULCO—PLAYBOY ON THE TOWN SOUTH OF THE BORDER

BEN HECHT—A VETERAN HOLLYWOODIAN REMINISCES

JUNE WILKINSON—A FAMOUS BOSOM REVISITS PLAYBOY

GAHAN WILSON—OUR FAVORITE GHOUL EXHUMES **POE**

DOPE AND THE JAZZMAN—A PANEL DISCUSSION WITH JAZZ MUSICIANS AND EXPERTS ON DRUG ADDICTION

"GIRLS FOR THE SLIME GOD"—THE SCIENCE-FICTION BEAUTIES OF YORE, ILLUSTRATED IN COLOR BY **WILL ELDER**

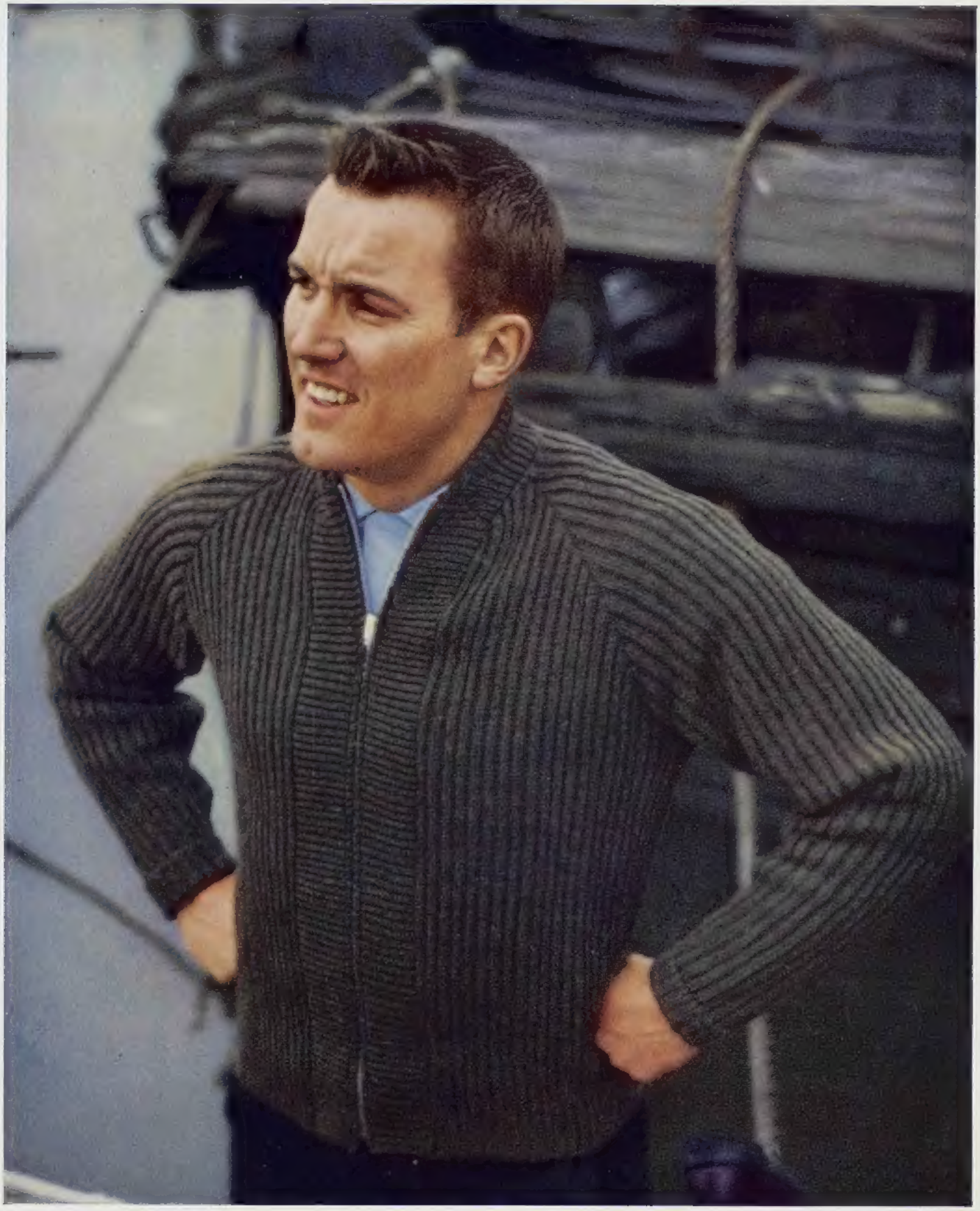
She-ing anyone? Get the jump on competition in new

PIPERS

slacks by h-i-s

For an exhilarating new lift, see yourself in new Pipers—the slacks that separate the men from the boys! Pipers ride low, hug the hips, make you look taller and leaner thanks to the clean, uncluttered lines. Capri-style pockets; no cuffs and no belt (new hidden side tabs do the job). Shown here in soft, pliable, washable Wide-Wale Corduroy; at $7.95. Also in other washable Corduroys, Polished Cottons, Cords, Twill or Dress Slack fabrics at $4.95 to $8.95.

For a colorful 17" x 22" Ski-Jumpers poster to pep up your bedroom, dorm or den—send 25c to H·I·S, Dept. PO, 230 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 1—to cover the cost of postage and handling. For set of 6 posters (6 different sports) send $1.50.



JUMBO SCANDIA SNOWBIRD

MOST MALE LOOK SINCE THE STONE AGE!
New bold-stitch sweater in bolder-than-ever, zip-up raglan style—in misty Hebrides colors. $17.95.

McGREGOR®

Also boy-sized, boy-priced. Made in Canada, too. McGregor-Doniger Inc., New York 19, N. Y.